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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

JANUARY,

1868.

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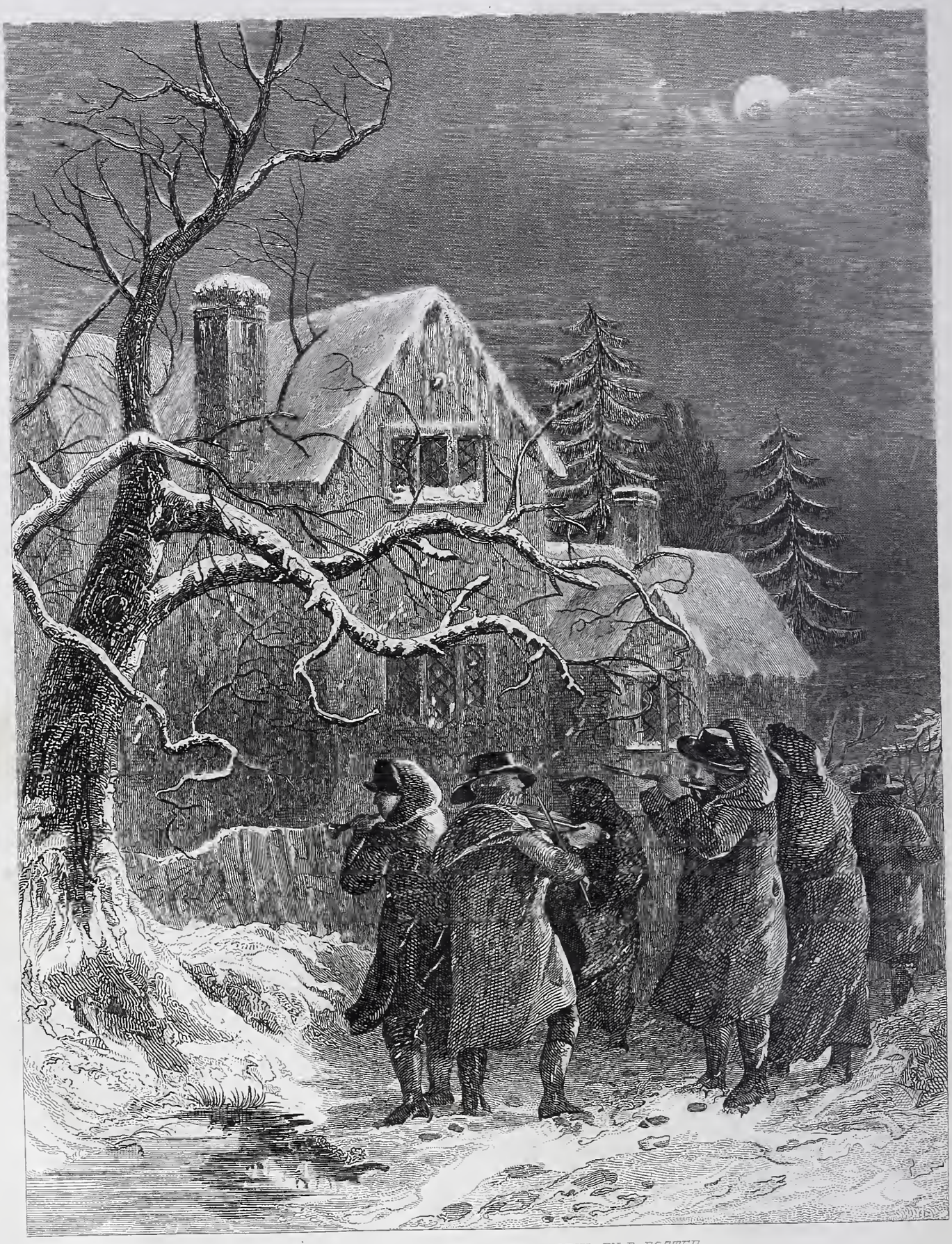

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NEW YEARS EVE.

THE

GUARDIAN:

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Edited by Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A.M.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—JANUARY, 1868.—No. 1.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

[*See Frontispiece.*]

The minstrels played their New Year's tune
  To-night beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by the lofty moon,
  The encircling laurels thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
  Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
  Nor check the music of their strings;
So stout and hardy was the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened? till was paid
  Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played
  In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Happy New Year" wished to all.

How touching when at midnight sweep
  Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
  Or at an earlier call to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence.

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
  Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
  For names once heard, and heard no more:
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid!

Our German forefathers had a custom of saluting the incoming New Year. They exchanged visits of greeting on the night wherein the Old year ended, and the New Year began. Parties would be formed, to deliver these greetings to the families in the neighborhood. An hour before midnight their calls began, and were continued till towards morning. Usually a few guns were taken along to fire the salutes. Musicians, if any such were in the neighborhood, took their flutes and violins along, to accompany the New Year's hymn, sung before the door. One of the party committed and delivered the address ("Spruch"). This usually consisted of a New Year's hymn, to which a few original sentences were added, to suit the occasion. Sometimes the custom led to scenes of rioting and drunkenness, disgraceful to the neighborhood, and through an imprudent use of fire-arms, disastrous to the guilty parties.

A venerable friend informs us, that fifty years ago he occasionally helped to salute his neighbors with a New Year's greeting. In the dead of night they quietly approached a home. After each had gently taken his place before the chamber window, where the parents slept, the spokesman, with a solemn voice, recited the beautiful New Year's hymn:

"Nun lasst uns gehn und treten
Mit Singen und mit Beten
Zum Herrn, der unserm Leben
Bis hieher Kraft gegeben.

"Wir gehn dahin und wandern
Von einem Jahr zum andern;
Wir leben und gedeihen,
Vom alten zu dem neuen.

"Durch so viel Angst und Plagen,
Durch Zittern und durch Zagen,
Durch Krieg und grosse Schrecken,
Die alle Welt bedecken."

At the close of the hymn the speaker continued:

"Damit will ich mein Wunsch beschliessen
Und euch dess Neue Jahr anschiessen.
Wann es euch aber sollt verdriessen,
So müsst ihr's sagen, ehe wir schiessen,—
Indem wir hören kein Verdruss,
So sollt ihr hören unsern Schuss."

And then a dozen guns were pointed skyward. The leader's command. "ready," "aim," "fire," was followed by an ill-concerted discharge of arms. For in those peaceful days, the country had no well-drilled warriors yet. Noise enough the firing made, which brought all the children out of bed in one leap. The horses and cattle in the stables sprang to their feet, and the frightened poultry on their roost set up a great cackling.

By this time the door was opened, and the greeters invited to enter. Hard cider, cakes, pies and all manner of delicacies were set before them. After singing a few more hymns, they proceeded on their mirthful tour.

On one occasion the good man of the house, named Rober, and his spouse, happened to sleep in a room on the second story. To perform his part with due effect, the speaker stealthily climbed on to a lofty wood-pile

under the chamber-window, where he could startle the loving couple the more surprisingly out of their slumbers. Just as he was about beginning his address, the wood-pile began to give way. Down tumbled the poor man, with a great crash. As he rose from a confused heap of cord wood, he spied Rober to his great chagrin at his chamber window. This fall led him to forget his speech. To give vent to his mortification, he addressed his friend in a somewhat inelegant impromptu couplet:

"Rober, ho Rober! mei Spruch ist verlore;
Der Teufel soll dich und dei Holz-haufe hole."

This custom has well nigh become extinct. It has given rise to a certain kind of poetry, which, though usually without literary merit, is characteristic, and in a certain sense instructive. The hymns, taken from the hymn book, are always appropriate. Beyond these the sentiment is not very elevating. Take the following as a sample:

"Ein glück-seliges Neues Jahr,
Ein milden Winter,
Das Haus voll Kinder,
Die Scheuer voll Körner,
Der Stall voll Hörner."

A few lines, we remember of a "Spruch" used in the neighborhood of our boyhood home.

"Ein glück-seliges Neues Jahr,
Eine Brathwurst wie ein Ofen-rohr,
Ein Kuchen wie ein Scheuer Thor."

The group of serenaders in the frontispiece of this number of the *Guardian*, gives us a more pleasing picture of a New Year's greeting. We hate powder with a perfect hatred. It is unfit to be received into decent society. Such a noisy, boisterous, blood-thirsty, nerve-shattering article ought to be for ever banished from our sacred and social festivals 'Tis charming to awake from slumber to the sweet sound of music, rubbing one's eyes and listening with dreaming delight to familiar melodies, ignorant whence they come. It gently unbinds the bands of slumber, and lets delighted consciousness dawn upon us as dawns the light upon a June morning, setting all the birds a singing. Earnest hardy-looking neighbors are these, who have waded the snow for miles, from their comfortable homes. They look like men who would walk ten miles to gladden the heart of a child. They left their little ones snugly asleep at home, in their cozy beds. There they are standing, this intensely cold night, in the snow storm, under the great bare limbs of the old tree. The full moon is just peeping down upon them with a smile over a bank of clouds, the clouds edged with a border of light. There is a deep snow on the ground. Under its weight the branches of yonder pine trees bend as if ready to break. At the root of the tree is a solitary tuft of dead grass. From its leafless limbs the storm is blowing pieces of snow down upon the serenaders. The poor fellows have some trouble to manage their instruments. How strange that their fingers are not frozen stiff. The men with the flute and clarionet are shielded by their capes. The wind holds them up for them. He with the violin bravely faces the storm, his hat pressed down, and the collar of his great coat turned up for protection. How gracefully he draws the bow, despite his cold fingers, the heel of his right foot meanwhile keeping time.

Beneath that roof lives a happy family. We infer this from the tasteful appearance of things. How pretty that cottage looks, in moonlight, with its snow-covered roof and high chimney; trees on both sides of it, and warm-hearted neighbors, heralding the arrival of the New Year, with music. Above the soughing of the wind through the chimney and the pine trees, do the little ones hear these soft airs. The "old folks" are just stirring the fire, and unlocking the door to bid them welcome, and return their kindly greeting. Soon the good house-wife will have her table spread, and the six neighbors will get something for "the inner man." Meanwhile the children, hastily dressed, with unkempt hair and unlaced shoes, bound boisterously into the room. Over their reeking savory dishes they speak of mercies past and present, compare notes of bygone years—years of labor and love, of joy and sorrow. Not for whisky have these men come, but to greet their neighbors with a warm-hearted happy New Year. In the warm room their joints unbend. Merrily do they play to the great delight of the little folks, the fiddlers streaking over the strings like a weaver's shuttle. Many a loud and hearty laugh do they have together. We venture to say, that this man has enough of innocent mirth in him to keep parents and children in a roar all the while. Yet, withal, he is an earnest man, looking musingly over the moon lit place. A merry time may they have together around this happy fireside.

SPERATUS AND HIS ELEVEN COMPANIONS OF SCILLITA IN NUMIDIA.

From the German of Lengerich.

During the time, the Church flourished in Northern Africa and Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo, was by his preaching and writings a mighty teacher, there existed in Carthage a Church (Basilica) dedicated to the "Blessed Martyrs of Scillita." Here rested in the Lord the bones of these blessed confessors Speratus and his eleven companions. Every year, on the seventeenth of July, the anniversary of their death, or rather of their birth, the day of their entrance into the Church triumphant, their memory was celebrated in this consecrated place. It is said that Augustine himself delivered a sermon, on one seventeenth of July, in this Church, in memory of their child-like joyousness of faith, their firmness and truth even to death.

The state of prosperity arising from the living influence of the Spirit did not continue long in this part of the Church. A year before the death of Augustine desolating storms began to attack it. A refiner's fire passed over the African Church, in which every thing, that was not built upon the foundation of Christ, such as gold, silver or precious stones (1 Cor. iii, 12), was destroyed. The savage tribes of Vandals, destroying every thing, invaded Numidia. Augustine died during the first siege of Hippo, and Carthage itself fell into the hands of Geiserich, the Prince of the Vandals.

During this savage period of the Vandal-persecution, in which the African Vandals raged with great fury against the adherents of the orthodox Church, the Church of the Martyrs of Scillita must have been abandoned and destroyed Although no Church in all Christendom is now named after them,—their names, their memory, the simple account of their martyrdom,—this the pious reverence of their contemporaries has preserved for us and the Church of the Lord has prized. They were built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.

The civil war, which followed the death of the Emperor Commodus, 192, gave to certain governors of Roman provinces an opportunity to give free course to their hatred of the Christians. Although Septimius Severus, who secured the supreme power at Rome, and his sons Caracalla and Geta, who were afterwards made co-regents, were not at first inimically disposed, yet the old laws remained in force, and in many countries, like Proconsular Africa, persecutions broke forth. The festivities in honor of the Emperor not unfrequently gave occasion for these, since the Christians kept away from them on account of the heathen sacrifices which were always offered. Such an occasion was the means of throwing a company of twelve Christians into prison, at Carthage, in the year 200. They were natives of Scillita in Numidia. Of their worldly position we know nothing beside; but their names are written in heaven. The judgment of the Lord is recorded of such in Revelation: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Their names were Speratus, Nazarius, Cythius, Veturius, Felix, Aquilerius, Lactantius, Januaria, Generosa, Vestina, Donata, Secunda.

On the twelfth of July, 200, these Christians were brought from the prison in Carthage to the public seat of judgment, by command of the heathen magistrate. They complied with the apostolic admonition: "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you;" and there was fulfilled the prediction of the Lord, "They will deliver you up to the council," while they put their trust in His promise: "But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you."

The Proconsul Saturninus, who presided in the court, addressed the Christians thus: "You can all obtain pardon from our Masters, the Emperors (Caracalla and Geta), if you will return to your allegiance, heartily acknowledge our gods and sacrifice to them." Speratus, answering for himself and his companions, said; "We are not conscious that we have ever done anything forbidden by the laws of the land, nor that we have aided an unjust deed either by active or passive assistance. On the other hand, you have treated us badly, have mocked us; but we have not reviled back again when you reviled us, being always thankful for the evils which we have suffered (Matt. v. 44); we have prayed even for those, whose angry and unjust revilings we have borne with patience We pray also for our Emperor, since it has been ordered for us to walk according to his rule (Gal. vi. 16). Above all we give thanks always for all things to the true Lord and King (Ephs. v. 20)." "Saturninus thereupon said: "We also have a quiet and peaceful mode of life; but we swear by the ge-

nius of our lord and king, and pray for his prosperity. That you must also do." Speratus answered: "If you will lend me a willing ear, I will tell you the secret of Christian simplicity and courtesy."

Speratus intended, at all hazard, to proclaim to the Proconsul, the judges and all the people assembled, the secret of godliness, the gospel of peace. Saturninus did not suffer it, but said: "Shall I lend you my ear when you begin to speak evil of our sacrifices? As for the secret of which you speak, nothing evil shall come to you and you may keep it to yourself. All depends upon one thing. Swear by the genius of *our* King, and life shall be spared you!" Speratus replied: "I know of no genius of a ruler of this world, but serve in faith, in hope and in charity my God in heaven, whom no man hath seen or can see (1 Tim. vi. 16). I have never done an act, which was punishable by civil and divine law; I have resisted no one, and cannot reproach myself with this. I have deprived no one of any thing, and whatever tributes I have owed, those have I paid, because I acknowledge the king as my lord, the authority which has been placed over me (Rom. xii. 1-7), but I can only *pray* to my Lord, the king of all kings, the Lord of all people." The Proconsul hereupon cried out in a rage: "Cease such confusing prattle, go forth and sacrifice to the gods!" Speratus answered: "That is a wicked trial, which has no other design than the condemnation of the innocent on a false accusation."

Saturninus perceiving that Speratus was not susceptible to his temptations, turned to the others and said: "Have nothing more to do with this foolishness (1 Cor. i. 18), rather honor the king and obey his commands. Throw aside this false delusion by which Speratus is misled. All who are of the same faith with him will be companions in his punishment." Cythius replied: "Seek not, oh Proconsul, to hear any thing from us other than that which our companion, Speratus, has confessed. Know ye that we have no one to fear save the Lord, our God, who is in heaven." Enraged to find such firmness among the companions of Speratus, Saturninus cried out "The accused must be thrust again into prison, and lay there until morning."

When, on the following day, the Proconsul Saturninus sat in judgment, he commanded that the Christians should be brought before him. He suffered the women first to appear. He hoped that, deprived of the encouraging presence of men, they might readily be made apostates. He knew not that there is a power, mighty even with the weak, which could create in the tender heart of woman the steadfastness of love that is stronger even than death. "I heard, yesterday, many things of a king, whom ye respect." Thus he addressed the women, "Now honor *our* king and sacrifice to the gods!" Thereupon Donata answered him, in the words of the Saviour (Matt. xxii. 21): "We render to the king the honor that belongs to him; divine reverence and worship, we pay alone to Christ, the true God." Vestina, standing near her, urged by her own earnestness, although unasked as to her confession, then said these precious words: "My heart shall always dwell upon the fact and my lips confess that I am a Christian." Secunda followed her with a like confession: "I also believe in my God and will remain true to him; but thy gods we serve not, nor do we pray unto them. No one shall make me depart from the confession of my companions." The Proconsul, undeceived by such testimony from women when separate from the men, ordered them again to prison.

The men were again brought forth. Saturninus first addressed him who had spoken for them, the previous day: "Do you continue in your confession that you are a Christian?" Speratus replied: "I boast not of my steadfastness; that is a gift of divine grace. Only hear the firm conviction of my heart. Yes, I continue true to my confession, and I call upon all that are present to witness that I am a Christian!" His companions, with one voice, boldly cried: "Yes, we are all Christians."

There may have passed through the soul of the Proconsul a presentiment, that he was dealing with something here that was more than an idle fancy; as once in Pontius Pilate, so in him there was excited a feeling of sympathy, and he asked in a gentler tone: "Will you then take no time for reflection,—are you not willing to be forgiven for your offences?" Speratus answered: "In a thing so undeniably good, there is no need of further delay. When we were born again to a new life by the grace conferred in our baptism, we denounced the Devil, and following the footsteps of Christ, after mature deliberation, we have come to the resolution never to cease from worshiping Him. In so righteous a struggle there is no amnesty, either victory or death. Do what you please with us. We shall die for Christ with pleasure."

"Tell me then," hereupon asked Saturninus, "what are the peculiar grounds of your religious belief, and in what do they consist? What are the books, which you read and reverence?" Speratus answered him joyously: "The four Gospels of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Epistles of the Holy Apostle Paul, and all the Scriptures that are given by the inspiration of God" (2 Tim. iii. 16). The Proconsul, not asking any thing more after this answer, said: "I will give you three days' time for consideration in order that you may determine whether you will renounce the views of this sect? Perhaps you will yet return to the holy customs of *our* religion?" Speratus answered: "Even thirty days would not find us disposed to alter our faith in the least. But we accept the respite offered us, yea we would willingly live longer if we could hope that in that time you would be converted from the shameful worship of idols and become a lover of the Christian religion. But if you do not consider it a worthy thing to receive such grace, then take away your respite and at once pronounce judgment. For as you see us to-day, so shall we be, doubt it not, when the end of your truce shall arrive."

The respite lasted three days. When, at the end of this truce, Saturninus found these soldiers of the Lord in the same armor (Ephes. vi. 10-17), filled with the same unshaken faith, he had the following judgment, prepared in their case, read by the scribe: "It is hereby ordered, that Speratus and his eleven companions, who have publicly declared that they are Christians and live according to Christian usages, who have resisted the order to offer up prayers to our gods, and who moreover have refused to pay rightful honors to the Emperor,—shall be beheaded by the sword." Scarce had the judgment been read than the condemned began to praise God with one voice and to say: "We thank God, who has thought us worthy, for the confession of His name, to be taken up into heaven this day as martyrs." At the command of the Proconsul they were then led away by the Herald. When they had reached the place of execution, they threw themselves down on their knees. Once more in common they returned thanks to Christ, their Lord; then the executioner performed

his task, and in turn they fell under his sword. Their blessed souls were committed to the Lord.

Thus these martyrs of Christ ended their lives on the seventeenth day of July, and passed into His presence, whom their souls had loved even unto death, and from whose hands they have received the crown of life (James i. 12).

We do not desire to weaken by further remarks this simple account, extracted from old and reliable sources, which is not wanting in its effects upon the sensitive reader. We cannot avoid making one remark. It is the reason why the martyrs of Scillita deserve a place of honor in the Evangelical Calendar. It is because of the simple, clear perception of pure, unalloyed doctrine, the deep, heart-felt experience of the consolation and power of a world-overcoming faith, which were found by them in Christ during life, and especially of their complete satisfaction even in the severest afflictions. But whence came this light, this power, this life? The Holy Spirit had called them through the gospel, enlightened them with His gifts, blessed them and upheld them in the right of faith. They knew the living and powerful word of God; they had eaten and drunken of the bread and water of life. When questioned as to the grounds of their religious doctrine, they acknowledged that it rested upon the everlasting word of the living God. From the answers of Speratus and his companions, there is established in the clearest manner a fact, which is also attested to by Church History, that, in those centuries which immediately followed the apostolic era, all Christians were acquainted with and relied upon the Holy Scriptures and especially the New Testament. The exhortations in the sermons and writings of the blessed Church-fathers to the congregations, that all Christians should read the word of God diligently, prove that the Church in the days of its health never forbade, but rather encouraged the distribution of the Bible. And as a solace for many a grievous manifestation of the present, there have not been wanting, God be praised, many true evangelical witnesses to the blessings of the distribution of the divine word, even among prominent persons of the Catholic Church in modern times!

Would that in our time the Church of the Lord through all its confessions might recognize in this day of its visitation what is needed for its prosperity. Would that we, amid the strictest fidelity for the special questions which have been confided to the different Confessions by the Lord of the Church, might never forget the common source of all our knowledge! Then in all the Confessions there would never be any want of Confessors, who should be ready, whenever the Lord required it, to imitate with joy the blessed Speratus and his eleven companions, and even in view of death to show a good confession before many witnesses. "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

L. H. S.

"TRUTH is like light: visible in itself, not distinguished by the shadows it casts. There is a something of a God in our souls, which corresponds with what is of God outside of us, and recognizes it by direct intuition; something in the true soul which corresponds with truth, and knows it to be truth. Christ came with truth, and the true recognise it as true; the sheep know the shepherd."—*Robertson.*

A CHRISTMAS AT ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

For a week past the streets of Rome had been unusually lively. The Corso, the Broadway of the "Eternal City," swarmed all day long. Stores and shops were thronged with a motley crowd of people from "every nation under heaven." Sellers of antiquities, mosaics, carved work, jewelries, and works of art generally, carried on a brisk trade. On the 24th of December the great street was at times almost impassable. It is only wide enough for two coaches abreast. Two lines of vehicles kept moving through the crowd—one east and the other west. Lords and ladies rolled along in splendid equipages, dazzling with an abundance of polished plating. On the rear of the barouche stood a liveried footman; on a high seat sat the driver—both arrayed in mediæval hats and scarlet coats, cut somewhat in quaker style, bordered with all manner of gaudy fringes. Almost at every shop and store stood a group of coaches, while their owners were making purchases.

Roman streets have no pavements, in our sense. Narrow side-walks from one to three feet wide. The vast stream of less fortunate walkers, had to thread their way among this confusion of horses, coaches, of princes, buyers and beggars, as best they could. Many a lady saw I on that day, with a fortune on her back; bedecked with costliest satins, diamonds, and jewels. Her apparel so gorgeous, her bearing so proud, that one felt surprised, that she should be willing to breathe the same air the beggar did, who asked her for alms. A painful contrast did these filthy, ragged beggars form to the great ones, rolling in luxury Above the rattling of coaches, and the impatient shout of footmen and drivers, you could hear the whining cries of Rome's horde of paupers, hailing you on every side with "pauverino." One lacks a leg, another an arm, one an eye, another both, women holding blind, scabby, scrofulous children, covered with a few rags and much filth, right before our face. In between the slow-moving lines of coaches, they limp after alms, all the while holding the putrid arm, or the eyeless sockets and ulcerous features of a child before the open carriages of gay ladies. "Pauverino, Signora, Pauverino!"

Here and there one heeds their pitiful cries, and with an air of impatience gives them a pittance. But the great mass pays them no more attention than it would so many flies in summer time. In ordinary times, Rome has hospital accommodations for many thousand people, besides a large number of other charitable institutions. Yet her streets swarm with beggars who excite mingled feelings of horror and pity. Rome has but few straight streets, of any considerable length. The three which centre in the Piazza del Populo, and the Via de Condotti, running from the Piazza di Spagna to the bridge of St. Angelo, across the Tiber are her chief avenues of communication. The latter is not a straight line. Rome

is a network of crooked streets—fragments, which are a perpetual puzzle to a stranger. My residence was near the Piazza di Spagna, a large open square at the eastern end of the city. At the opposite end is St. Peter's. This building is one of the wonders of the world. It covers almost six acres of ground, cost over $50,000,000, and required 350 years to build it. Of course, the work of building was not carried on through every one of these years. Its erection covered the reign of forty-three popes. Some of these found great trouble to procure money sufficient for the work. Julius II. and Leo X. resorted to the sale of indulgences to get more funds. Our readers well know that the sale of indulgences was one of the evils which gave rise to the Reformation. The building is over 600 feet long, and about 200 wide. The dome, which surmounts it, is almost 200 feet in diameter, and its top over 400 feet above the pavement.

This is the largest church in the world. It is not all in one apartment. Along the sides are many chapels, themselves as large as small churches. It is adorned with statues and paintings, works of Angelo, Raphael, and of all the greater and lesser lights of classic Art. The ceiling of the dome, and the walls every where charm the eye with the creations of genius. The immense roof, 150 feet above the pavement of the Church, is supported by a forest of columns. Several lines of these on each side run up their mighty trunks, and spread their tops in a canopy of stone, leaves and branches along the ceiling.

Adjoining St. Peter's is the Vatican, the palace of the Pope. It has become the symbolical seat of his power. Hence when the Pope issues an edict or bull of penal judgment, it is sometimes called "the thunders of the Vatican." This is the most noted palace in the known world. It was commenced more than 1000 years ago. Its length is 1151 feet, and its breadth 67 feet. It contains 8 grand staircases, 200 smaller staircases, 20 courts, and 4422 rooms. The most of these are galleries of art. Thousands upon thousands of these precious works of the great Masters, a single one of which is worth a fortune, adorn these apartments. It contains a history of the world's religion, chiseled in marble and pencilled on canvass. Adam and Abraham, Noah and Neptune, Job and Jove, Moses and the Son of Mary, David and David's son, Paul the Apostle and Apollo Belvidere, Jesus and Julius Cæsar, gods and goddesses, the Creator and the creature, are here all set forth amid their proper groups and surroundings. After studying ancient and modern religions, one views and studies the blind unconscious struggles and gropings of the human heart after a divine compassionate Father and an atoning Saviour, as here carved in stone, with intense interest. Many of the statues have been excavated from the ruins of ancient cities and palaces. You almost feel as if you could hear the marble sigh and pray for deliverance from "this body of death."

The chief apartment of the building is the Sixtine Chapel, a church 135 by 45 feet in size. There the Pope holds High Mass on the great festivals of the year. On the ceiling is Angelo's painting of the creation. For a sketch of his great life, we refer the reader to last February's number of the GUARDIAN. Here you see what God created each day. Light and darkness; the sun and moon; trees and plants, animals and man. The fall and exile from Eden, too, he shows. Every foot of wall is alive with the works of God and the history of man. The giving of the Law,

and the breaking of it; the Hebrew Exodus and the journey through the wilderness; the birth, baptism and temptation of Christ; the scene of his sermon on the Mount, his Last Supper, and his cruel death, are all portrayed by master hands. The end wall is covered with Angelo's great fresco of the Last Judgment, 60 feet high 30 feet broad He unlocks the graves and leads the righteous and the wicked up to the Judgment bar of Christ. The righteous going up with light steps and cheerful hearts, the wicked, terror-stricken and with skulking mien, crying "to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us."

All my leisure hours in Rome, I gave to St. Peter's and the Vatican. My heart was stirred within me at the sight of these gods of wood and stone. They told me of myriads of beings who felt their need of a Saviour, but knew not where to find him. Up and down the great stairways I roamed. Then for hours would I sit, half unconscious, before the Apollo Belvidere, the Transfiguration of Christ, the Last Judgment, until the whisper of some one near startled me from my revenue. Thus for months I opened my pensive heart in the presence and to the soothing influence of these great Masters, until the mighty thoughts that stirred within them, were photographed upon its canvass. They live before my spiritual vision—a perpetual study, and a life long lesson—"a thing of beauty and joy for ever." What my feelings precisely were then, I cannot clearly tell. At one time very sad, at another very joyous; at another a strange confused conflict of emotions oppressed me for days. That graphic pure Creation at the Sixtine ceiling, the sad exile of Adam, the birth and beautiful life of Christ, his cruel death, his resurrection, the awful sceneof the great Judgment—their power who can tell!

"We will meet at my room at 7 this evening," said a Polish friend to me at parting, in the afternoon of December 24. "Be it so. Bear in mind, no later. At 8 the Pope will hold grand Mass in the Sixtine Chapel. Rarely have tourists a chance to attend such a service here. Our only chance is to-night."

Ten minutes before 7 I groped my way up a dark narrow stairway that led to his door. "*Herein*" he shouted, as I rapped. "Haste thee, friend; we have need to be in time, where there is such a crowd." The streets of Rome are poorly lighted. Only after long intervals met we a lamp in the Via de Condotti. Although Christmas eve, we encountered but few people on our dark and dreary way. For at night this is rather an unfrequented street. Far off, in other parts of the city, we heard the clatter of horses and rolling of carriages. Here every tread of our heavy hobnail boots echoed strangely through the night air. On the bridge across the Tiber, we joined the current of people. The great square in front of St. Peter's was crowded with coaches. Soldiers on horseback kept riding back and forward to prevent them from running over the people, or into each other. Now and then one of these men of blood would unsheathe his sword, and threaten to thrust it through some impertinent postillion. Going up the long great staircase of the Vatican, I discovered that my friend had on a neat black dress-coat. "A gay brother thou art, in sooth. What a tidy coat." "Yes, and thou wilt regret not having one. A pretty garment is that for such a place and occasion. Thou hast worn it since the time we first met on that dark rainy night, crossing the Appenines on the top of the diligence. Hast not read the programme? All ladies must be

dressed in black, with a black veil; gentlemen in black cloth, the outer garment a dress coat, and nothing else. Your's is a frock, and by this time rather a shabby frock, at that."

Now the only coat I had in the world, was the frock-coat I wore. I made it a point to travel with as little baggage as possible. I never carried more than one suit with me. When that was pretty well worn, I threw it aside and bought another. The cloth of my coat was not perceptibly worn. But alas, it had the wrong cut. It was too late now to hire a suit. For in Rome there are stores, which furnish suits for such occasions, at a fixed sum per day.

Several tall Swiss soldiers guarded the door of the chapel—members of the Pope's Body Guard. Noble-looking men they were, with heavy helmets, and a yellow and black striped gay uniform, each having a long lance in the right hand with one end resting on the pavement. A great crowd pressed around the door, impatient to enter. The guards examined each one's coat, one after the other was turned back. Alas for me! A few friends called me to one side, and advised me to use an innocent trick. "What harm can there be to tuck the front corners of your coat-skirts under? The guard will take it for a dress coat then." "No, sirs, Honestly or not at all," I replied. With strange misgivings, I presented myself, and was of course turned back. When the most had entered I approached one of the Guards. "Stranger, I am a tourist, from America, from the land of liberty, dear to all the sons of Tell. I may never have another opportunity to attend a similar service here. My unbecoming coat is a matter of accident, and not a want of reverence for the occasion. Could you not favor me with admittance?" Waving his hand with a smile, he replied, "Stand yonder till I call you." When the rest had entered he gave me the signal and I stepped in. The chapel was densely packed. I barely found a place to stand inside the door. The congregation was of course, select. The best music in Rome is in this chapel, on such occasions. This evening it was perfectly overpowering. Not congregational singing, as you find in some parts of the Catholic service, but instrumental music, accompanied by the most select singers of Italy. High Mass was held in the presence of the Pope. The chapel was dark with clouds of incense. Through this haze the great lights shone dimly, and the Creation on the ceiling was but faintly visible, and the dead rising from their graves and going up to the Judgment at the other end, looked like living beings in the misty distance of coming ages. While enjoying all less as an act of worship, I confess, than, as an æsthetical treat,— I felt guilty—thought of the man in the parable, who stole into the great supper without a wedding garment on. The services lasted till midnight. Long before this hour, I had reached my lodgings, and mused before the fire on my hearth, over Christmas Eves in happier homes. I was alone and lonely, in a strange city, one of the strangest in the world; far from the scenes of my childhood. Visions of the innocent divine Christ-child passed before my mind, as they used to bless my childhood, kneeling at my little trundle bed at night, and thanking God with folded hands, that Jesus became a little child to bless little children. The kind-hearted Chriskindel hanging bags of nuts and candies on bed-posts and in chimney corners; filling baskets with blessings when we children were sweetly asleep, and filling our minds with dreams such as angels have. Waking us before break of day, and sending us skipping up and down the house

in our night-slips, hunting the hidden gifts of good St. Nicholas. These along with the gods and glories of the Vatican, filled my head in dreams, after going to sleep.

Early next morning the church bells allover Rome were set to ringing; some of them ringing with measured and melodious sounds, others with a clattering ding-dong noise. Every hour of the day they rang. On my way to St. Peter's, I stopped in at a number of churches, all crowded. At 9 A. M. all the principal streets leading to St. Peter's were thronged with people. Each Cardinal came in his own coach drawn by a span of jet-black horses, smooth as a polished silk hat; liveried horsemen rode before and after the coach. The Cardinals wore purple or scarlet robes. The coaches and harness abounded with a heavy gold plating of dazzling brightness in the morning sun. The gentry and common people, Romans and strangers, kept pouring into the great building for hours. A detachment of soldiers guarded the entrance. The Swiss Body Guard were encased in heavy steel armor like the stern warriors of a thousand years ago; tall, erect, brave-looking fellows, fine specimens of manly Alpine vigor. The Pope's favorite battalion, composed of select men, from noble and wealthy families, in splendid uniforms, formed a passage through the centre of the church, from the door back around the High Altar. At least 10,000 people must have been in the building. Even this number did not entirely fill it.

At 10 A. M. the military suddenly dropped on their knees. It was as the dropping of one man. Upon this all eyes were turned towards the entrance. Out of the chapel, near the great door, came the Pope's procession with slow and gentle tread Twelve tall men, clothed in purple, all of one size, bore a platform on their shoulders, above the heads of the people. On this sat the Pope, on a throne, under a canopy. His rich robes were inwrought with glittering gold and precious stones. On each side, a large fan of ostrich feathers was borne aloft, near his person. Seen in the long perspective, through the twilight of the great building, he looked like a robed statue. With breathless silence, the great congregation watched the splendid procession of cardinals and bishops, arrayed in costly robes of richest colors, slowly moving towards and around the High Altar.

A certain distinguished Frenchman wondered whether Newton, the great English philosopher, ate and slept like other people. And many a one, not distinguished, wonders whether the Roman Pontiff is troubled with the wants of ordinary mortals. The most of Protestants, visitors at Rome, no matter how bitter their anti-papal antipathies, are eager to get a glimpse of the Pope. And rarely do you meet one so ill-mannered, as to behave indecorously in his presence. He is cast in a mortal mould, made of like stuff with ourselves. Yet, in his position, a being without a peer. Say what we will, the "chair of St. Peter," whatever definition Protestants and Catholics may give of its functions, wields a sceptre mightier than that of any throne on earth. He is monarch of 150,000,000 of subjects, whom he sways with almost absolute authority, who regard him as the vicar of Christ, the only supreme Pastor of his flock. Standing on the steps of St. Peter's one day, the people around me suddenly dropped on their knees. With that I saw the Pope riding by in his carriage, drawn by a glossy span of gay horses. Somehow the command, "Thou shalt not bow down to, nor worship them," occurred to me. All those around me knelt. I simply uncovered my head, without kneeling. This I always did

when I passed him on the streets, usually standing still until he had passed. Of course all male heads were uncovered in St. Peter's on this Christmas day—as they always are and ought to be, Pope or no Pope. Those, who with myself, preferred not to kneel, could stand. I was near him as they carried him along. He is a man of medium height, somewhat inclined to corpulency. His flushed full face did not indicate the practice of very severe austerity. Yet he is doubtless very temperate in his habits; a child-like unaffected smile beamed from his countenance, the whole expressive of a humane and amiable character.

The motion of the carriers was evidently unpleasant to him. He would close his eyes part of the time; now and then opening them, and waving his hands towards the people, in token of his pontifical blessing.

Seated on a throne in the rear of the high altar, some of the prelates kneeling, saluted him with a kiss on his knee. Then the Pope held grand mass, surrounded by his cardinals, clergy and the whole court.

The congregation was not as select as the evening before. All classes and conditions of people were admitted. Some were all the while intent to look at the Pontiff; the more fortunate ones with the help of opera glasses. Others strolled about looking at the paintings. In every chapel, and at scores of shrines, the more devout were kneeling in prayer. The construction of the church is unfavorable to music. The sounds reverberate through the lofty arches and ceiling, rolling upwards into the great open dome, like the eddying circles of a whirlpool, whirling towards their centre. At the end of the service, the Pope was carried back to the chapel, whence he had come. The multitude dispersed in a violent shower. I returned to my lodgings, musing over all I had heard and seen. It was a grand display. This majestic temple, hung with costly ornaments, fragrant with incense, vocal with sweetest melodies of praise; the supreme Head of the Roman Catholic Church, holding grand mass, surrounded by an imposing array of robed cardinals—it was a grand occasion. And yet, grand as it was, the simpler Christmas festivals, to which I had previously been accustomed, seemed more in keeping with the great event of the day. The imagination is greatly wrought upon, but the heart again wandered back to other lands and less imposing ceremonials.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

Methinks, the earth is like a maiden fair,
  That lolls on sunny swards the livelong day,
To deck with blushing flow'rs her flowing hair,
  Or watch the buzzing insect's mazy play.
O'er her fair breast, she spreads the new-mown hay;
  Then smiling, turns her to the morning sun;
She loves his shining face, and ev'ry ray
  She welcomes, with a heartfelt benison.
But soon, with Autumn's sigh, the flowrets close;
  The summer birds depart, as once they came;
Earth's face is tawny, for the blushing rose
  Has left her check; then, like full many a dame
  Whose face is sunburnt, she—to hide her shame—
Adorns her tarnished brow with wintry snows.

SINCERITY NOT AN INFALLIBLE TEST OF TRUTH.

BY C.

It is a very common remark, that it matters not what a man's doctrine or belief is, provided he is only sincere in his convictions and earnest in his purpose. All that is necessary to commend us to divine favor, in this view, is conscientiousness in holding our religious views and faithfulness in carrying them into practice.

Sincerity, conscientiousness and fidelity to one's own sense of duty and right, no matter what this may be, are supposed to be the great essential requisites of moral and religious rectitude.

This is a very plausible sentiment, but it is false, and contrary to the true idea and aim of Christianity. Were it correct that sincerity is the true test and measure of religious conduct and human responsibility, then there could be no fixed standard of truth and righteousness. The eternal principles of justice and rectitude would be overthrown, and all distinction between right and wrong obliterated by the varying whims of human fancy. What would be morally right for one would be morally wrong for another, holding different views on important questions, and as there is endless diversity of human opinions, so there would be countless rules of moral conduct. The recognition of such a view or principle, any candid mind can at once perceive, would introduce disorder and confusion into both the civil and the moral government of the world. God is the High and Holy one, in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. His commandments are holy, just, and good. Sin is an abomination in His sight in all its forms and manifestations. He hateth all workers of iniquity, neither shall evil dwell with Him. No amount of zeal and sincerity can sanctify wrong views and practice.

Great account, indeed, must be made of sincerity and conscientiousness in their proper relations. Nothing is more condemned in the word of God, than hypocrisy and lukewarm indifference in matters of religion. "Ye hypocrites, how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" is the language of the Saviour of men to those, whose inward disposition does not correspond with their outward professions. "Because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth," is the testimony of the Holy Spirit to the church at Laodicea. The Scriptures denounce a woe against all who are at ease in Zion. But as it is possible for a man to be moral, temperate and honest in the ordinary acceptation of those terms, without being a Christian, but not possible for a man to be a true Christian, without being moral, temperate and honest; so is it possible for men to be very sincere and conscientious in a wrong course of conduct, without being religiously right, although they cannot be true followers of Jesus without being also sincere and conscientious, and earnestly devoted to His blessed

service. Christianity demands sincerity, zeal and fidelity in all its adherents, although thousands have also shown such traits of character as champions of error and falsehood. The history of the Church reveals not a few heretical fanatics who manifested sincerity and devotion to false doctrine even unto martyrdom: men who courted death in the maintenance of wrong principles. Both in Church and State the most dangerous and injurious views have not unfrequently been advocated with the utmost candor as well as vehemence. Doubtless many of the fanatical Anabaptists of the sixteenth century were sincere and conscientious in their disorganizing, revolutionary and destructive career. And yet all right minded men agree with the verdict of the true Reformers, with Luther and Calvin and their colleagues, that those suicidal and disorderly proceedings were but a caricature of the true work of God in the Reformation. Men have frequently engaged in political and ecclesiastical movements of the most abominable character, under the firm conviction, that by their success the cause of liberty, humanity, civilization and religion would be promoted.

Many misguided and mistaken persons have in all ages displayed a zeal, a sincerity and devotion worthy, in many respects, of imitation by Christians in upholding the banner of the cross. The friends of truth, of law and order, both in Church and State, have often been put to shame by the superior energy and devotion of their deluded enemies. Sincerity, zeal and conscientious fidelity are noble and necessary traits of Christian character, but even enemies and opponents of the truth, as it is in Jesus, have not unfrequently exhibited these traits in a high degree.

A very striking and illustrious example of conscientiousness, zeal and sincerity arrayed against Christ and his Church, we have presented to us in the conduct of Saul of Tarsus before his miraculous conversion.

"I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, which things I also did." After the straitest sect of his religion he lived a Pharisee, touching the righteousness that was in the law he was blameless. And yet he labored under the conscientious conviction, that he was in duty bound to persecute and destroy the Christian Church. It was not a borrowed opinion, that he had adopted from others, but a solemn personal conviction. "I verily thought with myself that I ought." Nor was it the sentiment of an ignorant enthusiast, of one having zeal without knowledge, but the deliberate conviction of a man possessing the strongest intellect and the most extensive learning, as well as the most indomitable spirit. It is the language of one thoroughly versed in Moses and the Prophets, and fully acquainted with the literature of civilized and cultivated heathenism. Nor was it a mere empty uncharitable thought of this master mind, merely a sentiment of hostility harbored against Jesus of Nazareth and his followers, but a living conviction which he promptly carried into actual effect. Not only did Saul think with himself in all sincerity, that he ought to do those things against Jesus, but he did them. "Many of the saints I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests, and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme, and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even into strange cities."

Such an active, leading part in persecuting the followers of Jesus even unto death, did Saul play in that fearful tragedy that threatened the destruction of the Church in her infancy. And yet with all his cruel fanaticism, Saul was sincere, earnest and conscientious. He "verily thought," he was fully persuaded in his own mind, that he was in the plain path of duty. Now if a man like Saul may be so terribly mistaken with all his sincerity, may not lesser lights deceive themselves in like manner, even though professing to be very zealous for the law of God and the customs of the fathers? Most assuredly they may, and have been times and ways without number, as all history abundantly demonstrates. The proposition is certainly true beyond the shadow of doubt or contradiction, that human sincerity, zeal and conscientiousness are not infallible tests of truth and right. Men have been very sincere in pursuing a certain course of action and yet have been terribly mistaken both in theory and practice. Under the firm persuasion, that he is very zealous for the Lord, and upholding the true customs of religion, a man may be doing the devil's work, may like Saul be persecuting the Church of God and doing all in his power against the name of Jesus of Nazareth. We may commit the sin of Saul against Jesus and his followers, without resorting to the violent measures that he adopted. We may wound the body of Christ and oppose the progress of true religion, when we imagine we are doing God faithful service by our zeal and sincerity in behalf of wrong views and customs.

Conscience is a correct moral guide, an infallible monitor only when properly educated and enlightened. If reason and will are perverted by passion and prejudice, conscience may approve and command that which is wrong in principle and application.

Even when conscience is in a normal state, not "seared as with a hot iron," but tender and true in the legitimate exercise of its high and holy function, conscience may approve the wrong from lack of knowledge. Only when the intellectual faculties have fully determined what is true or false, what is right or wrong, can conscience have free scope to command the one and forbid the other. How important then, that the mind be preserved from all undue bias and the will be trained to complete and implicit subserviency to the truth, that conscience may fulfil its sacred mission. In questions involving moral and religious responsibility, no pains should be spared to investigate the subject in hand to the utmost of our ability and opportunity. A mind too indolent or too much prejudiced to investigate questions of vital interest to the fullest possible extent, is generally a companion to a free and easy conscience. When reason and will stand in an attitude hostile or indifferent to truth, the monitions of conscience will be apt to possess a corresponding character. Error and ignorance always stand in the way of the rightful exercise of conscience, no matter whether they be culpable or not. Hence it is, that men may be and often are quite sincere and conscientious in holding certain views and prosecuting a certain course of action, and yet are dreadfully mistaken. Men must obey conscience, but take heed that no false judgments or erroneous opinions underlie the foundation upon which conscience rests, otherwise they commit sin even while they obey the behests of the moral sense, whose solemn function is to urge us to follow truth and right and forsake all falsehood and iniquity.

"What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue."

While sincerity and conscientiousness, if not based upon culpable ignorance or prejudice, may mitigate the penalty which God's law affixes to all error and sin, they cannot remove it. The experience of Saul is conclusive on this point. Although he persecuted the Church from a sense of religious duty, he afterwards deplored and lamented the folly and wickedness of his criminal conduct to the close of his eventful life. He obtained mercy and forgiveness, because he sincerely repented of the sin which he had done ignorantly in unbelief. Still it was a fearful crime, that filled him with increasing sorrow and shame the nearer he approached the likeness and the presence of that Jesus of Nazareth, whom once he persecuted with frenzied yet conscientious zeal. His growing sense of humility and contrition may be traced in the language of his Epistles, where he has occasion to refer to his course of life before his conversion to Christianity. First, he styles himself as one "not meet to be called an Apostle, because he persecuted the Church of God." Then, later in his Christian experience, although more abundant than all other Apostles in self-sacrificing missionary labors, he yet esteems himself to be "less than the least of all saints;" and finally, near his triumphant martyrdom for the testimony of Jesus, "he calls himself the chief of sinners."

Sin cannot go unpunished. We have need to pray for the pardon of our sins of ignorance. The blood of atonement must wash away all our iniquities, or we can never be accepted in the Beloved. The degree of condemnation incurred by the children of men, will be proportioned to the knowledge they have or might have by the right use of all their faculties, but none can wholly escape the penalty of God's violated law, even though they transgress in sincerity, in ignorance, and unbelief, like Saul of Tarsus. "The servant that knows his master's will and does it not, will be beaten with many stripes." He that knows it not and does it not will be beaten too, though it be with fewer stripes. We are bound to seek all the light that we can obtain, that our judgment may be in accordance with truth, and our conscience may give its sanction to what is right. Thus only can we be in the path of Christian duty and moral safety. Sincerity is not an absolute guarantee of truth and right, nor does it secure immunity from the penalty of God's violated law. Only by exhausting all reasonable efforts to arrive at a correct decision, and by faithfully following the monitions of an enlightened conscience, can we reach the minimum of personal penal accountability. The voice of God speaking from His Holy Word and in the movements of history is to be heeded. No captious opposition to rightful authority in Church or State is excusable. We must be subject to the higher powers; obey them that are over us in the Lord. In matters of dispute in civil affairs the decision of the highest judicatory constitutionally expressed becomes the law of the land for every good citizen: so in matters of religious faith and doctrine, the Church is the Pillar and Ground of the truth for the Christian; through their established and recognized judicatories the Holy Spirit speaks to all the faithful in Christ Jesus. In matters of doubt

and perplexity a suspension of judgment and of decisive action is the part of wisdom and duty. The advice of Gamaliel then is exceedingly appropriate: "If this counsel or work be of man, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; therefore take heed to yourselves lest haply ye be even found to fight against God." "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit."

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

BY THE EDITOR.

We pen these first lines of the New Year with a thankful heart, thankful yet sad. A year ago we entered upon our editorial duties, at the urgent request of the founder and former editor of the GUARDIAN. He continued to love it, and promised to speak words of counsel and comfort through its pages. A few numbers in the beginning of the year contained articles from his pen. Since then more than six months' affliction bade him be silent. For two months, he has lingered on the brink of the grave, right on the verge of heaven. We know that our readers will unite with us in the prayer, that God may spare his life and usefulness to the Church, for many years to come.

We thank our readers for the kind interest they have shown in the GUARDIAN during the past year. We thank our faithful co-laborers too. We owe much to their able and instructive contributions, and entreat them for a continuance of their friendship and favor. Many words of cheer have greeted us during the year; not the least of our encouragements is the increase of the GUARDIAN'S circulation.

The most of our readers are to us personally unknown There are but few with whom we have mingled in social intercourse. They are "unknown to us and yet well known." One year's labor has endeared them to us with singular tenderness. Writing for them has daily kept their wants and well-being before our mind. As a host studies the tastes of his guests who are to eat at his table, and draws them nearer to his heart at every succeeding social repast, so have we been thinking about the guests that surround the monthly GUARDIAN board. Often in writing, imagination summons a group of unknown youths around our study table, to inquire what and how we shall set before them. And these groups always greet us with a grateful smile. Our readers have become to us a sort of second pastorate—a solemn cure of souls. In our holiest hours, in the heart's deepest unburdenings before the mercy seat, we pour their wants into the ears of the all-merciful Father, as though they were the sheep of our fold. We think of them as young people, solemnly, and many unconsciously, engaged in laying the foundations of character, in forming habits which will determine their eternal destiny. They need warning, instruction and sympathy. There is a period in life where turning-points abound and deceitful roads cross the way to heaven. Their

habits are not fixed, their minds and views not fully matured. Their hearts are tender and impressible. Tares, no less than wheat, easily strike root therein. They are ignorant of the world's deceit and danger; ignorant of the wickedness of their own hearts.

"Thou treadest upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart."

We regard our readers in another aspect. They are at their happiest and most hopeful period of life. Like birds on a pleasant May-day, they are jubilant with vernal life. The act of improving their fresh warm-hearted youth, breathes new life upon one's heart. This privilege of doing good we heartily enjoy. We are in love with our work, and with our readers.

The past year has brought us griefs and joys. Both alike shall work together for our good, if we are God's children. How rapidly these years do pass—more rapidly as we advance in life. And every succeeding one leaves the small number of our remaining years less. "Our fathers, where are they?" Our loved ones, how they fade and die! Once we had our fond school-mates, as you have yours now. But few of these remain to this present.

"I've wandered to the village, Tom;
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
Who played with us upon that green
Just twenty years ago.

"The grass was just as green, Tom,
Bare-footed boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place,
Some twenty years ago.

"Near by the spring, upon an elm
You know I cut your name—
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—
'Twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut
Some twenty years ago.

"My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears come in my eyes!
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties.
I visited the old church-yard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just twenty years ago.

"Some are in the church-yard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea;
But none are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, dear Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some twenty years ago."

We have lost old readers during the past year, albeit new ones took their place. Their going is a bereavement. Now they are beyond the reach of our influence. No more can we speak to them of life, light and love. For their perusal no more our pen can write. What we have left undone in their behalf, must remain undone for ever. We *know* it. They loved Christ, and lived for Him. We love to think of them—to think that eyes which read words of truth and purity in these pages, though "through a glass darkly," now look up adoringly into the unveiled face of Jesus Christ on His throne of glory.

"Far from this world of sin and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life,
End in a large reward."

But we must not look back too long. In the name and strength of our Master, we clasp hands on the threshold of another year. Hail, all hail, dear readers! A HAPPY NEW YEAR. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." He will help us to the end. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Should a single one of you, still be out of Christ, we beg you to begin a new life with this New Year. Life is the time to serve the Lord; and the only time; and a very short time, at best. This year may be your last; begin it as though you knew it would be such. Then those who will die first, start but a little earlier on the journey toward the same home. By and by all of us

"Shall meet again
Meet ne'er to sever,
Where peace shall wreathe her chain
Round us forever."

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

A man is not a Christian simply because he has desired, or resolved, or prayed, or made an effort to be a Christian. He may have done all these, and not have gained the pardon of God. A person is not necessarily a Christian because he is determined to love Christ, and to put all his trust in him. One may be determined to be rich, or to be a scholar, and yet never be either. Men determine to accomplish a great many things which they never do accomplish. True piety flows spontaneously from a renewed heart. Emotions that are forced are not genuine. If a person is obliged to make an effort to love and trust in Christ, it is a sign that he does not truly love and trust. Regeneration consists in a change of the heart, and not simply the direction of the will. A change of the will naturally follows, but never produces a change of affections.

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

BY OPAL.

To every Christian heart there must often come, hours of heavenly home-sickness, when we long to be freed from earth and earthly fetters, to be "forever with the Lord." If these longings tend to make us more faithful in every Christian duty, if they spring from love to God and a desire to live in His presence forever, to serve Him eternally; then, they can and will do us no harm. But if we only long for heaven as a place of rest, because we are weary of our work here, it would be well for us to remember, that God has given each one of us our own work to do; and that it is only when we have in His appointed way, glorified Him upon earth, finished the work He has given us, that He will call us home.

Not long ago, we met a venerable Christian, a man who has served His Master faithfully, in his day and generation; one who has so studied His Bible, that he is said to be able to repeat entire gospels and epistles from memory. He talked with us a long time, and together we repeated several favorite hymns, amongst others, "Forever with the Lord." It seemed to suit his case so well, he seemed so ripe for heaven; that we could not help asking him, if he did not sometimes find, these days of waiting a little wearisome. He looked at us, a moment earnestly, and lovingly, almost reprovingly; and then replied in his own impressive way, in his slow, faltering tones: It does not become the sentinel upon duty, to say when he is to be relieved from his post. He must wait for his Captain's orders!

His words went right home to our hearts. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, we felt so humbled by them, felt so much like little children, in the presence of the noble, old man. If he, who had borne the heat and burden of the day, so heartily and bravely, could in his old age wait so patiently for God, surely we who had only taken up our work, with willing but unskilful hands, must not long for rest. We may at times be weary "in our work," let us never be, "weary of it." We left our aged friend, feeling that the time spent with him, had been like a foretaste of the joys of heaven: rejoicing that "the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting," was part of our creed.

In every age of the Christian Church, holy men have written of heavenly glories in words that will never die, words that until "we reach the golden city," will encourage and cheer us on our way.

> "We are traveling home to God,
> In the way, our fathers trod,"

and as we go, let us sing their songs, until we can join with them, in the new Jerusalem, in the new song around the throne of God and the Lamb.

These old hymns have great power over, and charm us. They in truth,

"have power to quiet,
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction,
That follows after prayer."

Peter Damiani wrote of the "joys of heaven," in strains so rapturous and sublime, that although eight hundred years have passed away since he lived upon earth, his words still find an echo, in every Christian heart.

Give them a place in your memory, dear reader.

"In the fount of life perennial, the parched heart its thirst would slake,
And the soul, in flesh imprisoned, longs her prison walls to break —
Exile, seeking, sighing, yearning, in her fatherland to wake.

"When with cares oppressed and sorrows, only groans her grief can tell,
Then she contemplates the glory, which she lost when first she fell;
Present evil but the memory of the vanished good can swell.

"Who can utter what the pleasures, and the peace unbroken are,
Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding silvery light afar,
Festive seats and golden roofs, which glitter like the evening star!

"There the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun at dawn they glow;
Crownèd victors after conflict, all their joys together flow,
And secure they count the battles, where they fought the prostrate foe.

"There the new song, new forever, those melodious voices sing,
Ceaseless streams of fullest music, thro' those blessed regions ring:
Crowned victors ever bringing, praises worthy of the King.

"Christ, the palm of faithful victors! of that city make me free;
Where my warfare shall be ended, to its mansions lead Thou me,—
Grant me, with its happy immates, sharer of Thy gifts to be!

"Let thy soldier, yet contending, still be with Thy strength supplied;
Thou wilt not deny the quiet, when the arms are laid aside;
Make me meet with Thee forever, in that country to abide."

THIS DAY.

BY A MOTHER.

"Give us this day our daily bread." In this petition we pray that we may receive a competent portion of the good things of this life, and enjoy God s blessing with them. Such is the answer or explanation to this petition, as given in the Shorter Catechism. In my childhood, when it was one of my Sabbath duties to repeat this Text book of Doctrines, in thinking of this petition, the "competent portion" was my main idea, that my wants should be supplied. Now, in my widowhood, when I daily repeat this same petition, I lay all the emphasis on "*this day*," and I feel sure this was the lesson "Our Father" intended—implicit FAITH and *trust*—not caring for to-morrow's supplies, but *this* day and hour, His same bread sometimes seems the veritable *manna*. When "the dew" of imploring tears "has gone," behold there is the request granted.

LUCRETIA.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Lucretia was the most forlorn little girl in all Goshen. The first element in her loneliness was the loss of her father and mother, when yet of a very tender age, if it be no misnomer to speak of the death of worthless parents, as a loss. Nevertheless, a poor child, generally speaking, buries its bread and butter—to say the least, its bread—with its progenitors. Her parents neglecting her even during the few years in which they lived, now forever forsook her when dying. Who, then, was to take her up? Moneyless, she needed no guardian over her purse; and, as the skeptical Squire of the Township questioned whether the "brat" had a soul, a Guardian over her person was deemed just as little necessary. She had neither brother nor sister—not a relative or friend in the wide world.

On the day of her mother's funeral, the very sympathizing neighbors, who had gathered to bury the widow's "remains," and eat up the orphan's, too, were, of course, quite prodigal in words of compassion. One, more garrulous than the rest, gave vent to her pent-up charity in the query: "Who will take care of Lucretia?" The child, hearing her name mentioned, and perhaps catching the shadow of a bird flying over her, looked upward just then with a smile, which seemed to say quite loudly, *God will!* The by-standers felt the force of the coincidence, and displayed the fashion of fear. But as fear only renders the heart more callous after the quaking is over, and does not melt us into genuine charity, the neighbors went home, and would indeed have left God to take care of her, had not the "Director of the Poor" given her shelter under his roof for the night, in order to facilitate the task of transferring her to the County Alms-House, early on the following day. How aptly was not this servant of Cæsar's household yclept—*Director of the Poor!* Was it not his special duty to *direct* this father and motherless, this sister and brotherless, this friend and moneyless little child to—the—the—the—Poor-house? And was he not just ready to do it by sunrise next morning? Then let no man say, that he was not a good servant of Cæsar—faithful and prompt.

And besides, whither else could he *direct* her? No Orphans' Home for Friendless Children had as yet blessed the land. The State only had shown a heart for them. I say, the "Director" did well, as well as he knew how, under the circumstances, by volunteering to show Lucretia to the Poor-house. The Church was content with *preaching* charity, but the Commonwealth practiced—philanthropy, at least.

Lucretia slept well in the Director's house that night, on a temporary bed in the corner. The poor sleep sounder on a crust of bread, than the rich on immoderate suppers. The sleep of poor children is especially sweet—they never toss or start under the night-mare. They go to bed and sleep.

Early in the morning there was a stir in the house. Preparations had to be made to direct the child to the Poor-house, of course. Had not the Director done his full part—carried out the mind of his constituents? He had given Lucretia supper, bed, and was willing to throw in breakfast, which was already more than the law required, and surely he need not keep her over the dinner-hour! To be sure, the biting air of a November morning is not so pleasant to an almost naked child, but then the children of the poor never shiver.

While he was engaged with his family around the morning table, well laden with warm cakes and hot coffee, Lucretia sat at the kitchen-sink over a piece of bread and butter, with a mug of water by her side. The Director had returned thanks, asked a blessing on his daily food, and *prayed for the poor*, into the bargain. Lucretia had not prayed at all, but was thankful withal, which was far better; for it tasted good to her.

Presently Baltzer Helmuth's heavy boots dragged around the house and scraped across the porch, towards the door. Now Baltzer was a drunkard. But that was Baltzer's misfortune only. The guilt hung on the skirts of the Commonwealth after all. May not I, may not you, may not any one make as many drunkards as we please, by paying a small premium into the Treasury? Accordingly, every seventeen hundred and sixty yards from the cross-roads leading to Baltzer's home, unsightly posts were planted, overtopped with oval shaped tablets, on which glittered in letters of gold the word INN, which being interpreted means: *I take* IN *and keep* IN *everybody I can get* IN. Baltzer went in a sober young man. He was kept in until he had turned into an immoderate drinker, and was only cast out after he became a poor inebriate. Of course Baltzer was to blame, but still more the liquor-monger, and most of all the Commonwealth.

Baltzer entered and saw Lucretia. "Whose gal is that there, neighbor?" was his first question, next after the stereotyped "how d'ye do?" "O she's only a Township child, which I intend to take to the Poor-house to-day," said mine host.

"Waal, now, the old woman wants sich a piece," growled the toper, "and I'll take her right along, if you say so."

"Of course," responded the Director. "You can have her in welcome I have no interest in her. She's on my hands since yesterday, and I'm bound to shove her off in less than an hour, unless I can get rid of her in some other way."

"What's her name?" asked Baltzer.

"The women dubbed her Lucretia, yesterday; that's all I know about her," said our Director.

"Come here once," bawled the kidnapper. Lucretia walked up to him, as I have often seen a child approach a mastiff, and pat its head. She felt no fear; for she was unconscious of all danger. "I want sich a gal," continued he. "I think she'd jist suit. Jist the right age, too. You can train them as you want them, you know. I'll take right on."

"All right," exclaimed our Director, pleased with getting rid so unceremoniously of all further trouble with his ward. And Baltzer took Lucretia to his house. Only let no one think that charity opened the door to a home for the child. It was selfishness that turned the key after all. Baltzer and his wife wanted a *drudge*, and a little orphan girl contains the very stuff, out of which such a character can most easily be made. Just clip her hair close to the skin; hang loosely over her little body a coarse, home-made frock, and put cloggy shoes under her and you have what you want. We have already said, that Baltzer was a drunkard. We must further add, that he was a wife-beater, to boot. He and his wife were to each other as the sledge and anvil. Baltzer was the sledge, his wife was the anvil. Liquor levelled him, and he levelled her with his brawny fists. Could he drag himself home, his wife was sure to be dragged by her hair. Lucretia stood by again and again, witnessing this oft-repeated conjugal scene, until it became a familiar exhibition. For all she knew, it might occur in every family, and constitute a duty incumbent on all husbands, and a sort of pillory, to which all obedient wives must submit.

Baltzer, I must again add, had a son. He was Baltzer *Junior* out and out, and grew up in all the habits of his father, save the wife-beating, for the sole reason that no one was willing to become her. He had a daughter, too, who was married to a do-less man, whom she forsook, perhaps, every new moon, to return to the miserable home of her parents. Her gawky husband would follow fast after her, treat her to some coaxing words, a little money and promises, which would adjust matters again for a little while. Thus she played fast and loose, until her husband fell upon the thought of moving to the far West, and thus deprive her from forever running to her parents. Since their exodus, I have not learned whether she is dead or alive.

Lucretia grew up under quarrels, curses and whisky. She had never seen the inside of a church. Sunday-schools were to her as unknown as a menagerie. She had never been to any school for a single day. She rose in the morning, built a fire, swept the room, prepared such a meal as the scanty pantry afforded, and milked, whenever there was any thing to milk—for a drunkard's cows run *dry* sometimes, as well as their owner! She washed, baked and scrubbed once a week. She superintended the cows, pigs and chickens, as well as their stables.

Her wardrobe was a tow-linen dress, in summer; neither shoes nor under garments did she wear. During the winter season, a Petersham was hung around her, and shoes and stockings enveloped her feet. These articles were worn until they turned to rags and shreds, by which time spring mercifully returned. Her hair was plaited in two tails, and, secured by a string, would dangle down her back. She was not ugly, any further than you can render a rose hideous by besmearing it with mud. Under her unsightly garments and habits, her eye was still blue, and her hair flaxen, notwithstanding. You cannot, it seems, wholly efface the handiwork of God. Even Lucifer is still a fallen *star*.

She had no playmates. Because she lived under old Baltzer's roof, she was tabooed, even by those who had little to boast over her. She was aware of it, too; for she never looked up in passing. We never knew her to speak a word, unless in calling to her cows, when leading them to water. *They* were obedient to her call, however, on the principle, no doubt, that the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass, his master's crib.

It was noticed ever and anon, that the drove numbered one head less from time to time. It was readily explained. Liquor enlarges the man and lessens his purse and stock. Creditors beset his door and sliced away acre after acre, and drove off one cow after another. Death at last took Balzer, and the Sheriff took the homestead, leaving back only a liquor-beaten widow, a liquor-stricken son, and Lucretia.

The crash in the household awoke Lucretia to a sort of self-knowledge. She broke the shell which had encrusted her for years. If the pullet can think, about the time it knocks against the walls of its egg-prison, its sensation must be similar to Lucretia's, just at this period. She saw her mistress old, poor and sick,—elements enough to constitute misery. She saw the son young, besotted and reckless, a still deeper misery. She saw herself, aside of others of her age, and felt a misery, too, indescribable.

She did not reason, for she could not. But she brooded and hatched forth a bold resolution. She would now, and for the first time, leave her neighborhood, where she felt herself unknown to all, and beloved by none. Accordingly, she combed her hair and washed her scanty rags. She climbed a carrier-wagon to bear her forty miles away to Philadelphia. The widow rented an old forsaken school-house. The neighbors kept her, and she kept her son. Lucretia was gone.

The carrier unloaded his "truck" at the "Farmer's Inn," among which truck we must count Lucretia. She rushed into the kitchen and offered to work for charity. The inmates stared at first, and laughed outright, after a little. The landlady, Mrs. Ludlow, hearing the commotion, even in her sick-room, descended the stairway, and beheld the resolute but odd girl. As most sick people become patient and commiserating, she listened to her plain story, and employed her as her waiting-girl, from sheer pity.

In other clothes, and amid different surroundings, she was at once transformed into another being. As she must walk softly over a sick-room, slippers were put under her feet. A nurse must be clean, and therefore the bath-room was statedly visited, and tidy garments were put around her. Her hair, from constant plaiting, now curled readily. Her coarse speech was modulated into an agreeable softness. The invalid wife taught her to read In two years after her arrival, she read for her mistress' entertainment and edification. In the third year she wrote a letter. She visited the church, where she heard the organ and the gospel, which, from its very newness, seemed to her beautiful. She, too, would love God, and was admitted to full membership on Christmas morning.

Now, Mrs. Ludlow saw in Lucretia an associate and a friend. She confided in her and entrusted the care of the house to her control, as she grew weaker from disease. Lucretia became the female head of the household.

Once after ten years' absence, she returned to the scene of her early and different life. She, felt doubtless as a butterfly feels, when it soars over the clods and limbs, over which it once crawled a caterpillar. She did not forget her old mistress, but sought her in the old school-house. She brought her presents; for it was during the Christmas holidays. She called the trembling old martyr "*Mother!*" Old Rachel was glad, and told the neighbors, after her angel had departed. It was then that the people said, "*Was that Lucretia!!!*"

Mrs. Ludlow died, and Lucretia was no longer agent, but became the actual and worthy superior over her department. Without any further ambition, than to do well her part, she presided faithfully over her charge. Having herself learned well how to obey and serve, she knew exactly how to exact and command. She had no kitchen tempests among her servants. They all respected and liked her; and, what is more, Mr. Ludlow, after three years learned to love her, and made Lucretia *Mrs.* Ludlow, on Christmas morning.

In the spring of the year, in which hundreds of wealthy Americans crowded the ocean steamers, to visit the great Paris Exposition, Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow embarked. Possessing a handsome fortune, and no offspring to care for, they intrusted their "house" to faithful relatives, and entered on a long journey. Having seen all the wonders of the world, in the Great Exhibition, they continued their way across the Continent, stopping at all the places and cities of note in the Old World. Returning again, they visited the Holy Land, and trod the ground of Christ and His Apostles. The Christmas festivities they celebrated at Bethlehem, where they learned all the legends and traditions of the Holy Child and His mother. Greatly edified in spirit, and improved in body, they returned to their native America, to bless God for His amiable and adorable providence.

Her early companions, who did not know Lucretia, now are ever ready to know Mrs. Ludlow. To some, who would not have received a pin from Lucretia, Mrs. Ludlow has been an almoner. All Goshen wonders at her happy fortune. She, however, bears her honors meekly. She still visits old Rachel, and ministers to her need. Gladly would she take old Rachel to her home, but old people, like old trees, beg tearfully not to be transplanted into a new and strange soil. Ask the scarred and lightning-riven oak, on yonder rocky and desolate ridge, to be carried to the gorgeous plot surrounding your palace, and it will sway its old head negatively to and fro, which means: "*It is not worth while—it would be suicide!*" Thus the widow, Rachel, wishes to die, like a gladiator, in the arena, in which she has toiled and suffered all her days. Hence Mrs. Ludlow comes to Rachel frequently, and never empty-handed.

Somebody has seen Mrs. Ludlow's Bible, and noticed that the following lines are underscored with a deep scarlet color:

"*He lifteth the Poor out of the Dunghill.*"

"*He putteth down one and setteth up Another.*"

Should any one still doubt the truth of these sayings, he may easily convince himself by a visit to Goshen, and looking on their living commentary—MRS. LUCRETIA LUDLOW.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

It used to be said that a brick-kiln "must" be kept burning during the Sabbath; it is now known to be a fallacy. Even now it is a received opinion that iron blast-furnaces will bring ruin if not kept in continual operation. Eighteen years ago a proprietor determined to keep the Sabbath holy, with the result, as his book testified, that he made more in six days than he did before in seven—that he made more iron in a given time, in proportion to the hands and the number and size of the furnaces, than any establishment in England which was kept in operation during the Sabbath.—*Christian Miscellany.*

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

Some years ago a wealthy California family spent a winter in Frankfort on the Main, Germany. They belonged to the Brown tribe. In a general way, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and all the little Browns, made up their minds to do things up "brown." They rented a house, or rather one story of a house, furnished it in true German style, and from the least to the greatest made their minds to cook, eat, live, laugh, spar and speak German. And a happy time they had of it. They joined with cheerful good will in the holiday sports of their German friends which seemed to afford them great delight. Of the Christmas festival Brown gives the following description in a monthly of that day:

"As the sun set on Christmas eve the great bells of the town set up a deafening peal of rejoicing. Crowds of citizens hurried to and fro, making their last purchases; lights glimmered in the windows of every house, and every parlor was decorated with evergreens and Christmas-trees, spangled all over with toys and candies. The jingling of sleigh-bells, the merry voices of children, the moving multitude of carriages, the lights, the music, the glitter of tinsel, the perfect abandonment of all to the enjoyment of the occasion, were wonderfully characteristic, and to me, at least, highly pleasing.

"Accompanied by Mrs. Brown, and all the little Browns, I went, by invitation, to visit several German families—among them, that of our respected grandfather, on the Professor's side. The greeting was most cordial. We were at first ushered into a reception-room. As soon as all were gathered together, the 'Gross-vater,' as the children call him, gave the word of command, and a door was thrown open leading into the great exhibition room. Here was a magnificent Christmas-tree, hung all over with colored wax-tapers; here were tables, covered with white cloths, and glittering from head to foot with the most bewitching doll-babies, work-boxes, card-cases, silk dresses, rattles, penny-whistles, shawls, sashes, drawing-implements, and I don't know what all, for big and little; with a name written upon each, and ever so many funny inscriptions, to make it all the more merry.

"The little Browns absolutely shouted with delight, as each made, from time to time, some astounding discovery of a gift; the big brothers, and sisters, and cousins, and nieces, and nephews, clapped their hands in an ecstacy of euthusiasm; and then the 'Gross-vater' roared laughing, and demanded a kiss, and everybody that got a present was bound to hug and kiss him, without distinction of age or sex; and such a hugging and kissing were never seen (out of Germany). The ladies were quite overcome and affected to tears, and cast themselves, sobbing, upon the shoulders of the old man; and the servant girls, when they opened their bundles and saw divers nice sashes, slippers, and head dresses, cried out: '*Ach lieber Gott! wie schön!*' And then they went out to weep over them in silence, but presently came back, laughing through their tears. Everybody exclaimed with them, '*Wie schön! Wunder schön!*'

"Just then I caught sight of a little colored box, labeled 'Herr John Brown aus Californien.' The 'Gross-vater' remarked that it was for me. I took

it up. What could it be? Now, this is too bad, thought I. I hope the old gentleman has not put himself to any expense on my account. I carefully opened the box. It was filled with candy—the prettiest sort of colored candy imaginable. Of course I roared laughing. Everybody laughed. The 'Gross-vater' laughed louder than all the rest: it was so funny to see Herr Brown puzzle his brain over a box of candy. Well, thinks I, it looks nice at all events. I'll just eat a little to show them that I appreciate it. So I pulled at a lozenge. What do you think? The candy tried to jump at me! I tried to push it back—stared in amazement—pushed again; but out it jumped, in spite of me, and with it the most frightful little wooly-headed monster of a wizard that ever was seen. I tumbled back in a chair—couldn't help it, I assure you, the event was so sudden and unexpected. The children screamed with delight, and clapped their hands; the ladies went into hysterics; the 'Gross-vater' rolled on the sofa, in a paroxysm of triumph; the big brothers cousins, and nephews, set up a chorus of merry cheers. Altogether, the effect was tremendous. Catch me opening a box of colored candy again in Germany!"

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND.

The following verses give us a glimpse of an English Christmas of two hundred years ago.

"So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly:
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning,
Then ovens they with baked meats choke
And all the spits are turning.

"Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if from cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

"And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
We'll have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

"Good families in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse
On lust and pride in London.

"There the roysters they do play;
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let's be merry.

"The client now his suit forbears;
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.

"Though others' purses be most fat
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

ADRIFT.

Many a tragic tale is told of the Falls of Niagara. Every year furnishes new ones. They mostly originate in trifling beginnings. Miles above the Falls, some one attempts to cross over in a boat. The water seems perfectly calm and currentless. Surely there can be no danger at this distance above the rapids. He rows leisurely along, musing dreamily over joys on terra firma, but never dreaming that he is in the power of an immense body of slow-moving water. Far away from the stationary objects on shore, the current is less perceptible. At length he discovers that he is gently drifting down stream. But the downward drift is so little, that it rather amuses than alarms him. "Well, after all, I had better stop this downward tendency," he mutters to himself. "There is no telling where this thing might lead to." He tries to turn his boat more up stream. The current moves very sluggishly. Yet the boat *will* drift downward. Slightly alarmed, he lays to his oars, with all his might. Still it floats downward, in spite of his manly skill and strength. Already he hears the roar of the rapids in the distance. Horror-stricken, he works till every nerve seems to tremble. Taking advan-

tage of an eddy, he turns his boat shoreward, and has a faint hope of getting out of danger. Just then an oar breaks. No time to mend an oar here, nor can a one-oared boat be managed in such a stream, by such an unnerved, exhausted rower. In despair, he drops into the bottom of his boat and tries to pray. For one horrid hour, the boat is hurried through a succession of plunges, down the rapids of Niagara. The last mile the current sweeps it along with almost lightning speed. The last long plunge comes, and that is the end of the harmless, unsuspected, calm river on which the boat at first was launched.

Souls adrift are like the man in the boat. Take the following as an illustration:

Dear Guardian: I have a sister—a young lady of some twenty summers. She has always been a pet with us. From a child she had her own way pretty much, in everything. A few years ago she entered society. There was a certain air of gaiety and sprightliness in her manners, which attracted the attention of young men—of *fast* young men. They used every art to decoy her into forbidden paths. They were lavish in their presents. When they had a so-called social gathering, a carriage would come for her. At their balls, she was caressed and flattered as one of the belles of a large circle At length, mother, and her sisters, suspected the character of her associates. On a certain evening, I attended one of their balls as a spectator; for I never attend balls. To my horror, I saw her among a crowd of brutal blackguards, and women of the baser sort. The room resounded with oaths, and the whole reminded one of a den of wild beasts.

We have used argument entreaty, and warning to get her out of this whirlpool of ruin. But all in vain. She says, that on several occasions, she resolved to obey us, but found that she could not break loose from her associates. The rest of us are members of the Church, and are trying to lead a Christian life. Our pastor has commenced a course of instruction in the Catechism. I have begged her to attend, that she might learn the word and will of God concerning her, and the way to be saved. Her reply is: "I won't do it; for then I must stop going to balls." This is her excuse for continuing on the way to ruin. What shall we do? Melvina.

Alas! another soul adrift. The bark is nearing the lower rapids. 'Tis a great pity you did not restrain her in time. Send her away, to another place for a year or two. To relatives, if you have such; if not, to reliable, Christian strangers, in this country or in Europe. Use any feasible means to get her out of the toils of this carousing crowd. They hold her, spell-bound, in their accursed power. A fatal current is bearing her toward the abyss. Do your utmost to get her out of it; and, with all your doing, pray for her.

MARRIAGE AND MANNERS OF AN AUTHOR.

When Jeffries, the great Edinburg Reviewer, was married, he wrote: "My profession has never brought me more than £100 a year: yet have I determined to venture upon this new state." His bride had no fortune. He writes to his brother: "You ask me to describe my Catharine to you; but I have not talent for description, and but little faith in full-drawn characters; besides, the original is now so much a part of myself, that it would not be decent to enlarge very much, either upon her excellencies or her imperfections. It is proper, however, to tell you, in sober earnest, that she is not a showy, remarkable girl, either in person or character. She has good sense, good manners, good temper, and good hands; and above all, I am perfectly sure, that she has a good heart, and that it is mine, without reluctance or division."

He was a man of gentle, child-like heart. In his old age, he wrote the following sweet letter to his grandchild:

"My sonsy Nancy: I love you very much, and think very often of your

dimples, and your pimples, and your funny little plays, and all your pretty ways; and I send you my blessing, and wish I were kissing your sweet rosy lips, or your fat finger tips; and that you were here, so that I could hear your stammering words, from a mouthful of curds; and a great purple tongue (as broad as it's long); and see your round eyes, wide open with surprise, and your own wondering look to find yourself at Craigcrook! To-morrow is Maggie's birth-day, and we have built up a great bonfire in honor of it, and Maggie Rutherford (do you remember her at all?) is coming out to dance round it; and all the servants are to drink her health and wish her many happy days with you and Frankie; and all the mammas and papas, whether grand or not grand. We are very glad to hear you and she love each other so well, and are happy in making each other happy, and that you do not forget dear Tarley or Frankie when they are out of sight, nor Granny either or even old Granny pa, who is in most danger of being forgotten, he thinks."

"WHAT IS SIN?"

BY A MOTHER.

Not for the Theologian's eye is this important question asked, as if to enter into a discussion, but for the eye of some *mother*, who may be anxious to instil this question, with its all-important answer, into the minds and *hearts* of her children. My object is to persuade mothers to simplify this "strong meat"—make it the nourishing "milk," that the little ones love so much. I have merely selected this one question as an illustration of my meaning. I have no recollection of the time when I committed the Catechism. It was before I knew aught of punctuation, as I distinctly remember my thoughts of the awkward language of the answer—"Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of the law of God." No thoughtful and sympathizing mother opened my eyes to that comma. Nor was it made easy for my "wee" mind, by giving me the "Mother's Catechism," where "want of conformity" unto the law is "not being or doing what God requires," and "transgression of"—doing what God forbids. How easily I might have comprehended this, when every day afforded me same practical illustration of its meaning in my own wayward nature.

From the cheerful manner, in which my own little ones now learn and recite these self-same truths, I take courage and comfort in knowing I have made the path easier for them than mine was. It was all in kindness and with the best intent, those *allopathic doses* were given me, but my good, adopted parents forgot that even *Paul*, when a child, "understood *as* a child." Make these things plain for the childish understandings. They are little Catechisms themselves, always wanting to know the whys and wherefores, and it is just they should be listened to.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

We need a considerable number of new subscribers, to place our publication upon a safe footing, and to give it that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865 and '66, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the Guardian, and send us the result?

To Delinquents.—On looking over our subscription list, we find that quite a number of subscribers are in arrears for one, two, three, and some for even four years. As our income from the Guardian, even when all our dues are received, is barely sufficient to cover expenses, we trust those who are delinquent will, without delay, forward their dues. We shall certainly be much obliged to them for the favor. Publishers.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—FEBRUARY, 1868.—No. 2.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

Before this number of the *Guardian* shall have reached its readers, they will have been apprised of the death of Dr. H. Harbaugh. The sad event has cast a gloom over the Church, which his life and learning have adorned for nearly twenty-five years. During his painful illness of four months, prayers for his restoration ascended daily from many hearts and homes. Last summer he had several attacks of illness, which alarmed his friends. After a partial recovery, the disease returned about the 1st of September, in a more violent form. Again, after six weeks' suffering his case became more hopeful. He consented to be present at the dedication of the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf. A short time previous he grew worse. His tender loving heart longed to be with the orphans in their festivities. One of the last letters he ever wrote was a note to us at the close of October, evidently written with labor, expressing his regret that his increasing infirmities compelled him to keep his room. He then thought he had strength enough to speak half an hour, if he could risk the journey. But his physician, and his increasing dizziness admonished him not to undertake it. In attempting to walk he sometimes reeled and fell over like a drunken man. From this time it was evident that the disease centered in his head. For two months his friends in different parts of the country were in a state of painful suspense, many of them hoping against hope. On Christmas the symptoms began to be more alarming. He became unconscious, and continued such until the 28th of December. At 4 P. M. of this day, he fell calmly asleep in Jesus.

On the last day of 1867 we bore him gently to his grave. Many a solemn New Year's sermon had he preached to us; many an instructive article written on the threshold of the incoming year. The most solemn of all was his last, preached to the congregation around his bier. In a few short months his locks had turned white. His dark eyes were closed, his lips sealed, his voice hushed. There lay the dear brother, heedless of the tears which fell around him, snugly reposing in his narrow bed.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

The funeral services were held in the Reformed Church at Mercersburg. The building was still hung with Christmas garlands of evergreen. Here and there hung a sacred passage alluding to our Saviour's birth. The green wreaths were draped in mourning. The symbol of sadness and death in the foreground; in the background the symbol of undying life. Most comforting was this symbolical arrangement of crape and evergreen.

Dr. J. W. Nevin, his preceptor and warm friend, preached the funeral discourse on 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. In connection with the services one of his favorite hymns was sung. Many of his more intimate friends have often helped him to sing it during his lifetime. Often when walking or riding together, sitting under some great tree, or angling along a shaded stream, he would ask us to join him in singing:

"Forever with the Lord!
So, Jesus, let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

"Here, in this body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

Alas, his musical voice, clear as a bell, refused to join us this time. The congregation mingled audible sobs of sorrow with the plaintive melody. Under the trees in front of the church his body was laid to rest. He had a great love for country grave-yards, where the silent dead remain undisturbed by the vulgar stare and rude noise of the busy multitude. The departed should be buried within sight and sound of their surviving brethren, he held; if possible, aside of the church, where prayer and praise continue to greet their slumbering dust.

"O! lay me 'neath some ancient tree,
That spreads its shade afar;
Where my lone grave may smiled on be
By many a silent star.

"Where flowrets deck the vestal sod,
And with their fragrant breath,
Whisper sweet tales of peace, and God,
And life, and love, and death!"

As a member of the liturgical committee of the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Church, he contributed the beautiful burial service in our Liturgy. How very solemn did it seem as Dr. Nevin read it over the remains of its author! Dr. Harbaugh was married twice. His bereaved widow and seven children survive him to mourn his departure. Five children preceded him to the land of the blest. Who but the All-merciful can fathom the loss of this stricken widow and these fatherless children? To His compassionate care, and to the sympathy and intercession of the Church, we commit this sorrowing household.

Personally we mourn the loss of a sincere and fast friend. He seemed like an "elder brother," whose heart, with watchful tenderness, followed us from the moment when we were "first become acquaint." It was in the old stone church, at Lancaster, Pa. His friends and admirers had often praised his character and talents to us. Now he had become pastor of the First Church in this city,—pastor of our parents. On a visit home, during College-vacation, we went with them to church, and there heard him preach and received his cordial grasp of the hand for the first time. Since then we have directly or indirectly been under his moulding power. We preached our first sermon in his pulpit. He assisted at our ordination. Helped to install us at Reading. Followed us, through his letters with marvellous affection when travelling abroad. With all his arduous work, he would rise in the morning before dawn, to pen sweet greetings, and cheered us on our journey in a foreign land. Letters they were, longer than the sermons he preached, full of the love of home and heaven. With an ecstasy of delight we pored over them again and again, until the charms of Rome and the sacred memories of Jerusalem were forgotten under the enchantment of his loving heart. As he held ours, so held he the hearts of hundreds of others, who mourn as if they had lost a natural father. Fare thee well, thou sainted brother! Sweet be thy joys in the realms of the "Sainted dead." Our hearts follow thee to the edge of the Jordan. Along its banks we linger lonely and lost, because thou hast passed out of sight. We too are yearning for the "better country, while we sojourn in Mesech, and tarry in the tents of Kedar." Most beautifully he tells us in the "Sainted Dead:"

"Have you lost some of those to whom you were united on earth by the tenderest ties of the flesh, or by those purer and piously tempered affections which knit closer than flesh; and do you often bend over the sod where their bodies sleep, as if to call them back by the eloquence of tears? Do you sit at the tomb of the beloved dead, and filled with the spirit of pious hope, sing:

'Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled.
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed?'

"Come, mourner, bereft and sad! Instead of standing upon their graves, drooping and bent like the willow, and, like it, moaning over what it shadows, sit down on some green hillock, like a consistent child of hope, and wipe your tears while you read of heaven. From that eternal home of the sainted dead, hear a comforting voice: 'He is not there, he is risen; behold the place where he lay.'"

Few of his projects were nearer to his heart than that of the *Guardian.* Its readers had become his great family, which he gathered around him during seventeen years of earnest, loving labor. Though personally most of them were unknown to him, he loved them as his spiritual children. And we feel assured that many of them will drop a tear of sincerest sorrow upon his grave. Little did we think when he laid the editorship of the Guardian upon us a year ago, that on the last of the year his weeping friends would stand around his open grave. In the January number of 1867 he wrote:

"Seventeen years ago, in our early ministry, full of youth and enthusiasm, we started the *Guardian* in Lewisburg, Pa.—started it with plenty of faith and hope, but without funds or subscribers. A kind Providence gave it success far beyond our most sanguine expectations. In 1850 we carried our sweet burden with us to Lancaster, Pa. After ten and a half years we took it with us again to our new home in Lebanon. Three years later we brought it with us to Mercersburg, where it has again been our companion three years longer. In our study, and as by our side, it has grown up from infancy, through childhood, into full youth. Every year has it hung upon our Christmas tree as an offering to Christ in the service of the young. To part with it, even with the assurance that it will live on, and perhaps even live better than ever before, has to us something of the nature of a bereavement in the family.

'How many, many memories,
Come o'er my spirit now.'"

This Magazine is devoted to the social, literary and religious interests of the young. The foundation of religious character, the formation of correct habits, the cultivation of the mind, the sanctification of the heart —these, and kindred subjects, have formed the burden of its teaching for seventeen years. Its now sainted founder had great sympathy for the young. To take young men of humble circumstances by the hand, and show them how to fight their way through a world of hinderances up into a position of piety, and of intellectual power, was his chief delight. And he well knew how to guide the young thus upward as few knew it. In earlier life his own storm-tossed ship rocked on the rolling billows.

"O, pilot, these are fearful seas!
There's danger on this deep."

His own training, education and general experience eminently fitted him for his kindly offices to those passing through the same experience. One of his favorite methods to interest and instruct the readers of the GUARDIAN, was to take some good and great person, and trace the formation of his or her character, from the parents and home circle, through all the little and great lessons of childhood and youth, up to man or womanhood. Now, that his work is done, his life and character in like manner become fit subjects for analysis and instruction to others. Reverently, we will lead our readers along the tortuous, trying path, over which an obscure youth battled his course to goodness, greatness, and glory. We will call it

THE BATTLE OF AN EARNEST, USEFUL LIFE.

Our education begins with our forefathers. Be we good or evil, our remote ancestors will get much blame or credit, shame or glory for it on the judgment's great day. The Chinese, so far behind us in Christian civilization, yet act in advance of us in this respect. For when their courts try a criminal, they examine into the habits of his ancestors, and judge him accordingly.

In 1736 a certain family—father, mother, and four children—left their native mountains of Switzerland for the forests of America. The oldest child was but nine years old; the youngest a tender suckling. The fa-

ther's name was Yost Harbaugh, a worthy burgher of a quiet Swiss village, and a pious member of the Reformed congregation therein. His pastor, who had confirmed and married him, and baptized his children, now came to give him his parting blessing. At that time the people looked upon a journey to America as we now do upon one to Australia or China. Frequently a voyage from Europe to this western-world would take from two to three months. To the simple, unlettered people the distance seemed immense. Amid lamentations and tears the emigrants would part from friends and kindred, rarely expecting to meet again this side of the heavenly home. Sometimes the pastor would offer special prayers for the departing families in the Sunday services.

Upon his arrival in this country, Yost Harbaugh at once sought a home for his little family. He bought 100 acres of land in Maxatawny township, Berks county, Pa.—"three miles above Maxatawny Creek." Felling trees, and fighting the Indians was then the chief work of the colonists in the American forests; it was his work too. Seven years later he removed to Kreutz Creek, York county, Pa. There he became a member of the Kreutz Creek congregation, which the Missionary Schlatter, at different times, visited.

Yost Harbaugh had ten children—seven sons and three daughters. He was the great-grandfather of Dr. Henry Harbaugh, and Yost's son, Jacob, was his grandfather. Jacob was six years of age when his father left Switzerland. When a young man, he bought land in what is now called Harbaugh's Valley, Frederick county, Md. This country was then a wild unbroken forest. After visiting his tract of land, felling trees, and preparing a part of it for cultivation, he moved thither, and became the father and founder of this settlement, named after him. The forest then was alive with game and beasts of prey. The latter often prowled around the house in open day. One day, as Jacob Harbaugh's wife was busily engaged in taking bread from the bake-oven, she was suddenly surprised by the fierce attack of a wild-cat. An earnest fight ensued. At length the vicious animal was compelled to retreat, not, however, until she had wounded her antagonist, which came near causing the good woman's death.

Dr. Harbaugh says of his grandfather: "He was a strict disciplinarian. He ruled with perfectly undisputed authority in his house and family. His government would be considered as by far too stern in these days. Perhaps he erred in that direction; but sure it is that most parents err far worse in the other extreme. When the children were noisy in the kitchen, he needed only to come to the door, with an uplifted cane, and a look of reproof, and all was quiet. In the evening of winter, when he sat at the table and read, there was not a whisper heard among the larger or smaller subjects of that family realm, as they occupied their places, in an orderly manner, in different parts of the room, and about the stove."

"On the Sabbath, all was perfect order around the house. He belonged to the German Reformed Church; and after it was organized, he worshipped at what is called Apple's church. Service was of course held only every four or eight weeks; but all who were old enough had to go. Father recollects of going there, when he was a youth, more than sixty years ago. It was distant six miles, and they, as boys, with each other, used to walk it in an hour. Father remembers, too, that service was often held at Ap-

ple's church on Thursday, because the ministers had so many congregations to serve that they could not preach to all on the Sabbath. On such occasions, work was suspended, and the family went to church as on the Sabbath. Father says the church was generally quite full on those days.

"Grandfather came to see us twice a year,—in spring and fall—and always rode a gray horse. Having twenty miles to come, he was uniformly seen riding along the edge of the woods, in sight of the house, about one o'clock on Saturday afternoon. His coming always brought joy to the older folks, and nuts and raisins to us children."

Jacob Harbaugh's family led a simple life, and lived on simple fare, as most country people of that day did. Mush was the constant dish, morning and evening. "In the evening they had hot mush and cold milk; in the morning they had cold mush and hot milk. Coffee they had only once a week, on the Sabbath. The floors were uncarpeted, but always white. The table without a cloth. Dishes, bowls and plates were all pewter. The cradle in which the children were rocked was a hollow gum log, about three feet long, closed at each end with a board. The old family clock, still preserved, was bought with Continental money. The family Bible was printed in Nuremburg, in 1770. Jacob Harbaugh was an industrious man, and trained his children to habits of honesty and frugality. Towards the end of his life he was in the daily habit of 'sitting on a large log trough, under the forebay of his barn. There, with his hat by his side, one leg thrown over the other, and his hands lying across each other, he would muse for hours, looking, with a kind of lonely quietude, over the meadow, the more distant fields, and the still more distant mountains.' He was gathered unto his people in April, 1818."

Dr. Harbaugh's father, George Harbaugh, was born on the old homestead, in 1774. His mother, Anna Snyder, was born in Lancaster county. Soon after the marriage of his parents, in 1801, his father bought a farm at the foot of the South Mountain, about five miles from Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa. He was an industrious, Christian father, and likewise strict in his family government. The sin of profanity was especially punished with the utmost severity. He was a consistent and active member of the German Reformed Church; one of the founders of the congregation in Waynesboro. He took a prominent part in the erection of the first house of worship of this congregation, built of hewn logs. In his old age he was also one of the founders of the church near his own house, giving the ground for the site, and the grave-yard. During many years he was an active Elder in the Church. In the latter years of his life he was in the habit of visiting the sick, reading the Scriptures, hymns and prayers with them, and administering such consolation as he was able. At such times, it was a pleasing sight to see the venerable patriarch, on his gentle bay, with his book under his arm, going to the house of affliction. He was strictly temperate in his habits, moderate in his views, and averse to excitements and extremes, in politics or religion. A favorite saying of his was, "Was ubertrieben wird ist nicht gut,"—what is overdone is not good. Calmly as the decline of the setting sun, he approached life's evening; his Bible and prayer-book frequently in his hands, and always in his heart. An amiable father, partaking somewhat of the dignity of fathers of the olden time, we found him, on several visits with his useful son. At such times, he always had much to ask and tell about the Church.

His son, though the more learned of the two, quietly listened to his father, eagerly catching every word he spoke, and keeping it in his heart.

Dr. Harbaugh says: "I saw him last on the 26th of November, 1852. He was confined to bed. His last words to me, as I bade him farewell, were, 'Safe home!' My heart said, silently, in answer, 'Safe home!' Turning away from my dying father, and from the home of my childhood, toward the world before me, I turned his dying wish into a prayer, and looking to the Father in heaven, said for myself, 'Safe home!'" On Feb. 3, 1853, he too was gathered to his fathers.

Dr. Harbaugh had a mother, of more than ordinary native strength of mind and character. We will let him draw the picture: "She was a plain woman in dress, manners, and in all her thoughts and feelings, and far removed from what is called 'the polish of good society.' Strange and old-fashioned as it may seem, I believe, at this moment, my cheek would blush if I could remember ever to have seen my mother dance. She was industrious, mild and kind-hearted to her children. Home was her earthly paradise. Ah! how well I remember what a day was Saturday in our house; not a corner had escaped the general cleansing. Not a path in the yard was unswept. Seldom was it that the last two hours of Saturday evening were not spent in examining, folding up, and laying into their proper places, our clean raiment for the Sabbath. Nor rent, nor want of a button would meet our eyes in our garments. There was not a spot in that little realm which we called our home, that had not been under the hand and eye of our mother."

"I do not think that my mother ever read a novel. She did not know that this was necessary in order to make one tender-hearted! She never spoke to us of 'Bulwer's last,' or 'Scott's best.' I do not recollect of ever having heard her say any thing about the necessity of reading novels; never saw her weep over one. Yet she was tender-hearted, and kind to the poor. She was one of those peculiar old-fashioned mothers, from whose doors you can see poor neighbor women depart with full baskets and full hearts. Many a piece of soap, bacon and such like were tied up in a handkerchief by her, while some one to whom this was no small matter looked gratefully on. Many a long line of sausage and lump of pudding left our cellar directly after butchering time. She used to say: 'Give to the poor, and you shall never want.' I suppose she learned this from an old Book that used to lie on the corner of the mantle, over which she used to pore full many an hour. It pleaseth me greatly that I can recollect this of my mother, now that she sleeps in yonder grave. I never heard her boast of what she had done; when she gave, it was all so natural with her, as she did it so quietly—just as it is with a tree when it shakes off its ripe fruit My mother used to read the Bible and go to church. It seems as if I could still see the carryall move round the corner of the orchard, towards the little village, in which stood the church where our fathers worshipped. It was a plain way of going to church, but it was the way my mother went; and I verily believe she went with a good object in view. I doubt whether it ever entered into her mind that it was a shame to go to church in a carryall. It is a long time since then, and times and customs have greatly changed, but still it giveth me pleasure to think of the old Book on the end of the mantle, which my mother used to read on Sunday afternoons, after she returned from church. I cannot

get rid of the idea that it was her church-going, in connection with that Book, that made her so good a mother.

"When I think of all these things, I feel sorry that I was not more kind to my mother—though I cannot recollect any particular act of harsh unkindness; yet I fear there might have been some. If she now stood before me, oh, with what earnestness would I inquire whether any of my conduct had ever grieved her! and if so, with what sincere penitence would I ask her pardon! But now she heeds not, and hears not, and perhaps knows not, how I praise her—my sainted mother! Even now, thou sainted spirit, my heart melts in penitence to the feet of Jesus, at the remembrance of my childish thoughtlessness and youthful ingratitude!

"At the time of my mother's death I was in Ohio, with my cousin, Daniel Harbaugh! It was in November, 1837. One day he received a letter. Immediately he asked me to take a walk with him. We found our way into a woods south of the town, where he opened to me the touching news. Her image came up to me, not as dead—for I could not see her so—but as she stood leaning upon the porch in tears, when I was entering the carriage to leave for the West, over a year before. In this way, and in no other, have I seen her ever since. In this position only do I desire to see her—it is the best picture of her true character, always affectionate, bearing tenderly upon her heart of hearts the temporal and eternal good of her children. I cherish this image of my weeping mother. I can so easily transfer this recollection of her to the state of the glorified in heaven, where all the beautiful is permanent. So will I see her till I meet her in the bloom of immortal youth, clothed in the pure white robes of the sainted in our Father's house above. Now before I lay down my pen, I do most devoutly thank God for giving me such a mother."

This much we have given as the background of the picture. Imperfectly we have traced the roots of the family tree through past generations. On this branch, at the foot of the South Mountain, we are now seeking fruit,—and precious fruit did it bear, as the sequel will show. Hither moved the newly married parents, in 1801. Here and there was a small plot of clear land in the dense forest. A small log-house furnished them a cozy home for several years. In 1805 the present stone mansion was built, the builder having only $200 to begin with. Into this home twelve children were born. The tenth was Henry Harbaugh, born October 28th, 1817. Thus we have shown how it came that the subject of this sketch happened to be born in Franklin Co., Pa., and not in Basel or Boston; why nursed in a Christian home, instead of becoming the nursling of a Pagan mother.

After attending tenderly to his physical wants for a few brief days, the parents called in the pastor to receive him into the covenant of Christ by holy baptism. From the Lord they had received him; to the Lord they would give him. Thus was his life consecrated from his birth. Along with her other children, the diligent mother had her hands and heart full enough with her new-born babe. In those days people had bona fide "cradles" yet, and not "cribs," as they are now termed. Many a little prayer did the mother's tender heart breathe over her baby-boy—many a lullaby lulled him to sweet slumbers, aside of his little couch. What this

cradle looked like, we will let the boy tell us, forty years later, as he stood beside it, on the garret of the old homestead:

"There is one piece of furniture there in the corner of the garret, the sight of which touches us more strangely than all the rest, and awakens feelings of a peculiar kind. It is the cradle in which we all—the boys and the girls—were rocked in infancy! It is of the old-fashioned make, and never was capable of the long gentle sweep and swing of modern cradles. Broad and flat, with rockers well-worn, it hath little grace in its motion, but waddles clumsily, like a duck. Yet sweet in it was the sleep, and pleasant were the dreams of infancy; and over no cradle, no, not in palaces, has a warmer mother's heart, or a more watchful mother's eye, ever hung and sighed, smiled, prayed and wept."

Sitting on his mother's lap, the ruddy boy chirruped and crowed with tireless glee. Looking up into her smiling countenance, he at length saw his baby face in her eyes, and made all the ado usual with children when first held up before a mirror. This incident forms the subject of one of Dr. Harbaugh's last poems, written in 1860, after a visit to the old homestead. We have room for but a few stanzas:

"I've been in every spot, Mother,
Where erst I loved to be:
In garden, field and wood, Mother,
At every bush and tree;
I've seen the swallows in their nests,
And seen them as they fly;
I've tried to count, as when a boy,
The stars that gem the sky;
And I have seen
The church-yard green,
Where our beloved lie!

"Think not that I forget, Mother,
When I was very wee,
I looked into your eyes, Mother,
While sitting on your knee:
And holding fast your ear and hair,
I would not let you rise;
And you were glad to be detained—
My whim you did surmise!
Myself to view,
And babble to
The baby in your eyes.

"The parting hour has come, Mother,
And I must soon be gone;
For true and loving hearts, Mother,
When I'm away are lone.
But there's a fancy haunts me—
A wish I can't disguise:
It mingles with my purest joys,
And with my saddest sighs:
I long to see,
As erst in glee,
A baby in your eyes!

"You've read to me the words, Mother,
Of Him, the meek, and mild,

How he who enters heaven, Mother,
Must first become a child!
O, when the power of that bright world
My childhood glorifies;
I'll know you there as I do here,
My Mother, in the skies!
Then shall I see,
Eternally,
An angel in your eyes!"

A short distance back of the Harbaugh homestead stands an old school-house, on the banks of a babbling brook. A few trees cast their grateful shade over the venerable building. It was here, forty-five years ago, nestled among a dense forest. The first day a little boy goes to school is an event long to be remembered. He enters upon a new, untried world. The schoolmaster's government is, after all, very different from that of a mother. To con over the A, B, C's in the nursery, or under the trees, is very different from being ordered to sit quietly on a bench, among a set of restless urchins, for two or three hours. One morning little Henry was taken by the hand and led to the school-house. The schoolmaster gave him a seat. Ere long, however, his new scholar grew weary of the task of sitting still so long. He took his cap to go home. When he was not allowed to escape through the door, he climbed up the logs of the unplastered wall, like a squirrel, seeking an outlet elsewhere. The master knew not what to make of the boy acting so differently from all other children. Then already he was unlike other boys, as in later life he was unlike other men. His strong boy-will refused to be conquered. "The boy is father to the man." Here he took his first lessons, by gradually yielding to the authority of the master. This school-house forms the subject of one of his most celebrated poems, "Das alt Schul-haus an der Krick," written in 1861, in the Pennsylvania German dialect, which has been extensively republished and read in this country and in Europe. It first appeared in the August number of the GUARDIAN, of 1861. In the June number of 1864 is an excellent English rendering of it by himself. We will close the present article with several stanzas:

"To-day it is just twenty years
Since I began to roam;
Now safely back, I stand once more
Before the quaint old school-house door,
Close by my father's home.

"I've been in many houses since,
Of marble built, and brick;
Though grander far, their aim, they miss
To lure my heart's old love from this
Old school-house at the Creek.

"'Twas here I first attended school
When I was very small:
There was the Master in his stool,
There was his whip, and there his rule,
I seem to see it all.

"The long desks ranged along the walls,
With books and inkstands crowned;
Here, on this side the large girls sat,
And there the tricky boys on that—
See! how they peep around!

"Those benches are by far too high,
Their feet don't reach the floor.
Full many a weary back gets sick
In that old school-house at the Creek,
And feels most awful sore.

"With all these drawbacks, that was still
A well-conducted school;
For Master such in vain you look,
Who ciphers through the Ainsworth book,
And never skips a rule.

"Cross was he,—that I must confess;
He whipped us through and through;
But still most wholesome rules observed.
Who felt the rod, the rod deserved—
According to his view.

"This duty he with zest performed,
Though charmless to us all.
'Tis strange, our nature never could
Delight in what was for our good—
'Tis owing to the Fall.

"Still there was little of complaint;
We had our pleasures too;
This world does not just always dish
Our fare as sweet as we could wish—
Yet sweeter than is due!

"At nonday, when the School left out,
We had of sport our fill;
Some play the race—some houses wall—
Some love the stirring game of ball—
Some choose the soldier drill.

"The large girls sweep; the larger boys—
What mischief they are at!
They tease, they laugh, they hang about
Until the Master turns them out—
The rules were strict in that!

"O where are now those schoolmates who
There studied long ago?
Some scattered o'er the world's wide waste!
By fortune hither thither chased!
Some in the church-yard laid.

"Ye who shall live when I am dead,
Write down my wishes quick—
Protect it, love it, let it stand
A way-mark in this changing land—
That school-house at the Creek."

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

From the German of Neander.

BY L. H. S.

God has constituted the different human natures, in which the race manifests itself, furnished with a great variety of peculiar gifts and powers, so that, animated by an all-comprehensive love, they should develop themselves in mutual dependence upon each other, or should complement one another. And as the Creator of nature is also the Author of the new creation of grace, He constantly employs human peculiarities, widely different in character and possessing heterogeneous powers and tendencies, in order that they may work harmoniously together for the upbuilding of His Church! On the one side, we see men of restless, fiery energy driven to great efficiency abroad; and on the other, those of deep introspectiveness, devoted to quiet submersion in the concealed sanctuary of contemplation and to a life dedicated to meditation. And the words of life, streaming forth from the souls of the latter, when enkindled with heavenly fire in their holy hours of prayer and meditation, with which they exert an enlivening influence upon their contemporaries and posterity, are quite equal to the great deeds of the former class. The Lord needs for His work some souls which are like Mary, as well as others like Martha. Martha was not reproved because her activity had been directed to practical matters, but because, in the midst of these, she had forgotten the one thing needful. But those are particularly prominent, who show these opposite tendencies of the religious life united together. To these belongs *Bernard*, whom, we are compelled along with our brethren of the Romish Church to call a saint or holy one, in the sense of the divine Word, which, although it recognizes but one as *perfectly* holy, still shows many in whom the image of the holy One is so exhibited, although dimly, that they are called on this account, after Him, holy or saints.

We owe the greatest teachers of the Church to the instructions they received from pious mothers. This was the case with him, whose life we propose to examine in this article. Bernard was born in the year 1091, at Fontaines in Burgundy. He was descended from a distinguished knightly family. His mother Aleth, who was a model Christian woman, as soon as she was able, carried the child that had been so longed-for, to the church and dedicated her son to the service of the Lord, to whom his entire life was to be devoted. A monastic life, devoted to secret prayer and meditation as well as to works of practical charity, seemed to her the true ideal of such a life, and in striking contrast to the wild habits of the knights and of the clergy secularized in a thousand ways. Therefore she devoted her son to it, and her wishes found a congenial soul in him. When in early life, however, he lost his mother, he was drawn away by

other influences from the direction originally given him by her. Yet there was always present with him the image of his sainted mother, which was ineffaceably imprinted on his memory. At last he could no longer resist its powerful influence. At the age of twenty three, when he was about to visit one of his brothers, who as a knight was laying siege to a castle, the memory of his mother exercised such powerful influence upon his heart, that he entered a church standing on the road, bowed before the Lord in prayer and dedicated himself wholly to Him in that form of Christian life to which his mother had devoted him. As whatever he was he must be with his whole soul, and half measures were foreign to his nature, he selected immediately a monastic order which had been just formed, and which was so notorious for the rigidity of its discipline that many were deterred from entering it. This was located at the cloister of Citeaux, near Dijon, and was the so-called Order of Cistercians. His example and the power of his eloquence, for which he was especially distinguished, induced several of his relatives and his four brothers to unite with him in the execution of his resolution. It was characteristic of the age, in which there existed a great longing among men after the heavenly home, that when the oldest of the brothers, said, on taking leave of the youngest, who was a boy playing in the streets, "See, now all our wealth and castles are thine," the latter answered; "You take heaven for yourselves and give me earth; that is an unequal division!" With glowing zeal Bernard performed from the beginning all the requirements of the most rigid monastic life; no offering of self-abnegation was too great for him. Youthful fanaticism led him to such extravagancies that he overstepped the proper measure in deeds of self-mortification and of self-denial. He must have regretted afterwards, on more mature reflection, that he had in this way destroyed his health and made his bodily powers unfit for many things which he might otherwise have performed in the service of the Lord. Nevertheless the appearance of his haggard face testifying to his offering of self-denial, the power of religious enthusiasm in a frail feeble body, and his fiery eloquence secured him so much the greater reverence and made so much the greater impression upon his contemporaries. Thus Bernard was able by his appearance and his gestures, by the very tone of his voice to produce great effects even in countries where a foreign tongue was employed and no one understood the words he used. When he travelled around and labored in the woods and fields for his cloister, he raised his soul in prayer and meditation to God, under the mighty influences of nature, which was to him a temple: and streams of living waters thus were secured, which he afterwards employed to quicken his contemporaries. Thus he wrote of his experience to a man of letters: "Believe one who knows by experience; thou canst find more in the woods than in books. The trees and stones will teach thee more than thou canst learn from the Masters."

On account of Bernard, the Order, to which he belonged, obtained a fresh impetus, and after three years he was placed at the head of a new foundation established by it. In a wild, solitary valley, surrounded with mountains in the diocese of Langres,—in a country which had been the haunt of robbers, and heretofore known as Wormwood Vale (Wermuthsthal)—the new foundation was to be located. And now in opposition to the kingdom of Satan a house of God was to be located here. The new

Cloister was called by the name of Clairvaux, which was the French for "Beautiful Valley." Bernard was made abbot of this Cloister. The wild land was built upon and made fruitful by the severe labor of the monks excited and led by him, and the Cloister, after many hardships, secured great possessions which were made a blessing to the people. During a grievous famine in Burgundy, when hosts of the starving poor streamed from all sides to the gates of the Cloister, two thousand of these were selected and marked by a badge, and they were for two entire months provided with all necessary means of subsistence; all others received unstinted alms. This Cloister soon acquired a wide-spread reputation, and monastic colonies from it were asked for by many other countries, in order that they might establish Cloisters like it. Bernard left behind him, at his death, 160 Cloisters in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway,—all which had sprung from his Cloister at Clairvaux. These required an immense correspondence from Bernard, which was carried on in the Latin language with all these countries.

Bernard was devoted to Domestic Missions. He took an interest in those, who in this savage age, from want of proper instruction, had plunged into the commission of great crimes: frequently by his powerful influence, such were released from the penalty of death, and, by the pastoral care he showed in the Cloister, by severe discipline and the influence of religious intercourse, he often succeeded in leading them to repentance and true conversion. Thus it happened once when visiting one of the nobles, who advised with him in all charitable undertakings,—Count Theobald of Champagne, that he met a great crowd leading to the scaffold a brigand who had committed many crimes. Bernard prevailed upon the Count to give him the man as a present. He afterwards lived thirty years a monastic life and ended his days in faith and peace. Bernard showed great wisdom in the performance of pastoral duties. Many an inspiriting word for Christians of every age in their inner conflicts did he speak to his monks, in reference to the temptations of the inner life in their striving after Christian perfection; he warned them against that tendency, which leads a man only to ponder over his sins and consume himself in such gloomy forebodings, but which never brings him to peace and joy. Thus he speaks in an address to his monks: "I exhort you, my friends, to lift yourselves at times from painful recollections of your own course of life to the contemplation of the divine attributes, so that you, who have been put to confusion by the contemplation of yourselves, may breathe again by a glance upward toward God. Anguish for sins is indeed necessary, but that must only not be perpetual. It should alternate with the more enrapturing remembrance of the grace of God, in order that the heart may not be hardened by sorrow and perish with despair. The grace of God is more powerful than any sin. Whence the righteous man is not always an accuser of himself; he begins his prayer with a confession of sins, but he ends it with a celebration of the praise of God." In another address to the monks he says: "We often come with lukewarm or cold hearts to the altar and there offer up our prayers. But if we only persistently remain, grace is suddenly poured out upon us, the heart becomes full and a stream of pious feelings fills the soul." He warns them against the danger of a one-sided fanatical impulse of feeling and such youthful extravagances, as he himself had shown earlier in life: "It is your self-

will that teaches you not to take care of your body, to give no audience to reason. You had a good spirit, but you do not employ it properly. I fear that instead of it you have taken up another, which under the guise of good will deceive you and that you, who have begun in the spirit, will end in the flesh. God is wisdom, and He asks not a mere sweet feeling of resignation, but love united with wisdom. He directs men, away from their efforts to make their own righteousness avail (which always plunges them into manifold forms of unrest), to righteousness in Christ as the firm ground of all trust." This truth, upon which the existence of the Evangelical Church depends, he pronounced more simply and clearly than it had been stated for centuries. He says in a sermon: "Christ is not only merely righteous, but is called righteousness itself, the righteousness that justifieth. Thou art as mighty in justification as thou art rich in forgiveness. Hence he who is sorry for his sins hungers and thirsts after righteousness: let him have faith in Him, who justifieth the ungodly, and being justified by faith alone he shall have peace with God." And in another Sermon: "No one is without sin, but for all there is righteousness graciously granted me by Him, against whom I have sinned. Every thing that He has decreed shall not be accounted against me, is as though it had never been committed. To be without sin is only possible to God's righteousness, but God's forgiveness stands in the place of righteousness for man." One of his monks having fallen into great distress of soul by reason of doubts which disturbed him, he dared not approach the Holy Supper in such a condition. Bernard had labored with him in vain; he continued to complain that he had no faith and that without faith he could not draw near to the Body of the Lord. "Come then," said Bernard at last with the tone of trust in God that was peculiar to a Paul and a Luther, "come forward in confidence and receive the Body of the Lord in *my* faith." The monk, to whom these words were addressed, yielded to the resoluteness of the Abbot. Paying no regard to his doubts, he communed, and peace and joy returned to his soul.

Bernard was often called into near and distant countries to settle strifes between princes, nobles and peoples, where raging passions had either threatened or produced wars. From his sick couch he often dragged himself away to follow such a divine call. He was asked for advice by Popes, Kings, and Emperors, and called to assist in occasions of importance; frankly he told the truth to the great, and in that way, at times, drew down on him the displeasure of the Romish Court which was greatly indebted to him. The Popes Innocent II. and Engenius III. took refuge with him when they were driven from their chair by the restless spirit of the Romans; to his energy and the power of his eloquence they especially owed their victory over their adversaries. Twice he journeyed to Italy and quieted the raging people. The impression which he made upon them produced extraordinary effects. Sick were healed; we have reports from eye-witnesses, which are so simple and plausible, that we are not justified in doubting their truth. Who can estimate the effects, that are wrought, in the name of Christ and by His power, by those who are His agents? And as these divine powers were introduced by Him in the development of the human race, the boundaries between the natural and the supernatural are no more to be sharply defined. The stand-point of the genuine Christian is far from laying any great stress upon such events,

and Bernard himself says: "The Word of the Lord does not style those blessed, who raise the dead, give sight to the blind, heal the sick, control wicked spirits, and foretell future events, but rather the poor in spirit, the meek, those who mourn on account of their sins, who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace-makers, and those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

When Pope Eugenius III. a scholar of Bernard, reached the position of head of the Western Church in 1145, Bernard wrote to him a letter, in which he begged him to check the corruption of the Roman Court: "Oh that it would be granted me before I die to see the Church of God in the same condition it was in olden times, when the apostles let down their nets not to gain silver or gold, but souls. How I long that you might inherit the speech of him, whose Episcopal stool you have attained, who said 'Thy money perish with thee' (Acts viii. 20): Oh that all the enemies of Zion might quake before the majesty of these words of thunder, and retire in confusion! The sons of thy mother, small and great, yearn and long for the uprooting by thy hands of everything which the heavenly Father has not planted." In order that the Pope might not be blinded by the greatness of the power in his hands and the splendor of temporal glory, Bernard reminded him of the sudden death of his predecessor and wrote: "In all thy doings bethink thee that thou art a man, and let the fear of Him, who hath power over the souls of rulers, be ever before thy eyes." When this Pope had returned again to Rome in 1148, Bernard, in his book on Consideration laid open before him with great frankness the contrast of what should be the relation of the Papacy to the Church, and what it was then. He spoke against the secularization of the Church and especially of the Papacy, reminded the Pope that he could not be at the same time the successor of the Emperor Constantine and of the Apostle Peter, that he could not unite together temporal and spiritual power, and prophesied that when the Popes should attempt to unite the two they would lose both. "Try once," he wrote to him, "to bind the two together, as a secular prince to be a follower of the Apostle, or as a follower of the Apostle to exercise temporal power; you will find that one or the other must be abandoned. If you wish to possess both at the same time, you will lose both." And he called his attention to the threatening words of Hosea (viii. 4): They have set up kings, but not by me: they have made princes, and I knew it not: of their silver and their gold have they made them idols, that they may be cut off.

What Bernard did in raising up the second crusade in France and Germany we shall not recount, for although also here zealous love of Christ animated him, yet it was not the fire of a *pure* love proceeding from the spirit of Christ and rendering every feeling and impulse glorious. This love contends against the infidel only with the sword of the Spirit; it celebrates only bloodless victories. But even in this action there were many prominent features, which show his deep, Christian knowledge of mankind and stamp him as a true disciple of Christ. When Bernard, in the name of the Pope, summoned them to the crusade, and his words with immense power controlled their minds, many, who had been called by him to repentance, felt themselves rather impelled to strive for Christian perfection in monastic lives and to trust to his spiritual guidance, than to take part in the warlike expedition. And the pilgrimage to the heav-

enly Jerusalem through meditation directed to God Himself, was esteemed by many as of higher value than the pilgrimage to the earthly Jerusalem. But Bernard did not suffer any one to adopt such a career until he had been tested. He pointed out to many of those, whom he recognized as not suited for a quiet spiritual life, the toils and struggles of a secular life as necessary for their healthy development; and he counselled them to take upon them its duties.

In the country along the Rhine there had appeared a fanatical monk, named Rudolph, who had aroused the people to the extermination of the unbelievers in their neighborhood, and caused them to turn their weapons against the Jews. Thousands of defenceless persons were murdered or driven through fear to a hypocritical baptism. The ecclesiastical authorities, who did not approve of such atrocious conduct, were destitute of power to suppress the fury of the fanaticism. With holy indignation he designated it as devilish, in a letter written to Germany condemning this fanaticism: "Does not the Church," he wrote, "fight in richer measure against the Jews, when it turns them daily from their errors and converts them, than though it destroyed them all by the sword with one blow?" He appealed to the general church-prayer for the conversion of the Jews, to which such treatment stood in direct opposition. "The future universal conversion of the Jews is promised. How can this promise be fulfilled, if they shall be wholly exterminated. If there were no Jews, the Christians who practise usury (if they are to be called Christians and not with more propriety called Jews) would be themselves as crafty as the Jews." It became Bernard's duty when he visited that region to recall the fanatics to reflection and obedience, and to suppress the rage of the excited mob. A Jew, who was an eye-witness to all this, returned thanks to Bernard for the preservation of his people, who otherwise would have all been slaughtered.

Bernard shines forth as the representative of the simplicity and fervor of true faith in a struggle with the darkness of a science striving to grasp and to explain all things. He was far from despising or condemning science, inasmuch as he recognized her as a gift of God, to be consecrated and made useful in the service of His Church. But he desired that science should have its foundation in humility, and that knowledge of God should come out from a proper knowledge of self. He was penetrated with the conviction, that man must feel and find God in another way than that furnished by science. "God," he says, "is sought more suitably and found more readily through prayer, than through scientific investigation." He was convinced that man must first raise himself from his heart to God; he recognized faith as the anticipation of a truth, still concealed from the knowledge of the spirit, through the direction of the soul determined by the will. "Nothing," he says, "would be wanting to our happiness, if the concealed substance of faith should be opened up to the intellect." From this stand-point Bernard was readily misled to attribute wickedness to such as submitted to the direction of science. We see this in his discussion with Abelard, who certainly was not an infidel, but who labored for a reconciliation between faith and knowledge, although he could not secure it after a discussion that occupied him throughout his entire life. It is true he was not so consistent a man and in all things so uniform as Bernard, in whose soul a childlike faith formed the fundamen-

tal tone that regulated all else. Nevertheless, in this discussion, Bernard's zeal for faith in the Saviour, who was everything to him, was very manifest, although we cannot commend the manner in which he carried on the discussion. He knew how to recognize Christ as the prototype and model of a holy life. He says, "How beautifully, Lord Jesus, Thou dost appear even in my own person! not only on account of the divine miracle, but on account of truth, meekness, and righteousness. Blessed is he who has closely observed Thee as Thou a man wanderest among men, and strives for power to imitate Thee." But he knew that every one only possessed such power in connection with that Christ, who was the salvation of mankind, and hence the Christ for us. He says; "Three things come here together, the meekness of self-humiliation, the exhibition of love even to the death upon the cross, and the mystery of redemption, whereby He overcame death. The first two would be of no avail without the third. The example of humility and love was something great, but there is no firm ground without the last."

When Bernard was able to turn aside from his long journeys in the service of the Church, and his many labors and struggles in his cloister, to enjoy again the quiet of meditation, he retired to an arbor near his cloister and there composed the smaller writings, through which he produced a wonderful influence in the way of edification of his contemporaries. We mention in particular his tract on "The Love of God." In this he says: This love seeks no reward, it contains in itself that which is its own great reward. He now shows how God draws man from temporal things to those which are eternal, and reveals Himself as an object of love by help in bodily necessities. He marks out four steps in the process of the development of love constantly freeing itself from self. As the highest step he considers this,—to love oneself and everything else in God and only for the sake of God. To such a plane the soul can only elevate itself in the sublimest moments of earthly life. Nevertheless in this the happiness of the life everlasting will consist.

Bernard had arisen with power from his sick bed in his sixty-third year to obey a call for the restoration of peace in the Rhine provinces. After he had accomplished this by his power over the spirits of the belligerents, he turned back nearly in a moribund condition. He dictated, since he could no longer write, his last letter to a friend, and added to it a few words with his tremulous hand. After he described his bodily sufferings, he closed with these words; "And with all this, in which nothing is concealed concerning the condition of a friend from a friend who cares for him, the spirit in the inner man is still strong in the weak body. Pray to the Saviour, who desires not the death of a sinner, that He will not delay my departure as my time is now at hand, but that He will suffer me to follow Him under His own protection. Aid with your unselfish prayers, so that the prowling Fiend may find no spot in which he can wound me." Thus he fell asleep in peace, in the year 1153, amid his scholars who surrounded him with love and sorrow.

THE SABBATH.—Voltaire, the great champion of infidelity, once remarked that "there was no hope of destroying the Christian religion, so long as the Christian Sabbath was acknowledged and kept by men as a sacred day!"

THE MILK-WHITE DOVE.

LITTLE JACOB'S TEMPTATION.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNSEND.

[Selected by a Friend of the GUARDIAN.]

PART I.

Do you want a story, darling?
I know one very old;
For when I was a little child,
I used to hear it told.
It is about a little boy
And the pigeons that he sold.

My father had a pleasant voice;
When he came home to tea,
He used to say, "Come here, my child,
And sit upon my knee,
And I will sing a little song,
Or tell a tale to thee."

I almost always chose a song.
At other times I said,
"To-night a story, father dear,"
And then I leaned my head
Against that loving father's breast,
Till it was time for bed.

He sometimes told me fairy tales,
And stories strange and old,
Of ladies fair, with silken hair,
And kings and chieftains bold.
I wish I could remember
Half the wondrous things he told:

Of flying gardens, which a king
Could call for any where;
Of birds that talked, and fish that walked,
And castles in the air,
With walls of gold, and silver spires,
And windows broad and fair;

Of camels far in Eastern lands,
Living in deserts wide,
Of spotted tigers, who among
The pathless jungles hide.
And tropic birds, whose feathers seem
In rainbow colors dyed.

The songs he sung were mournful ones,
As solemn as a hymn,
But those he never sung for me,
Except at twilight dim.
I noticed it was always so,
And used to wonder why,
Until I found the darkness hid
The tear-drops in his eye.

I well remember all his ways,
His look so good and mild;
But he died, my darling, when I was
A very little child.

PART II.

The story I shall tell you now
He used to say was true;
It is about a little boy,
Not older much than you.
His mother, she was very poor,
And kept a rich man's gate,
And till the carriages passed through,
Here Jacob had to wait.

Now Jacob was a patient lad,
A loving, faithful son.
Of all the things the rich man had,
He only wanted one:
A pigeon with a crested head,
And feathers soft as silk,
With crimson feet and crimson bill,
The rest as white as milk.

He had some pigeons of his own,
He loved them very well;
But then his mother was so poor,
He reared them all to sell.
He kept them in a little shed,
That sloped down from the roof.
Great trouble had he every Spring
To make it water-proof.

He used to count them every day,
To prove he had them all;
They knew his chirrup when he came.
And answered to his call.
Now two were gray, and two were black,
And two were slaty brown;
One had a ring around his neck,
And one a crested crown.

And one (a chocolate-colored hen)
Was prettier than the rest,
Because there was a gloss, like gold,
All round its throat and breast.
Now, darling, if you count them all,
How many does it make?
The gray, the black, the slaty brown,—
Be sure there's no mistake.

You know the little birds in Spring
  Build houses where they dwell,
And feed and rear their little ones,
  And love each other well.
So the black pigeons Jacob had
  Were mated with the gray,
And crested crown and ring-neck
  Made a nest the first of May.

For God hath made each little bird
  To love and need a mate,
And so the pretty chocolate hen
  Was very desolate.
And Jacob thought, if he could get
  The rich man's milk-white dove,
And keep it always for his own,
  (Now listen to me, love.)

He wanted that which was not his,
  That which another had,
And so a great temptation grew
  Around the little lad.
The rich man had whole flocks of birds,
  And Jacob reasoned so:
If I should take this one white dove,
  How can he ever know?

Among so many, can he miss
  The one which I shall take?
Among so many, many birds,
  What difference can it make?
But darling, even while his heart
  Thrilled with these wishes strong,
A something always troubled him—
  He knew that it was wrong.

* * * * * *

Well, time passed on—he watched the dove,
  How every day it came,
Nearer and nearer to the shed,
  More gentle and more tame;
He watched it with a longing eye,
  And on one summer day
He saw it settle on the roof
  As if it meant to stay.

It smoothed its feathers in the sun,
  And dressed them all with care,
And with a soft and loving coo,
  Fluttered its pinions there.
And the poor, lonely chocolate hen
  Seemed very happy, too,
And answered always when she heard
  The milk-white pigeon coo.

Now Jacob was a happy boy.
  Said he, "It has a right
To choose the dwelling any where
  Most pleasant in its sight."
And so he scattered grains of corn,
  And crumbs of wheaten bread,
Because he thought the dove would stay
  Where it was kindly fed.

If ever little boy was glad,
  Then Jacob was that one;
But, darling, from your little heart,
  Say, what would you have done?
Would you have kept what was not yours,
  Because you thought you might,
Without your mother's voice to say,
  My child, it is not right?

PART III.

Well, time passed on. The milk-white dove
  Well pleased with Jacob's care,
Soon learned to know him like the rest,
  And seemed right happy there.
One morning Jacob called his doves
  Around him to be fed,
And on the grass he scattered corn,
  And peas, and crumbs of bread.

When, all at once, he heard a man,
  Outside the road-gate, call,
"Boy, if those pigeons are for sale,
  I think I'll buy them all."
All! how it smote on Jacob's ear!
  "I see there are but eight.
If you will take two dollars down,
  I'll pay you at that rate."

Just at this moment all the birds
  Were feeding in the sun,
But Jacob, in his beating heart,
  Could think of only *one*.
And never since the milk-white dove
  First joined the chocolate hen,
Had it seemed half so beautiful
  As it seemed to him then.

"Come, hurry! hurry!" said the man,
  "I have no time to lose;
Between the dollars and the birds
  It can't be hard to choose."
Poor Jacob, having once begun
  To do what was not right,
Forgetting he was standing in
  His Heavenly Father's sight,

And thinking how his mother had
  A quarter's rent to pay,
Felt in his heart the sense of right
  Was fading fast away;
When from the open cottage door
  He heard a murmur low—
It was his mother's morning hymn,
  Solemn, and sweet and slow:

O Domine Deus!
We know Thy eye sees us,
By day and by night;
O Father! hear us! O God! be near us!
Guide us aright.

He listened, and a holy fear
  Was wakened in his heart,
And strength was given him from that hour
  To choose the better part.
So turning to the stranger man,
  A frank and fearless eye,
He said, "But seven birds are mine,
  And seven you can buy."

"Ah," said the man, "they go in pairs,
And will not suit me then."
So Jacob sold him only six,
And kept his chocolate hen.
And when the evening shadow came,
And dew was on the grass,
He watched beside the garden gate
To see the rich man pass.

And in his hand the milk-white dove
He held with tender care,
And many a soft caress he laid
Upon its feathers fair.
And when at last the rich man came,
Poor Jacob (rendered bold
By feeling he was in the right,)
His artless story told.

And after he had owned to all
The wrong which he had done,
And the worse wrong he wished to do,
He lifted to the sun,
A happy, open, fearless face,
Which won the rich man's love;
And so he bade him always keep
For his the milk-white dove.

I wish the lad was old enough
My steward's place to take,
For such an honest little boy
A worthy man will make,—
So thought the rich man, as he sought
His lordly hall, to dine;
So thought the rich man as he sate,
And drank his costly wine.

And Jacob sought his mother's side—
A happy boy was he—
Yet little did his mother dream
Of strife or victory.
That loving mother little knew
Her simple morning prayer
Had given strength unto her child
To break temptation's snare.

But peace was in her loving heart,
And faith and hope were strong;
Gently she clasped him in her arms,
And held him close and long.
And Jacob, with a happy heart,
Laid down upon his bed,
And whiter wings than his white dove's
Were o'er his pillow spread.

THE BUMBLE-BEES versus US.

In our boy-age already—more than a quarter of a century ago—we hung out a "black flag," once for all, against all Bumble-bees. All the urchins of the place had themselves constitutionally enrolled in a battalion, at a certain age, to carry forward this sort of warfare to the bitter end, from which, accordingly, numerous scouting parties were detailed, whose duty had been to probe all fence-corners, grass plots, hollow stumps and post holes, with orders to report at "headquarters," in case a nest of "squatter sovereigns" was discovered, before the ending of the current week. In no case was any picket allowed to enter the prize-ring single-handed, and thus deprive the army corps of the honor of a glorious victory. Only under pains of being disgracefully mustered out, would the order be violated.

The "day of battle" was invariably *Sunday*—for Sunday-schools were wholly unknown to us, and even the church-doors were only open at the return of every new moon. Many a fearful, though bloodless, battle did we engage in on the first day of the week. The number of tattered and dismantled chip-hats which were left on the field was truly surprising. No matter how carefully our mothers had secured them for the season, they were very ephemeral, and made way for successors, after the lapse of a week or so. Our sires had this consolation, however, that they cost but a "fip" apiece.

It is generally believed, that Sunday is an unlucky day for an attacking army. But we must here declare, that victory invariably crowned our strategy. The only inconvenience befalling us was, perhaps, a swollen

face, a black eye, or a sweating, such as any one may taste by sitting in an oven for an hour during the "dog-days." Still, all that might have come over us on any other day, just as well.

We were experts truly in this line of warfare—connoisseurs, we might say. We became perfectly familiar with the several orders of enemies with which we were fated to deal. By mere sight and sound we could recognize their origin and peculiarities. An egg is an egg in all cases; but all Bumble-bees are not alike—no, no! We will put it on record, for the benefit of all the uninitiated, that there are *two* great classes. To be sure, we might say *three*, if the "baldies" are to be counted in; but no true boy would fight them! There are foremost, then, those of *Scotch* descent. The amiable Prof. W. M. Nevin describes one of this class in his excellent poem as a

> "———great, big blubbering, blustering fellow,
> Wi' breeches black, an' jacket yellow."

This is a truly classic photograph of the tribe now under consideration. We suspect that the Professor must have studied the subject of those lines in a practical way during his boyhood. Had not our army corps long ago disbanded, his name should verily be entered as an *emeritus* in the bright escutcheon of our fame.

These Scotch Bumble-bees are a phlegmatic set, so clumsy and stupid, that we generally walked right through their rendezvous, like General Sherman through the late hollow Confederacy. We never considered it a regular battle, to encounter, slay, and utterly demolish such a brood—only a skirmish. Their trumpets are somewhat frightful to the ear on first acquaintance, it is true; but you soon become accustomed to that. It is a little guttural—something like the ram's horn of old. But they are not at all *aggressively* inclined. They want to be "let alone." They delight in swinging themselves along, like a miniature balloon, after their own business, never in a great hurry, but for the most part enraptured with their own ideas, and heavily laden. They seem to have had their independence acknowledged from the "Bumble-bee Union," spurning all confederation with the "Yankees." Nevertheless, they are peaceably disposed towards the rest of mankind, and actually avoid an attack. They are non combatants, in the full sense of that term. They are an ideal race, of the helio-centric turn of mind. It always seemed to us, as though they despised boys, since we again and again saw them humming their slow length along, never noticing us in any subjective way. True, if we rendered ourselves too objective, and assumed the offensive attitude after too manly and impudent a manner, in that case, they felt bound for the honor of their race, "to accept the situation," and accordingly dodged down, as an elephant will sometimes nod underward, and administered one sting—only one—which answered every purpose—routing the entire gang, and suffered us for the remainder of the day to reflect on it. It invariably went through and through the boy—a regular home-thrust, which turned us livid, and created a sensation similar to what was anciently called the "Scotch fiddle," but is now popularly styled the *itch*. But that gives the reader only a faint portrait of its taste,—a roll in a nettle-patch will afford one a more real perception. And all this was usually administered as deliberately and with the same air of condescension, with which a mastiff

gives an insignificant cur its due. Then the cruel penetrator would sheathe his dagger, and tune up again, precisely where he had left off mumbling his air, as though he had merely come to a "rest," as musicians would say, in a perfectly natural and organic manner.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding, as before remarked, we were not so "awfully skeered" at them. They are good on a short-hand affray, in a fair duelistic encounter; but they know nothing of strategy, of Zouave gymnastics, or out-flankings. With all those tactics our corps was perfectly familiar. It is an anachronism to date their origin from the rise of the late rebellion, which no truly historical pen will commit. The boys fought them "on that line," at least thirty years ago.

We fancied them somewhat defective in eye-sight, too, for the reason that they are apt to fly smack against a bat like a base-ball, even though that bat is approaching them on that very same line with the velocity of an engine. Now, when such an irresistible body comes in contact with an immovable body, you may premise a crush of the Bumble-bee!

If you visit them in their quarters, and knock at the door, they are too indifferent to come forth and bid you welcome. But leaving you waiting at the threshold for some time, they will mumble a sort of "come in," after the manner of a torpid Hottentot. You must never accept their invitation, however! Even if you have no "malice aforethought" in your heart, they have. Bear in mind, therefore, never to embrace the opportunity; even when never so pressingly urged. To walk in was a step which no well-trained boy ever ventured on. We would not even suffer them to come out, unless when we neglected our opportunity, for which we paid somewhat dearly, too. For them to emerge was synonymous with our departure. It is from this circumstance that "town boys" have learned the trick of pulling the bell of some family residence, and scampering off as soon as its inmates prepare to answer the bell. We remark this by the way—after an episode style—to clear up what may always have seemed a great mystery to some minds.

We consequently, for the most part, took their citadel by storm—committing a miniature Indian massacre—"bearded the Bumble-bees *in* their den." This can readily be done, since, as before remarked, they are not quick on a sting; yet when they *do* sting, it is so ugly that it goes to the bone. We never knew a boy, regularly and legitimately mustered in the service, who did not forget to inquire after honey for a whole week after such an experience.

But a more pestiferous race by far, is the subtle, cunning, sneaking saucy and dandified *Arab Bumble-bee.* Professor Nevin has taken no notice of this order, so far as we have learned, doubtless because of their insignificant exterior, and despicable character. They burn for a sting, and for the mere pleasure of it, too. They are geo-centrically disposed—generally building near to or on the earth. Their chief delight is to make boys blubber. They are copiously quivered, carrying a whole pouch full of arrows with them. They bolt down upon the boy, wrap and roll themselves over and over in his hair, or perhaps insinuate themselves between the neck and collar, in order to secure a good foot-hold; or again, it may be, under the sleeve, and even lower down still:—then they sting, and sting and sting, once, twice and thrice, and oftener yet, yea, even until they actually fall exhausted at your feet, singing and convulsing in sheer

ecstacy. To be sure, you have the chance of crushing them to a jelly, then, but you are generally affected with a peculiar species of absent-mindedness, about that time; and besides all this, you feel the effects of their injections already, which produces a sort of mad *stampede*, very much like the rushing of the South American cattle across the *Pampas*. They are by no means fair and honorable in their dealings, either. They never act up to the principle, to wit: *That one Bumble-bee is enough for one boy.* Perhaps one dozen assassins are in close ambush, cheering on the active agent by some secret signals, until all his ammunition is spent, when instantly another is at hand to start in afresh, and prolong the conflict. We verily believe, that every Arab Bumble-bee could be convicted of an assault and battery with intent to kill—outside of Washington, and not packed.

But just imagine the excruciating agony of the boy subjected to such an inquisition! We are of the opinion, that the hardships of the boy-race have never yet been fully written. What full-grown man has ever endured such an ordeal? You cannot mention one No mortal, over twenty years of age, can have any proper conception of the pains inflicted upon boy-flesh in consequence of such poisonous daggers. Red hot knitting-needles are no adumbration to a dozen such Arab penetrations. A large fish-hook, sunk in over the barb, and then drawn hastily back—that may, perhaps, commence to begin to foreshadow faintly, in a somewhat dark way, the sensation produced. Is it any wonder that we have not yet taken down the "Black Flag," though flung to the breeze over thirty years ago?

We do feel some scruples, as we advance in life, to attack those sober and staid *Scotchmen*, of Puritan ancestry and mien, and have been debating the propriety of declaring a perpetual peace with the entire race; but, then, we are again confronted by one of those perfidious "Arabs," whom we can never forgive for the tribulation they occasioned us, when they propelled thorn after thorn in our flesh whilst yet young and tender. The result is, that the live embers of antipathy, lying ash-buried and white within us, at once vivify into a flame of revenge against the whole "Haus-Graff'" fraternity, not excepting the "Hornet" or "Yellow Jacket" branches.

And precious well are they alive to this consciousness. It was but the other day, when we were enjoying our inalienable rights under our own grape-vine, "among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," that one of those identical "Arabs" darted down upon us, most mendaciously, right in among our Absalom locks—exactly as they were wont to do years ago—and greeted us with a burning kiss, as hot as the equator—and without the faintest blush was lustily preparing to repeat the insult, when we remembered some of our boy-tactics, and luckily spoiled his operation, laying him a mangled victim to the earth.

"Revenge is sweet," thought we,
E'en on a Bumble-bee.

Reflecting for a moment, we inferred that, as a chanticleer is most courageous on his own dung-hill, so this imp must feel somewhat at home in this locality, or he could not be over-familiar. We boys were logically right in asserting, that although it is no sign of a goose nest when the gander has seated himself on the fence, yet, "if a feller is minding his own

business, and a Bumble bee flies right at him, and falls to stinging you, when you don't do him nothen, *that* is proof positive of a nest near by." Believing in this traditional adage, and having just finished reading General Baker's "Secret Service," we endeavored, *a la mode* detective, to discover the den of marauders. Rather soon did we smell the smoke, and hear the war-song of the savages. We heard them plainer, plainer still, as we advanced nearer and nearer with feline tread, keeping just such a stock of "present mindedness" as not to rush madly into a dilemma. We scented their "local habitation,"—their *name* we were familiar with. Of a neat and gaudy bird-cot they had taken possession, without any deliverance in "fee simple." We had asked for birds, and had gotten Bumble-bees!

This gave rise to the following soliloquy:—

> To be, or, not to be! That's the question.
> Whether 'tis noble in the mind, to suffer
> The stings and jaggers of outrageous varmints;
> Or to take arms against this sea of them,
> And end them. To kill, to slay,
> To sting no more; and by such slaughter to end
> The aches and ten thousand fearful pains
> We may fall heir to: 'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wished.

The above must be so—it is reasoning well. Besides, we felt another and higher motive. Who is there so base, that he would have a Bumble-bee's nest right before his threshold? Who is there so vile, that does not love his family? If any, speak; for him have we offended. We paused for a reply, until evening, and as no *reply* came, we armed ourselves with a ten foot pole and gloves—for we scorn to touch those creatures—and a large water-pot, filled with water to the brim. By this time night had set in. We advanced with all the ardor of younger days. First a push; then one more, and another—still another, and down came bird-cot, Bumble-bees and all, amid the roaring of trumpets and clanging of sabres. Then followed such an out-pouring of water upon the entire brood as may be easily imagined, which was as effectual for them, as was the Flood in the days of Noah, upon an offending humanity.

We felt like General Grant after the fall of Richmond, and talked much more about it than he did. But then *he* had not been in such great danger, either. The privates were in the thickest fight, whilst the General was only "a looker on in Venice"—and Venice was a good way off. We did all the fighting ourselves!

One week later, we heard Charley Dean shout to his companions:

"Boys! I guess I know a Bumble-bee's nest, tho'!"

"Where?" cried a dozen.

"Why, down in the hollow, under a chestnut stump," said he.

Now was a chance for us to teach others our successful *modus operandi*, so we spoke:

"Charley, I can tell you a very good way to destroy them without getting stung."

"Why, how is that?" said Charley.

"Why, just take a bucket of water down, and dash it right on the nest.

It will clog their wings, and prevent them from flying. Just try that plan." This we cried and nothing more.

"Oh, no!" cried he. "That's no way! You must give them a *chance*, too. If I can't fight them fair, I won't fight them at all!"

Our glory had departed. We admired his sense of honor and noble courage. We felt like telling him what Abraham Lincoln told General Grant: "You are right, and I was wrong." We put that boy down ever since as a brave boy. Of just such stuff good soldiers are made. We heartily wish he might secure an appointment at West Point. We know he would prove an honor to the Regular Army. No fears that he would starve soldiers in a "Libby Prison," or in an "Andersonville pen."

"But, Charley," said we further, "when will you go at it?"

"On Saturday afternoon, sir," was his reply.

"Why not on Sunday, Charley?" asked we.

"Because we must go to Sunday-school, then," said he, and ran away.

Good, thought we. The world moves onward and upward. In consequence of Sunday-schools, boys have something better to do than to rout Bumble-bees' nests. Surely this is a more excellent way than the one our boyship trod.

President Harrison was once asked, how the boys might be kept out of the public orchards. "Plant Sunday-schools over the neighborhood, and then you may plant orchards, too; the boys will not molest them."

Charley and the Bumble-bees taught us *two* lessons:—

I. Some boys are kept from profaning the Lord's Day by means of Sunday-schools.

II. We were reminded of what St. Paul had told us long before: "And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive *lawfully*."

A NATIONAL WEAKNESS.

BY I. D.

You and I, good reader, have our weaknesses, and so has our nation, one or more. Are not we Americans too excitable? Do we not run wild over small things?

Consult the files of your city or country paper for the last twenty-five years, and you will find great reason to agree with me. Indeed, we are fond of excitement, and are therefore glad of a chance to run wild over a novelty.

Has not every year its own great topic of interest, attracting general attention, and moving public feelings? Of course you recollect how, a few years ago, Jenny Lind quickly warbled us into a most delightful excitement. We paid large prices to hear her sing, filled the pockets of P. T. Barnum, and lovingly called Jenny, the Swedish Nightingale!

During the same year, the bold and brave Kossuth thrilled our national soul with his eloquent appeals in behalf of his suffering land. Were we not wild with sympathy for those helpless, but pleading Hungarians, on

whom proud Austria had placed her oppressive foot? Our hearts bled for Hungary,—so at least we said,—our purses yielded bountifully for her cause, and in less than a year we quietly acknowledged ourselves humbugged.

Afterward came our Japanese friends. On them we bestowed a vast deal of public money, time and attention. Did we not show them the sights, from Maine to California? Yea, did we not also show ourselves? Every one seemed fully to appreciate that shaved heads are not to be seen every day.

Next came along our young trans-Atlantic friend, the Prince of Wales. As usual, we showed our strength and our weakness at the same time. Our papers gave wood-cuts and minute descriptions of his royal physiognomy; they described and discussed his manner of private life; and so fed our craving appetite with a new delicacy. Everybody ran to the depots, surrounded the cars, and clambered on the platforms, to see royal faces. The churches where our guests went to worship God, were never before so full; and special service-books—gold-mounted—were provided for their use. New York ladies paid eighteen thousand dollars for the use of borrowed jewelry to attend the Prince's ball, and would have given as much more for the privilege of dancing with his Highness. Unfortunately, the Prince could not accommodate them. "Oh, times! Oh, customs!"

Jenny Lind and Kossuth passing away, left us anxiously wondering and waiting for the next novelty. The Japanese and the Prince afforded temporary relief, and we again feverishly asked, What next?

Alas! our wonder soon ceased. War, horrid war came next. When Sumpter was struck, what a sudden, fearful uprising there was among us! Drums beat, colors waved, steel flashed, men marched, tents rose, citizens became soldiers, fields became battle-fields, homes were broken and sorrows came fast. How soon our land was fired with enthusiasm! We learned and sang our national songs as never before. We sang them in field and tent, in churches and parlors, in kitchens and play-grounds. We were thoroughly aroused.

Examples might be multiplied, but there is no need. Plainly, we are a very excitable people. Of course, it requires a matter of national interest to arouse the nation; but our weakness is seen also in smaller circles. Every State, and even every community has its own exciting forces which quickly arouse those within that district! The more local the cause, the smaller its circle of action; but do you not know that the excitement within that circle is quite as great, and the feeling as deeply stirred as in regard to more general exciting causes?

In the building of a church, in a change of pastoral relation, in a congregational difficulty, in a coming concert, in a country school exhibition, in some family joy or jar———we are quite as noisy, wild and uncontrollable as in the case of causes of a more general character. These little things afford table-talk for days and weeks.

Now, let us soberly inquire into the philosophy of this national weakness. What does it mean? Why are we so excitable, itchy, restless, feverish? Several answers may be given.

As every one is free and independent, every public thing is his business, and he wants to do his own seeing, hearing and thinking. Accordingly, there is a general rush for sights.

Then again, we are a people made up of many different national elements, which, like certain chemical substances, are quite enough when kept separate, but fearfully effervescent when thrown together.

But, begging pardon for levity, there are more sober reasons. Our national temperament—however you may account for it—is *sanguine*. Wherefore we are very active, impulsive, frisky, feverish, wide-awake. We are always on the tip-toe of expectation, looking for something new to calm and soothe our nervous souls. How, then, can we help but love excitement? It seems to belong to our national nature. No wonder, then, that, like the Athenians, we are always engaged in hearing or telling some new thing.

Another reason for our excitability. Our people, generally, are intelligent. A common education is within the reach of all. Few are learned, but all know something about almost everything. Every family has its newspaper and book of general information. Accordingly, when anything happens, all our people hear of it, know something about it, and want to know more. All feel interested, and all talk about it.

Yet, after all, is not our national weakness a very innocent one? We, likely, have others far more serious. Indeed, these occasional excitements, these wild outbursts of feeling, seem good for us. Are they not a kind of safety-valve, from which the young nation may, in an innocent way, allow some of "the superfluity of naughtiness" to escape?

ZUM ANDENKEN AN DR. HEINRICH HARBAUGH.

BY REV. C. Z. WEISER.

Dei Harf hängt an der Wand im Eck;
Die Schpinn die webt en Trauer-Deck,
  Mit Staub schwärtzt sie es aus.
Die Schrowe all minanner loss;
Die Säde waxe zu mit Moss—
  Der Sänger is vun Haus!

Wie ungern sag' Ich was Ich main!
Doch: Du kumscht ewig nimme Hehm,
  So lang die Welt noch steht!
Dann du warscht allfart früh und schpoht,
Und dei Harf wär' net so vergroht—
  Sie war dir nie verlaid.

Ich main Ich thät ah, wan Ich steh,
Und an die Wand in's Eck nei' seh,
  En Liedche höre geh'!
Sis wie en Orgel an're Leich,
Ganz duse, und doch in Troscht so reich—
  Sis traurig, awer schö'!

Des is—so bild Ich mir gern ei',
Und 's könt ah werklich Wohret sei'—
  Dei Lob-Lied wu Ich hör;

Des iwer die ganz Kerch geht,
Und aus so gar viel Hertze weht,
  Als dei verdiente Ehr.

Mer lesst ah häufig in der Schrift,
Des, noch seim Todt, en frommer Chrischt,
  Zurück losst en Echo.
Sei Arwet schtupt, doch schterbt Er net,
Er ruht und traamt schö' in seim Bett—
  Sei Werke folge no'h!

So scheint mirs yust sowohl Ich könt
Die Weis noch höre, wan am End
  Vum Lied, der Singer schtupt.
Es Schneck-Horn weht als fori vum Mehr,
Wans Thierli haus is, und es lehr
  Im dunkle Eck-Schank huckt.

Ich nehm dei Harf dan vun der Wand,
Und trag sie sachta in der Hand,
  Naus uf der Weide-Baum!
Sie schpielt dei Lob-Lied prächtig dort,
Zu deim Ahdenke immerfort,
  Wie im a süsa Traum.

Du kumscht ah nimme meh' dervor,
Du kerscht nau zum a an're Chor—
  Dort pahlte sie dich ah.
Dort hut dei Lied en an're Art;
Dei Harf is neu und Himmlish zart—
  'Sin' tausend Säde d'rah!

Leb wohl, du liewer, guter Man!
Sing fort vum Moses und dem Lam',
  Mit gute Chrischte, all';
Mir weile noch eh wenig doh,
Dann kummt dir Ains um's anner noh—
  Yah, wer wes ah wie bal'!

The Loss of a Soul.—What—if it be lawful to indulge such a thought—what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? or could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness? to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? Or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?—*Robert Hall.*

DUTIES OF PARENTS.

BY "WENONA."

There is no relation in life, imposing more solemn and fearful responsibilities, than those which parents sustain to their children. By this relation they are bound to protect, feed and clothe them, to train them up in the ways of knowledge and virtue. Children are helpless, and unable to provide for themselves; are ignorant, and know not what is for their interest. God has, therefore, ordained that parents shall be their guardians and guides; defend them against all evil, and give them all the advantages for mental and moral improvements which circumstances will permit. Hence it is said, "He that provideth not for his own has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." On the faithful performance of these duties depend, in a great measure, the virtue and peace of the children. If neglected, and allowed to grow up without intellectual and moral culture, but faint hopes can be entertained of their usefulness and happiness.

How great, then, is the responsibility of parents, and guardians, and all such who have the care of children, and withal, how often we see these duties laid aside, and children permitted to grow up in neglect and sinfulness. It is for them to say whether their children shall lead idle, sinful, and wretched lives, or whether they shall be honored, useful, and happy. Let them provide faithfully for all their wants, oppose all their inclinations to vice and irreligion, set before them a good example, hold the reins of parental authority with a steady hand, never speak nor punish in anger, never perform an act, nor utter a word which it would be improper for them to imitate. Let no parents suppose it is enough to teach by precept; they must teach by examples also, or they will be the worst enemies to their children.

Example gives a living exemplification of religion; here is the reason why it is so much better than precept; while the latter gives only an abstract idea of religion, the former exhibits it in the life. Thus, all who set a good example, present religion in its most engaging light; they give it personality, thus exhibiting its beauties and attractions before the world. The little child, which is incapable of having sentiments instilled into it, will catch the ideas, and conform to the manners of those around it. As it advances in life, its behavior and conversation take their cast from the company it keeps; its mode of speech, tone of voice, and gait, will be copied from its superiors and instructors. Thus, we see how easily children are moulded into the image of those by whom they are surrounded. How necessary, then, that all parents should be Christians, and let their examples shine, and seek, by their captivating and controlling power, to draw their children into the paths of virtue, and render them disciples of the Saviour. Let all parents, therefore, carefully watch their actions, and

take heed to their daily walk, and thereby set an example which their children can imitate with safety. Let them teach religion by their conduct, and show, by a uniform life of piety, how sincerely they love, and cordially reverence that God, who is the Guardian and Guide of all men.

There are also duties of children to parents, of which it may not be amiss here to speak. "Honor thy father and mother," is one of the most important commands God has given. It implies that children should ever treat their parents with highest respect, obey cheerfully their laws, assiduously consult their wishes, and do what they can for their support if reduced to want. This command is reasonable and just. Parents provide for the temporal wants of their children, and bestow unnumbered blessings upon them before their infant minds can know whence they came. Parents have wisdom, judgment and experience, and know what is best for their children. How proper, therefore, that they should be obedient in all things. The world is full of examples, exhibiting the terrible effects of filial disobedience. How many, in consequence of this, have plunged into the worst of excesses, and brought upon themselves the most terrible evils which it is possible for human beings to endure. Look at the Prodigal Son. He was impatient under the wholesome restraint of home; he was headstrong, and wished to have his own way, and in consequence left his father's house. No sooner did he commence following the dictates of his passions and judgment, than he began to mingle in vicious company, to follow the practices of the most abandoned, and to spend his money in rioting and dissipation. His career was disgraceful and ruinous, and in a short time we beheld him reduced to a state of the most extreme want and wretchedness. And this same misery has been brought upon thousands and thousands, by disobedience to parents. Truly did Moses say, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father and mother." Filial obedience was held in the highest estimation by the Athenians. Hence their law says, "He that is undutiful to parents shall be incapable of holding any office." The Romans entertained a similar opinion; for they ordained that a son, who would not, if able, relieve the wants of an aged father, should for life be his slave.

EVENING IN A BARN-YARD.

BY TEMPLETON.

At Vespers the Sun struck his horn for bed,
  And so had himself undress'd;
He blew out his light, and pillow'd his head
  Far down in the dreamy West.

But ere he retir'd, he signall'd around,
  To all his creatures under;
Lest being unwarn'd, they might it confound,
  With but a distant thunder.

So he sent his shadows down to the ground,
  From mountains, hills and the trees,
From houses and barns, they look'd and they frowned,
  And stirr'd up a gentle breeze.

Now Chanticleer notic'd it first of all,
  And, as all brave knights would do,

He gallanted his harem to the Hall—
A regular Mormon crew.

He placed them in rows, close up to the roof,
Himself he placed at the door;
To keep the Minkies and Possums aloof,
And whate'er foes might be more.

Their kindred resolved no wisdom to lack,
And left the fields and heathers;
The Turkey laid its head on its back,
Hiding it in its feathers.

Geese stood on one foot, then on the other,
Till the Gander bow'd quite low,
Then down they sat, like sister and brother,
In single and double row.

The ducks they hasten'd a straight homeward march,
As if to escape a squall,
While the drake in the lead quacked shrill and harsh—
"Quack! Quack!" responded they all.

They floated the pond and waddl'd the land,
And sat down under the rail;
There each sank a bed right into the sand,
And dropp'd both eyes and the tail.

The Wootsies had slopp'd and squeal'd quite enough,
To give it o'er for the day;
So rooting and ploughing deep in the slough,
There puffing and grunting lay.

Old Brindle stood lazy chewing her cud,
With eyes too heavy to look;
Whilst "homily" tried, with many a tug,
To milk down its evening soup.

All respectable cows were in the fold,
Both matrons and daughters fair;
Whilst he of the swarthy and giant mould,
Betrayed o'er the herd his care.

The sheep and the lambs, with pouches too full,
To sleep well during the night,
Would belch up, and nestle down in their wool,
And squeeze up their eye-lids tight.

The young steeds of frolicking seem'd to tire,
Nor cared to shy or to scare;
Their heads and tails, heels and ears lost the fire,
Which oft blew them in the air.

So when were arrang'd each bed and each nest,
The shades flew back to the Sun,
And cried: "*O Sun, you may now take your rest,*"
"*For all your commands are done!*"

Then the Sun resolved to go to his bed,
And soon had himself undressed;
He blew out his light and pillow'd his head,
Low down in the dreamy West.

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☞ *Balance of Acknowledgments deferred until next Number.*

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY $1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with $9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for $15; twenty-seven for $30.

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S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers,

No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

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INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

MARCH,

1868.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS, PR

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—MARCH, 1868.—No. 3.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

Fifty years ago the home of a Pennsylvania farmer was not what it is now—the home of American citizens in general was not what it is now. There were fewer books; secular papers were scarce, and rarely was a religious paper seen. Of the latter the Reformed Church in this country had none at that time. Instead of our present common schools, so-called select or subscription schools were held in certain neighborhoods. In Eastern Pennsylvania each congregation had its parochial school, which was supported and controlled by the members of the Church. But whilst there were fewer books in the family—the few that were read were of the choicest kind. An old large Bible with heavy lid and metallic clasps, brought from the fatherland by some pious ancestor; Stark's and Zollikoffer's Prayer Books, Arndt's Wahr Christenthum; the Catechism—these were the library of the bulk of German farmers fifty years ago. And all these were carefully, frequently, and prayerfully read by every member of the household, as their well-worn exterior would usually show. Their intelligence was of this style, and we venture to call it a very superior style. They were not as well informed in all the needless newspaper and fictitious trash of the present day, as many now are; but in solid information, in an earnest searching of the Scriptures, and a clear understanding of its heaven-born truths, they compare favorably with their descendants. During the childhood of Dr. Harbaugh, Rev. F. A. Scholl was pastor at Waynesboro. At that time the life of a Pennsylvania country pastor was far more laborious than it is now. Many a one had a dozen congregations for his parish, scattered over half as many counties. Parson Scholl's field of labor extended to three or four counties; as he could not hold religious services in his many congregations often enough on Sunday, he preached on week days. His study was in the saddle. One day he happened in at his elder's George Harbaugh. He was a warm friend of children, as all pastors ought to be; a particularly warm friend of Henry Harbaugh. Conversing with the father, the little boy Henry, a chubby

ruddy-faced fellow then nine years of age, stood by listening. Suddenly the pastor paused, turned to the boy and laid his hand on his head, saying, "This boy must become a minister of the Gospel." The remark made but little impression upon the father; he soon forgot the solemn saying; the son never. From this time on a mysterious voice kept calling the child, "You must become a minister." He kept it in his heart to the end of his useful life. For him, the voice of the pastor was the voice of God, as it often is.

His earlier school privileges were limited; a few month's schooling in winter, was all that the Old School House at the creek could afford. Besides, the boy is said not to have been very partial to his books in the start; nor were these meager snatches of school going calculated to increase his love for study, and yet this love came; grew upon him like a burning passion, an unuqenchable thirst.

During the greater part of the year he worked on the farm; spent his time as farmers' boys usually do. First they attend to the cattle, driving them to pasture, and in winter time snugly housing them in the barn. Meanwhile many an innocent sport is indulged in—sledding down the steep hillside on the snow and ice; in spring making willow pipes and building miniature mill-wheels along the meadow streams. Many a brave adventure the boys had in autumn, hunting rabbits and gathering nuts along the mountain side. Henry had a special taste for these various sports. He developed in body and mind, at this time in body especially. He grew hale and ruddy—fat and flourishing.

With increasing years grew his love for reading, and his want of leisure to indulge it. Meanwhile he arrives at an age when farmers' boys take charge of horses—begin to plough and drive a team. He saved every penny to increase his small stock of books. Following his plough in the field, he carried a book with him; while resting his horses in mid-furrow, he read a few pages. At noon, while they were eating, he sat in the feeding entry, reading his book. In harvest, while the men slept an hour after dinner, he read.

There is a pernicious system of religion, lamentably prevalent, which holds that the body is the chief thing; the soul but a gift of secondary importance. That a youth must first learn a trade and be started in business. Afterwards the soul may be taught and trained for God or not, as circumstances may dictate and determine. This system Dr. Harbaugh fought with all the energy of his strong mind to the end of his life. His own experience had taught him a better way. At sixteen he was sent to the Rev. G. W. Glessner, then his pastor, to be instructed in the Catechism. With devout diligence he studied its truths, and thus laid the foundation of his later views and teachings. Along with a number of others, he was in due time confirmed. Besides him, this now venerable brother has six Catechumens in the ministry. Would that all pastors could show such a record. His confirmation was to him a solemn event. It formed a new starting point in his life. Although he did not then yet understand every truth he had committed to memory, his knowledge of it grew with increasing years. The good seed was sown in his heart. The full harvest came in later life. "Learn diligently," he used to tell his Catechumens, "committing to memory is now the chief duty. The full understanding of all you learn is the work of your life-time. You get it through reading of the Scriptures, meditation, prayer, tribulation, and general experience."

After confirmation comes the apprenticeship—the learning of a trade or business. Henry's time came too. What shall he learn? His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were farmers. They led a pious life, made an honest and honorable living. His father, though an active useful member of the Church, seemed to think, as many good parents have thought since, that his sons should adorn the calling of their ancestors. In his day the people could not ascertain the wants of the Church and ministry by means of papers, as they can now. Besides, the Lord needs Christian farmers no less than ministers; needs them now, too, and that right badly. And God calls some men to be farmers just as much as others to be laborers in his vineyard. And more than that, some who try to be ministers had much better be farmers. We spoil a good farmer to make a bad bungling spiritual guide. Groteste, an old bishop of Lincoln, England, was once asked by his stupid idle brother to make a great man of him. "Brother," said he, "if your plough is broken, I'll pay for the mending of it; or if your ox should die I'll buy you another; but I can not make a great man of you; a ploughman I found you, and I fear a ploughman I must leave you."

Henry Harbaugh had received a call to the ministry. God's voice called him through Pastor Scholl, and the whole bent of his mind and heart responded *Amen.* He continued obedient to his father; labored on the farm, while his restless spirit panted for a more congenial field of work, "as the heart panteth after the water-brooks." Again as in his first school days, his hampered yearnings clambered up the unplastered wall to seek an outlet heavenward. In later life he preached an excellent sermon on John vi. 12: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." It was a leaf from his experience. He eagerly seized upon all his leisure moments to improve his mind, looking to his heavenly Father to open the way for his entering upon the sacred office. Thus he read and wrought, seeking rest and finding none. The traditions and training of three generations chained him to a sphere, for which he had neither taste nor calling. The amusements and society of his comrades could no longer please him. He was misinterpreted by his own kinsfolk. At length it was said: "If farming will not suit him, he will have to try something else" He possessed a native talent for carpentering. Besides, this craft had a sacred meaning for him, since the son of Mary was a carpenter. He became an apprentice. At the end of four months, however, he left his master; for with him he would have less time to study than on the farm.

At length his worried spirit seeks rest abroad. His conflicts had bound him to his parents with peculiar tenderness. Love of home to him was a passion. It was the sacred refuge of his panting troubled soul from earliest childhood.

> "As a child, when scaring sounds molest,
> Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
> So the loud tempest and whirlwinds roar,
> But bound him to his native mountain more."

A sense of duty tore him from this endeared spot. As he stepped into the carriage in front of the house, his mother leaned upon the railing of the porch, weeping. A year later they buried her, in his absence. His departure for the West caused quite a commotion among the neighbors. "What will the madcap get at now," it was whispered. Some wiser than the

rest, replied: "Look out. The fellow is not to be trusted. Depend upon it, now he will make or break; will either make a man or a rogue out of himself."

Leaving home opened a new page in his experience. He was but nineteen years of age when he launched his bark on a new and troubled sea. On his journey westward there was much to amuse and interest him. He travelled in the old-fashioned style, over the stage route from Chambersburg to Pittsburg. Our older readers will remember the stage coaches of the olden time, the tall body being on heavy straps, with a large baggage appendage in the rear, the crazy craft tossed hither and thither all the way, like a screw-steamer on the Mediterranean. Many a traveller still remembers how all the horrors and nausea of a sea voyage attended those few days and nights from Chambersburg to Pittsburg. To our young traveller the route was fraught with interest. The grand mountain scenery, and the constant novelty which new sights and strange people produced, helped him in part to check a rising sense of home sickness. He went, he scarcely knew whither; for thus far he had no definite plan, only that he was going West to see some of his relatives in Ohio. Beyond that the Lord would provide.

After mingling in delightful intercourse with his friends for a season, the voice of pastor Scholl again disturbed him. He resolved afresh to obey its dictates. His native mechanical skill, improved by his brief apprenticeship, secured him a situation with a mill-wright. He entered manfully upon his work with the purpose of earning means to study. By day he worked at mill building; at night he read. In order to husband his means he read for a while at the large hearth of a friend, by means of the light which the burning logs gave him. Afterwards he converted the bolting chest of a new mill into a study. Here he would sit, the door tightly closed, and pore over his books by means of a tallow candle.

In allusion to this we find the following paragraph from his pen in one of the earlier volumes of the GUARDIAN:

"We know a young man who, in the course of his business as a journeyman mechanic, was thrown among a company of young fellow-workmen, who had 'no other resort' as they thought, but to spend their evenings in playing cards in a mill, which they were at the time furnishing with its inside machinery and fixtures. He, having been trained to different habits, had no difficulty in finding another 'place of resort.' He procured for himself candles, fixed up for himself a study in a finished bolt chest, where he spent his evenings in reading, writing, and study. As we know him well, we have been frequently assured that he still remembers some things which he learned in that bolting chest; and he is firmly of the opinion that those evenings were among the most pleasant and profitable of his whole life. While the card players would fall out in the game, and swear in fearful style at one another, the echoes of which would ring through the mill, he was getting along on the very best of terms with the poets, historians, and sages of other days. These conversed with him kindly and wisely, and did not seem at all ashamed or impatient of his humble company."

Thus he labored diligently until he had saved $200. Thirty years ago this was a much larger sum than it would be now, and more difficult to earn. This would enable him to devote his whole time to study for several

years. He exulted with grateful joy in the prospect of fulfilling the desire of his heart. He fixed upon the school, and the time when he would commence his studies. A short time before his employer was to have paid him his money, he failed. The $200 for which he had worked and prayed so much were lost. The prize eluded his grasp just as he was about to seize it.

Again we are reminded of the little boy seeking an outlet heavenward through the roof of the School-house. Many a one would have taken this failure as a certain indication of Providence, that he had mistaken his calling. To him it served but as an incentive to renewed effort. Again he worked—as a carpenter and as a student. For three years he taught school. In winter he taught and earned the means wherewith to go to school in summer. Thus strong characters are nursed and developed by resistance and disappointment.

This is the stuff that heroes are made of. Men of such a mould are always men of mark and power. Many are the young men who long for the renown of ripe scholarship, but lack the energy and industry to acquire it. Many too, have great desires to become heralds of the cross, while they dread and shrink from its burdens; men of lofty aspirings and no principle, who must either float into the sacred office without an adverse breeze, or never enter it at all. Is it a wonder that all the world admires and reveres those who fight their way into it inch by inch—to whom the ministerial profession has become a conquered realm, a brilliant victory after a long and hard fought battle?

In 1840 Dr. J. W. Nevin was President of Marshall College, and of the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. Then already he was widely known as a theologian and a ripe scholar. Sitting at his study table one day, engaged in severe mind-work, a bashful young man approached his door with no little misgiving; with just such thoughts as would naturally oppress any young man of ordinary modesty in approaching a College president for the first time. He raps at the door, and is told to "come in," in a tone of voice which by no means removes his embarrassment. His story is soon told. The keen eye of the president scans him with painful care. There was nothing in the young man to promise an extraordinary future. A polished exterior, and an ease of manner, which feels perfectly at home in such a presence, one cannot expect in one of his age. A sound body he seemed to have, and a head which gave room for brain enough, provided it was of the right sort. His whole appearance was that of a young man fresh from his work-shop, a rough stone hewn out of the mountain, which needed much careful chiseling to bring out the full-formed, finished, symmetrical statue.

His room was assigned him. After passing through the usual examination, he entered the Freshmen Class. At length his long cherished hopes to become a College student are realized. Twenty-eight years later, on the last day of the past year, the College president enters that same room. Where his study table used to stand is a large metallic coffin, containing a corpse—the mortal remains of the bashful young man that rapped at yon door twenty-eight years ago. To both, they have been years of earnest toil and conflict. Since then the student had become president, and occupied the house of his predecessor. Now both bear the marks of coming age. The president, with furrowed brow and silvery locks, again scans the form of his

early student—how dear to him since then, now almost as gray as himself. He sadly muses over the contrast between their first and last meeting in this room; what a man of might the student had made of himself; now he sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle. By him unheeded the venerable professor speaks words of love, life, and hope at his bier.

A young man's entrance into College forms an epoch in his life. If he is from the country, fresh from the work-bench or the plough, his first session will try him sorely. From childhood he has been taught to look upon Professors as men of almost superhuman learning; so distant and dignified that one must tremble in their presence. Unless he has extraordinary nerve, his heart will well nigh fail him as he looks upon the college building for the first time. Other students are two and three years ahead of him, are ready and fluent declaimers and debaters; as for him, words fail him, and, what is worse than all, ideas fail him. He enters upon new relations, for which he has had but little training. Dandified and pedantic "Juniors" and "Seniors" will, perhaps pass the "green Freshman" on the street with a sneer of derision. He goes into the recitation room for the first time with feelings of dread. How his heart flutters when he knows that the Professor's *next* will bring the "turn" to him. His first declamation before the students and Faculty is a torture. "Wild" fellows expect some fun. Most likely they will get it. His first bow is ludicrously awkward. He knows not what to do with his hands and arms. Perhaps he looks out the window instead of at his hearers. And then, if in his awkward plight his speech should be forgotten, the last bow will be more awkward than the first. The laugh of the rowdy students will sting him to the quick. Possibly he will return to his room disgusted and disheartened, firmly resolved to return home. Speak kindly to the sad-hearted young man. Just now a kindly smile and a warm grasp of the hand will help him greatly.

No matter whether he be country or city born the literary societies of the College will try all their arts to secure him as a member. Marshall College had two of these—the Goethean and Diagnothian literary societies. The members of each presented their claims to young Harbaugh. He had but little to say. They found him a difficult subject to manage. For a while each party was sanguine of success. The Goetheans claimed to have the largest number of members; the Diagnothians claimed to have the most polish and talent. The new student was a pious, praying Christian. "Why, the Diags. have no piety," quoth a Goethean; "not even enough to open their society with prayer" (With such heathens the new student would certainly not feel at home—he would shun them.) "whilst we Goetheans have a large number of praying members." "Is that so?" dryly replied the pestered student. "Then the Diagnothians must be greatly in need of some one to do their praying for them." He became a Diagnothian. Aside of these, there were two German societies. To the "Rauch's Gesellschaft" belonged such Diagnothians as had a desire to acquire a practical use of the German Language. And German learning Goetheans connected with the "Schiller Gesellschaft." As most of our readers know, these associations held weekly meetings, at which their members read compositions, declaimed, debated, and delivered orations. To a new member these duties are always more or less irksome and

onerous. He has not been trained to public speaking, least of all, before such an audience, where everybody knows more than himself. Many shrink from the task, preferring to pay their fine, rather than endure the toil of preparation and pass through the ordeal of a "performance." Our friend made it a point from the start punctually and promptly to attend to his duties. To him it was a severe trial, for he was naturally timid. Doubtless many a captious critic pointed out faults in his style and manner. The bashful young man, with flushed face, tried to profit by these corrections.

He labored hard, and under serious disadvantages. Still, his circumstances had improved. He was nearer home. By this time his father approved of his course, and helped to support him. He had gotten beyond the scanty light of the hearth-fire, and the bolting-chest study. At length his fond dreams of college days were realized. Quietly he went about his business. His recitations gave no indications of genius. As a student he was industrious and conscientious, but few regarded his talent above mediocrity. The purse-proud students—such as you find in all colleges—who have more money than brains, doubtless regarded him dull, and far beneath them. He went on his way quietly, studied well and prayed well. None then dreamed that the unassuming, plodding carpenter would in twenty years become the most distinguished of all the students—some of whom were young men of decided talent and promise.

He soon found himself compelled to curtail his college course. Instead of completing his studies through the four classes, he only studied through the second or Sophomore year. During part of this time he also attended lectures in the Seminary. His third year he devoted entirely to his theological studies. This gave him only three years in the College and Theological Seminary. He then and afterwards felt that this abridged course of study was a great disadvantage, but in his case it seemed unavoidable.

In 1843 he became pastor of the Reformed Congregation at Lewisburg, Pa. It was a long neglected field. The late Rev. R. A. Fisher, of Sunbury, had supplied it for years, but his numerous congregations allowed him too little time for this important flock. They held a church jointly with the Lutheran congregation, which gave them the use of the house of worship only every second Sunday. The first year of his ministry was a laborious one, as is usually the case with beginners in the sacred office. At first his German services were exceedingly burdensome to him. But his studious habits soon enabled him to minister in both languages with comfort to himself, and edification to his people. His earnest, zealous ministry led the congregation ere long to build a church of their own. This enabled them to have services every Sunday, and resulted in the establishment of a flourishing congregation.

His style of preaching then already was pointed, simple, and faithful. He feared not the face of man. Once he was called on to preach a funeral sermon for a deceased drunkard. Thinking that he ought to improve the poor man's death to the spiritual good of his boon-companions, he fearlessly dwelt on the evils of drunkenness and the wickedness of making men drunkards, at the same time trying to speak words of comfort to the bereaved family. After the services he kindly extended his hand to the widow, trying to add a few words of consolation. "Ja," she gruffly re-

plied; "des war en mol en schlipperige, schlapperige Predigt," insinuating that she could have done the thing better herself. We may well imagine how awkwardly a young pastor would receive such an admonition in the presence of a company of mourners.

An old member of his flock was an habitual drunkard. In his soberer moments he always sorely repented of his folly. The pastor saw the man's weakness. The cause of temperance then was violently assailed. The new pastor became known as a temperance champion. All manner of threats were made to intimidate him. These only incited him to greater boldness. He took the old drunkard by the hand; sat with him in his little hut by the hour. For years the poor inebriate's hard heart had been proof against all arguments. But this was a "change of base." In his small room the pastor knelt by his side, and prayed God to help him lift the fallen man up. His soft words of love fell on the old man's heart like the first rays of the spring sun, thawing the earth and covering the fields with living green. This he could not resist. "Here is a man that loves me—*me*, a poor drunkard." Thus he thought and felt. He was melted down with keenest penitence. There was joy in that little home, there was joy in heaven at the sight. The old man wept for sorrow and his old wife for joy. The pastor knew well the force of his old habits—how hard it would be to break away from the bent of twenty years' drunkenness and become a sober man. Now the tempter will try his utmost to keep the poor man out of heaven, to get him back to his cups. The pastor warned him against danger; entreated him to shun all drinking places, attend church, prayer-meeting; and urged him, too, to pray every day in his family; all of which advice he obeyed. Thenceforth his old Bible and prayer-book, for many years sadly neglected, were his daily companions. He was regularly at his place in church. One night he was absent from the prayer-meeting. "Where is Peter ——?" was the anxious inquiry of the pastor at the close of the services. Though late at night, he at once proceeded to his house. The poor wife knew not where he was. "Surely some wicked persons have entrapped him, to defeat my well-meant endeavors, and ruin his poor soul." Through the window of a tavern he sees the old man at the bar, with his carousing comrades. He hesitated for a moment. Would not these drunken ruffians attempt to beat and kill him, if he interfered? No matter, the poor old friend must be rescued. Bravely he stepped up to him. "Peter, you were not at meeting this evening. Come, I will go home with you." Arm in arm the two walked out of the bar-room, through the dark street to his home, none of the cowardly braggarts daring to molest him. Little was spoken as they walked homeward. How sorely the poor man repented of his fall. Thus the pastor watched and nursed him till the end of his labors among this people.

Some years later I became his pastor. One day it was said, "Peter —— has died." Suddenly his lamp of life expired. On a Sunday afternoon I stood on the old porch, and spoke words of comfort and hope to a large number of his neighbors and to his tottering old wife. Now that he had gone home, he seemed as a brand plucked from the burning, and I thought H. Harbaugh's hand, under God, had plucked him from it.

In 1850 he became pastor of the First Reformed Church at Lancaster, Pa. This congregation had lately passed through a severe ordeal of

strife. A colony of families had built a new church. He took charge of the old congregation. Under his ministry the members rallied. Ere long the old stone church gave place to one of the finest church edifices in our communion. During the eight years of his labors here he added a large number of members to the church, and greatly advanced the people in doctrine and piety.

In 1860 he accepted a call from St. John's church, Lebanon, Pa., then recently organized. Their beautiful church edifice was just being finished. The membership was not large, but composed of active people, zealous in good works. It became one of his most pleasant fields of labor. After serving it for a period of three years, he was elected Professor of Theology in the Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., by the Eastern Syod of the Reformed Church. This had for years been a favorite study with him. Soon after the chair had been vacated by the resignation of Dr. B. C. Wolff, the Church generally looked to him as a competent successor. His successful labors have proved the correctness of their judgment.

Dr. Harbaugh possessed rare gifts as a preacher. Nature had endowed him with a clear, musical voice, of which he seemed to have marvelous control. He could modulate it at will. When speaking on the lowest keys every syllable could be distinctly heard in the remotest parts of a large church.

His style was unique. He was profound yet simple, learned yet clear. His writings and sermons abound in short sentences and short Saxon words. He mediated between the deepest philosophy and the practical sense of the common people. Freely using sources of learning, he used them as a tree uses the earth and air, by reproducing and assimilating their substance. His sermons were aglow with life. You felt the warm blood coursing through every sentence. He could throw a charm around the most abstruse and apparently barren theme, and draw from it a cup of cold water for the panting heart of the most illiterate day laborer. These lines will be read by men of intelligence and earnest thought, who remember the time when they were adrift on the dark, stormy sea of skepticism. Without faith, without virtue, without hope, providentially they were led to hear him once. An undefinable something led them there the second time. And thereafter he drew them closer and closer to himself. Step by step, and often unconsciously to himself, he brought their imperilled souls into the ark of safety. Many such there are whose doubts he solved, and whom he led to the Lamb of God.

It is said that Cicero, defending a poet, fell into a hexameter in the first line of his speech. Here and there you find one whose soul is so entirely saturated with poetry, that you can hardly touch him without tasting its aroma or inhaling its breath. Dr. Harbaugh was a poet, a true poet, who is born and not made. He was to America what Lange is to Germany, a theological poet. His poetry oozed through all his sermons, writings, and conversation. His memory would retain pages of choice passages from the poets without an effort. Large parts of his sermons are prose-poetry. Looking at a volume of Washington Irving's works one day, he remarked to us: "Have you ever noticed how much of Irving's prose writings reads like blank-verse?" And then he read passages to illustrate his remark. His own writings have the same peculiarity. His

poetical vein gave a peculiar unction to his sermons. He abounded in apt illustrations,—in parables taken from common life. Like our blessed Master, he dealt much in "*likes.*"

Although intensely earnest he possessed a rich vein of humor. All true humorists, as Leech, Thackeray, and Douglass Jerrold plainly show, have an undercurrent of earnest sadness in their composition. He was brimfull of innocent mirth. Few men have so large a fund of anecdotes as he had, and few men can tell them with such dramatic effect as he could. He thought it no sin to laugh at the proper place, no harm occasionally to indulge in fun. To many a bilious, dyspeptic clerical brother his droll, humorous social entertainments were more effectual than pounds of "blue mass."

These qualities helped to make him a powerful public speaker. On questions of general public importance at Synodical meetings his speeches always told. Some of these will long be remembered by those who heard them.

One such has photographed its sentiments and effects on our memory. Humbly and silently he sat in a corner of the church, patiently, and with apparent interest, listening to many speeches, good, bad, and indifferent, on both sides of the question. Some members of Synod were in the vestibule, others in the rear of the church talking. At length he rose. Soon all whispering ceased. The outsiders quickly returned to their seats, eager to hear every word that fell from his lips. He began with a half hesitating manner, as though he had had some difficulty to pick appropriate thoughts to begin with. He spoke over an hour, which to many seemed scarcely fifteen minutes. At one time he applied the more serious part of his argument with the most touching pathos, bathing many faces in tears. Ere these had left the eyes of his hearers a humorous anecdote clinched the nail, and convulsed them with laughter. He meanwhile looked intensely earnest. It would have formed a fine subject for a painting—the speaker standing in the corner moving the minds of hundreds, now covering their faces with tears and then with smiles.

Dr. Harbaugh had a tender sympathy for the poor and oppressed. From a youth he was an anti-slavery man, at a time when it required some nerve to avow such principles. When a child he used to see and hear of fugitive slaves fleeing from their pursuers and hiding themselves in the mountains near his home. The cruelties of those tender years he could never forget. He would share his last piece of bread with a poor person; sometimes give away clothing which he needed himself to keep others warm. His home was a kindly place of refuge for poor students.

He was a great friend of children; could rollick and roll about on the floor with them, and would spend days to give them pleasure during the Christmas season. He preached much about the child-like in religion, and rebuked those who were in foolish haste to make men and women out of children before their time; and he himself remained child-like to the end of his life. In his speech, work, manner, love, likes and dislikes, he had all the unaffected naturalness of a child. He was a great favorite with the children, could interest Sunday-schools by the hour. At such times he never became insipid, never fell to preaching, but spoke to children, spoke as one who had himself been a child once.

He was a warm friend of the young; understood their strong and their

weak points. For them he started the GUARDIAN and edited it during seventeen years. For them he wrote an excellent little book called "Union with the Church." To aid them in cultivating and practising habits of devotion, he wrote the "Golden Censer," which all our readers ought to have. He had a warm home feeling—a feeling too for his childhood's home. He would visit this often. At such times he would call up the scenes of his boyhood, stroll through the orchard and call the old trees by their names as he did in his earlier years. The graves of his parents he would reverently visit, and hold in kindly and constant remembrance their many virtues. In 1847 he lost his wife and child. His sad heart followed them in faith to the land of the blest. Their death raised questions in his mind: Where is heaven? What is heaven? Shall we know and love each other there? These questions he attempts to answer in his three popular volumes on Heaven:— The Sainted Dead, The Heavenly Recognition, The Heavenly Home. Besides these he wrote, The Fathers of the Reformed Church, 2 vols., The Life of Schlatter, The Model Woman, The Lord's Portion, and a number of other volumes. At the grave of a deceased child he wrote the following lines. Not only to the child's grave, but to the graves of all the saints who have been converted, and become as little children, do these touching words apply.

I often have asked, when my heart was oppressed,
For the gateway that leads to the Land of the Blest;
And I longed—should I find it—in peace to depart,
To the rest of the weary, the home of the heart.

I have dreamed that the bright, golden vista of even
Might be, to sad spirits, the inlets to Heaven;
And in faith, and in fancy, I sighed after rest,
Beyond those bright gates, in the Land of the Blest.

While musing in sorrow, an angel of love
Let in on my faith a sweet light from above,
And said, as it lured me, "I'll lead thee to rest,
And show thee the Gate to the Land of the Blest."

Led on by the angel, and sweetly beguiled,
We came to the newly-made grave of my child!
"Here, here," said the angel, "the weary find rest,
And this is the Gate to the Land of the Blest."

O, can it be so, that this mound of my fears—
This spot of my sorrows, bedewed with my tears—
Is the brightest on earth, which I long sought distressed,
The inlet and Gate to the Land of the Blest?

I blest, through my tears, the kind angel, that smiled
At the head of the grave of my now sainted child;
And was glad that so early my babe found the rest
Of the grave, and the Gate to the Land of the Blest.

Wave gently, ye willows that shadow this mound!
Fall softly, ye dews of the night, on this ground!
Sleep sweetly, my babe!—my heart is at rest—
I have found the bright Gate to the Land of the Blest.

HOON-GAH CAVE.

PERKIOMEN.

The sea that laves the Southern Pole around;
The Orient shore of primal Asia,
And sun-set coast of fair Columbia
Is calm, nor e'er is plough'd by tempest wild,
As though *He* ever o'er its bosom spake
The mandate, which the Sea of Galilee
So promptly heeded and shrank back in peace;
And most aptly wears the name *Pacific.*

There many groups of Isles, like sea-born Towns,
Crop out and heave their lungs above the deep,
Whilst underneath their gills—as reptiles do;
And deck their sun-lit crowns with bloom and spice,
Like Edens young, increasing slowly on,
Until the waters and the lands entire,
Shall form a Paradise anew for man,
Far fairer than the erst and spoiled one.

Among the many such, the Tongah lay,
A group so closely packed and lovingly,
That, like a cluster of the arbor-grape
They seem'd but one, when seen by men aloof;
Yet were they nine, in truth; and of the nine,
Hoon-gah was the most remarkable,
For that its centre was a cavern wide,
To which the rock-ribs serv'd as roof and walls,
Whilst the waters limpid were its pavement.

Grand and roomy was the cave of Hoon-gah;
Pendent with glitt'ring stalactites above;
Of brilliant crystal all its sides around;
And though nor window nor a crevice there,
For e'en a single subtle sunbeam stray
To enter by, as little could the night;
Since how may Darkness thick disco'er a way,
If subtle Light finds ev'ry passage block'd?

But down upon the mild Pacific sea,
The sun's rays dart, e'en to the lowest depth,
And play around about upon the sand,
And then rebound again into the cave;
Just as our Palaces and Temples rare,
Are here and there illumined from above,
Through pearly roofs of glass, the Hoon-gah Cave
Admits its light through glassy floor below.

The Cave of Hoon-gah was a secret dead,
With a bold king of divers after pearls;
Who one day sank and chanced to rise within;
For where its window lay, there was the door,

So that the King of day and divers, both
Found entrance through its liquid gate, alike,
By going under first, and then to rise—
The gospel way of mounting to the throne.

At Vah-vah-hoo a tyrant king held sway;
His subjects were his vassals and his sport,
From time to time; death was the penalty
For daring to refuse obedience
To cruelty and shame; to young and old;
To men of state and women noble born,
As well as mendicants about the street;
And all submitted in their cravenness.

Once Mirrah, she of Sibyl blood and craft,
Rais'd loud her voice against the monster king,
And thereby rais'd his ire fierce, as well,
So that he swiftly fated her to death;
Then Leander, the diver after pearls,
Who lov'd her, vow'd that he would save her life,
If she would prove a minni mermaid now,
And then his bride, for weal or woe and all.

Leander woo'd and won; in Hoon-gah's Cave
Mirrah kept retreat; her food was choicest;
Her robe, the diver hung with rarest pearls;
Attending solely on her daily wants;
She reign'd supreme as Queen o'er Hoon-gah's Cave
And o'er Leander's heart the diver-king,
Until the tyrant over Vah-vah-hoo
Succumbed to death, the only king he feared.

Then forth Leander came and sped the tale:
"That he had seen the Fiji Isles afar;"
"Had bought a Castle rare as his abode;"
"Would bring his bride and live and die within."
"But who shall be the bride to share your home?"—
All Vah-vah-hoo exclaim'd aloud and oft.
Said he: "A mermaid of the sea I'll wed;"
"Stand ye but on the shore of Vah-vah-hoo,"
"And watch me glide in my canoe to sea;',
"Then shall ye know the mermaid and my bride."

There was a holiday in Vah-vah-hoo;
A festival-day in Tongah's capital:
The king of divers after pearls would wed,
And all stood out along the shore, agog,
To see Leander catch his bride at sea.
He sail'd off land; halted and——disappeared!
The crowd is still, does not e'en breathe aloud!
A murmur now! A restlessness succeeds!
And as a cry of grief would rend the air,
O'er him engulf'd, Leander cleft the sea
And Mirrah by his side—the mermaid Bride!

Now rang the air with plaudits long and loud,
And the Ambros'an shout from thousand tongues:
"Leander is our king and Mirrah queen;"
"And not the Fiji, but the Tongah Isles"
"Shall prove their kingdom now and evermore!!!"
And so it came to pass.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

BY I. D.

Singing is the easiest part of our worship. Not only is it easy, but also a most delightful exercise before God. How great is our joy, hearing a full burst of music from God's people!

Singing enters largely into our Protestant worship. The Jews sang much. David had thousands of singers and players, and he himself gave to Jewish worship many a sweet song. The choirs of the Levites performed daily in the temple at Jerusalem; and we can have but little idea of the glory and grandeur of their service, especially those parts in which different divisions of the choir sang responsively.

Singing is worship. Therefore hymns are not merely nice poetry, full of fine sentiment and calculated to please the mind; but they are sacred songs of praise to God, full of thanksgiving, gratitude and love. They are addressed to God, therefore, not to self or sinners. They are not mere rhyming talk about our feelings of penitence, faith and love; but actual addresses to Jehovah, full of confession and praise, petition and intercession. Singing is worship, and therefore the hymns must be a suitable expression of worship. Many a hymn in our books, judged by this standard would be well ruled out as unsuitable, because the name of God is not mentioned, His praise is omitted, and no right direction given to our spirit of devotion.

Do you ask how the hymn then differs from the prayer proper? I answer, the hymn is prayer in verse, in Sabbath-day dress, where rhyme and rythm not only increase the beauty of the service, but also quicken the holy out-goings of the soul. We need therefore not wonder why singing enters so largely into our worship.

If singing is an act of worship, then surely our very souls should be in that holy service, our whole attention should centre in this heavenly work, and we should realize what David says: "It is good to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praise to Thy name, Oh Most High."

Now, do you generally appreciate that in singing, you are really in the presence of God? How carefully should we guard heart, mind and hand! Have you never been shocked, seeing the irreverent manner and position of some neighbor, who listlessly sings the words of the hymn while his eyes are wandering about and his mind is fixed on styles, colors, faces and characters? Gazing at the choir or other object of interest, is a poor help in fixing the devotional feelings. What room is there for any proper worship, where the attention is so much given to surrounding objects? Many ministers, indeed, are just here guilty of a great impropriety; namely, during the singing they must find the text, arrange the lessons and hymns, look around over the congregation to see who are present, perhaps all the while singing most lustily,—as though there were no other time for making these little arrangements, and—what is worse—as though

they could do two things at once, worship God and get ready for preaching! They forget that there is a right time for every thing; and the Apostle exhorts that all things be done not only "decently," but also "in order," *i. e.*, each in its right time and place.

If singing is worship, then the whole congregation should take part in it. As hymns express our love, thanksgiving and praise to God for what He is and for what He has done for us, so all His people should join in these hymns. Sinners dare not sing the songs of Zion; but saints dare not refuse to sing them. Some say they cannot sing. This may be true of the voice, but cannot be true of the heart. You surely can sing with the spirit and the understanding, and so say *amen* in your heart to the sentiment of the hymn. For this reason you should have the hymn before you, in order that you may at least join with your spirit, if not with the voice, in the song of gladness. Have you ever noticed the force of David's exhortation in Ps. lxvii 3? "Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee;" *i. e.*, *The people*, not the choir; *all the people*, not a few who may choose to do it. Not to take part in this delightful exercise is evidently a great loss to the individual. For this reason children should be carefully trained to the holy habit of joining heartily in this part of the worship. Then you may have full congregational singing; otherwise not. But unfortunately so many parents and church officers make no use of the hymn book, and in this way exert a miserable influence upon the young.

What is the relation of the choir to the congregation? Does it interfere with true congregational singing? What is its office?

Before choirs, we had one man to lead the singing. He was significantly called the "fore-singer." We then had congregational singing, earnest, full and general. For some years, choirs have been common. This new arrangement has evidently modified our service. You seldom find the people taking general and earnest part. A few voices are heard, of course; but mainly the singing is done by "the committee on the gallery." One must often sigh for the good old days when all sang the songs of Zion.

What inference shall now be drawn in regard to choirs? Are they hinderances to congregational singing? Not at all. Lay the blame where it belongs. Do not many people simply *listen* to the choir, instead of following it? The relation of the choir to the congregation is just the same as that of the old "fore-singer," or one-man-leader. He led, and the people followed, or rather accompanied him. Precisely is this the relation of the choir. It shall lead; but leading implies that the people follow. It is as one man, a leader, to the assembly of worshipers.

Great stress should be laid upon this matter, because it so greatly affects our public services. Many do not at all sing. Others sing only with suppressed voice. Accordingly our singing is very seldom much like the sound of many waters.

Of course it follows from all this, that it is the duty of the choir to sing in such manner, that the congregation may be able to accompany it. Yet how often choirs forget this, and allow themselves to change the tunes with almost every change of moon! How often good old melodies, which our fathers sung, are thrown aside for new and very inferior ones!

See how this hinders public worship! Instead of giving attention to

the sense and spirit of the hymn, the attention must be given to the tune; whereas we go to church not to learn tunes but use them, not to study music but to worship God. This produces a feeling of pain and disappointment, because you are not edified. It is much as if the pastor should pray in an unknown tongue; you could take no part in the service.

Besides all this, you do violence to the feelings and wishes of the congregation, by refusing or neglecting to sing what long use has made sacred and dear to the people. We all love the past. We all love what our parents loved. We want to use not only the same hymns, but also the same, tunes they used. New tunes may do for the ear, but they cannot satisfy the heart. What can be grander, or more affecting, than the full congregational outburst of grand old Coronation, Dundee, Mear, St. Martin's, Winter, Hendon, and a score of other sacred worthies of the olden time? Why do the old tunes bring tears, especially when sung to the old hymns? Why do we feel so much more devotional under them than under the new? Why is the heart warmer, and the flow of feeling deeper? Simply because around these long-used melodies cluster sacred associations. They recall the times, faces, friends and scenes of long ago. Those who sang these tunes for us and with us in our childhood have gone to rest, and are now in the congregation in heaven, whereas we still dwell in tabernacles of flesh, and must sing our poor earthly songs. These are the things that affect our hearts, and these are the holy memories awakened in us, when we sing or hear these good old church tunes.

You know very well that certain tunes are called funeral tunes, and generally used only on such an occasion. Would you have moral oourage enough—rather say *immoral* courage enough—to sing some new tune at the grave of a saint? No. Yet why not? You could not think of doing so great violence to the devotional feelings of the living. Then how dare you in the regular service set aside the old and sacred songs of Zion in favor of new ones?

When we hear these good old melodies heartily sung, it seems plain why the captive Hebrews could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land (Ps. cxxxvii. 1). Their sacred songs would at once call up Jerusalem with its solemn worship and sacred temple-services, and so choke the voice and check the song.

Singing is worship; therefore let all the people join heartily in it. The choir is a leader; therefore let it sing in such a way that the whole congregation may always take part.

Save us from musical innovations. Give us the songs our fathers sang. Give us the tunes which quickened their holy faith and warmed their pious hearts. Thus as we journey toward their heavenly home, let us be near to them as possible, not only in faith and foot-step, but also in melody and song.

Destroying Enemies.—"Why do you show favor to your enemies instead of destroying them?" said a chieftain to the Emperor Sigismund. "Do I not destroy my enemies by making them my friends?" was the Emperor's noble reply. Kindness is the best weapon with which to beat an adversary.

THE POETRY OF GERMAN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY "JOSEPH HENRY."

We think it was Charles Leland, the eminent poet and translator, who some years ago suggested, in Graham's Magazine, that an interesting book might be formed out of the legends and ballads of German Pennsylvania. We agree with him, and would respectfully commend this hitherto unworked vein to the attention of our young and ambitious *litterateurs*. To any native born Pennsylvania German, of poetic taste and culture, who has leisure and patience to make the necessary inquiries and collections, we can presage the discovery of a mass of materials, of the extent and richness of which he would have never dreamed. Let him go almost from house to house—as Sir Walter Scott did when he collected the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,"—and gather from the lips of the aged the tales that were told, the superstitions that were current, and the songs that were sung in the days of their youth. He will reap a harvest, which—though entirely different in kind—will prove hardly less plentiful than that which rewarded the labors of the "Wizard of the North."

The present writer can claim no special familiarity with the "folk-lore" of German Pennsylvania, and merely ventures to make a few remarks with reference to its *poetry*, which, of course, constitutes but a small branch of the subject just indicated.

There is no doubt, that from the earliest settlement of the country, there have always been in Pennsylvania men of fine poetic taste, who were able to make agreeable verses in the German Language. Thus, Francis D. Pastorius, the founder of Germantown, who may be termed the father of the great German immigration, was the author of some beautiful stanzas which are still extant. The Protestant monks of Ephrata are also said to have composed a number of fine hymns, some of which the notorious Rapp, of Harmony, Pa., palmed off on his followers as original. Rev. Dr. Helmuth, who was at a later date pastor of the Lutheran church of Philadelphia, was also an accomplished poet. Without enumerating other names which would naturally suggest themselves, we merely remind the reader, that German poems have frequently appeared in our local papers, which, in the opinion of competent judges, would have been no discred it to the fatherland.

But, it may be asked, why did these men never write in the dialect of the people? We might answer, that in the last century, a kind of false dignity prevented most men of genius from condescending to write in a corrupted dialect. We are under the impression, that this was the case even in Germany, until Hebel and his compeers showed that the thing *could* be done, and *well* done.

But besides this, it might be urged that our peculiar dialect was not fully formed until a considerable time after the first settlement of Pennsylvania. Though it derives its origin principally from the Palatinate,

it has received sundry modifications from various sources, and particularly by the admission of many English elements. It may now be said to consist of at least three plainly marked *sub*-dialects. One of these is principally spoken in Eastern Pennsylvania; the second west of the Schuylkill; and the third among the lesser German sects, in Lancaster county and elsewhere. The last mentioned *sub*-dialect is most unlike the others, and may at once be distinguished by its peculiar drawl.

We consider the idiom of Eastern Pennsylvania rather purer than the others. Many of its words are entirely different from those which are in use further west;—but, of course, our limited space forbids us from entering into particulars. It may, however, generally be recognized by the almost constant use of the diminutive affix *chen* where the second sub-dialect uses *lein*. Thus, a native of Northampton county generally calls a little pig, *säuche'*, while a native of Lebanon almost invariably terms it *säulie* or *säulin*. Both expressions are equally proper—or, if you please, equally *incorrect*—but they serve to distinguish the several idioms.

It is not to be supposed, that because the scholars of the last century rarely condescended to write in the dialect of the people, the latter were, therefore, destitute of songs and ballads. Many of these had indeed been brought from Germany, and needed but little change to adapt them to their new relations. Besides these, there soon came into existence an almost innumerable number of rhymes of local origin,—short songs, epigrams, and *jeu d'esprit*—as the French would call them—which perhaps were never put on paper, but are not without considerable wit and humor. Thus, we remember a little ditty, which undeniably had its origin somewhere west of the Schuylkill:

"Anna Marieli, Zucherstieli,
Koch mer gehle Rübe'!
Gehle Rübe' ess ich gern,
Un' klene Mädeli *buss* ich gern
Un' grosse noch viel liever!"

The first stanza of a song that was much sung in the days of our childhood also occurs to us; it appears to be a mere jargon:

"Alte Windmuehl geht die Stross 'naus,
Holt die Küh haem, thut die Schof'naus.
Wärscht net 'nuf gekrattelt, wärscht net'runner g'falle,
Hätscht mei Schwester g'heiert, wärscht mei Schwoger worre."

When the writer went to school, more than twenty years ago, in an obscure corner of Eastern Pennsylvania, the boys sang almost any number of such songs. There was the familiar "Yankee Doodle Haversack," and another which began, "Hurrah for General Washington, Hurrah for Captain Stroh!" but for the life of us, we cannot remember what it was about. Some of these songs were changed and parodied again and again, and occasionally assumed a form that was anything but pure and commendable.

During the Mexican war, a number of dismal ballads, descriptive of battles, were written in Pennsylvania German by one of the volunteers. They were hawked about by the pedlars, and were very popular for a while, but are now forgotten. The first Pennsylvania German verses we remember to have seen in print were published, we think, about the year 1840, in a periodical entitled, "*Der Deutsche in America.*" The opening lines were,

"Betz, steik zu sellem Nest enuff,
Un' hol die Oyer *clean* heraus."

These lines are rather indelicate, and though we have never been able to forget them, we do not feel justified in quoting them at length. In August 1849, an evening hymn, "*Margets scheint die Sunn so schoe,*" appeared in Schaff's *Kirchenfreund.* It was written by Rev. Mr. Rondthaler of the Moravian Church, and is a beautiful production,—barring some irregularities of metre, and an imperfect rhyme in the last stanza.

After the appearance of this hymn, several of our clerical friends tried their hand at Pennsylvania German Poetry, but they feared to run the risk of publication, and their productions consequently never saw the light.

Dr. Schaff was justly pleased with Rev. Mr Rondthaler's production, and knowing the peculiar genius of Dr. Harbaugh, he directed his attention to this species of poetry. The result was, that exquisite poem, "*Das Schulhaus an der Krick*"

Dr. Harbaugh was fearful that his poem might not be appreciated and consequently published it anonymously. It was, however, received with a perfect storm of applause, which certainly surprised no one as much as it did the author. We may here remark, that the Dr. was at first greatly annoyed at a blunder of the compositor. He had written:

"Now bin ich witter lewig z'rück,
Un' steh am Schulhaus an der Krick,
Just nackst an's *Datty's* Haus."

The compositor made it *Atty's* Haus. Fortunately, the Dr. soon discovered, that the word *Atty*, or *Aetti*,—derived from the Old German *Atta, father*—was still extensively used in parts of Germany, and even by a few families in Pennsylvania, and he accordingly became reconciled to what we cannot help considering an accidental improvement.

Now followed in rapid succession a considerable number of Pennsylvania German lyrics, of which we think "*Haemweh*" decidedly the best. Of course the Dr's. efforts, like those of other poets, were not of equal excellence. Thus his "Peewee," though otherwise a fine poem, bears a strong, though of course undesigned, resemblance to Hebel's "*Storch;*" while his "*Law Bisness*" is so much inferior to his other productions as hardly to appear to be from the same hand.

Taking them all together, Dr. Harbaugh's Pennsylvania German poems must be declared to be *real* poetry, and they have deservedly added much to their author's reputation. If, as some have declared, "light literature is apt to float longest on the stream of time," it is possible that these poems may be remembered when many of Dr. Harbaugh's weightier productions are forgotten.

When the writer first read "*Schul haus an der Krick,*" he was struck by the fact, that it was written in what we have designated as the second sub-dialect. With some words—such as *lewig* for *lebendig*, in the first stanza—he was not familiar. Then, too, there were far more English words in the poem than he had been accustomed to use in speaking Pennsylvania German. He accordingly, in February 1862, wrote a poem entitled "*Schlitte-fahre,*" which appeared in the "Messenger." In these

verses he endeavored to reproduce the peculiar idiom of Eastern Pennsylvania, while approaching at the same time, as nearly as possible, the original German orthography. We give a few stanzas as a specimen:

"Die Schlittebah' is' witter do—
Guck 'naus un' sehn wie's schneet!
Die Buwe sin' gar ewig froh,
Un, so sin' a die Mäd,
Un' ich muss g'steh ich fühl a so,
Ich schreib vor lauter Freed."

Wann's Frühjohr kummt dann freh ich mich,
Un' sehn die Blumme gern;
Im Summer lob ich Vatter, Dich,—
Du gebst uns als die Ern!
Un' Spotjohr's freet jo alles sich,
Un' nemmt de' Nüss die Kern.

Doch wann die Welt is' zugedeckt, e. t. c."

The writer had the satisfaction of learning, that his verses met with the approbation of Dr. Harbaugh. That was enough. He had no desire to strive to enter a field that was already so worthily occupied. He has consequently never attempted to write another line in Pennsylvania German.

Since Dr. Harbaugh led the way, many verses have been writtten in our Pennsylvania vernacular. The best of these that have come under our notice, appeared in the "Guardian" under the initials, *E. K.*, by which we think we recognize an honored college classmate. We congratulate him on the success that has attended his efforts. They have a rythm and a melody which are often sought in vain in similar productions. When we read his "*Mähe mit der Deutsche Sens*," we almost imagine we see the gleaming of the scythes, and hear the shouts of the mowers. This is an infallible criterion of true poetry.

Several other excellent poems have recently appeared in the "Guardian," and elsewhere; but it would be manifestly improper to speak at length of what is still fresh in the memory of our readers.

We respectfully suggest, that the day for writing Pennsylvania German poetry would seem to be almost past. Let us not forget that it is but a dialect at best, and a very corrupt one at that. It was very well "to immortalize it in song before it dies out;" but this has been fully done, both by Dr. Harbaugh and his successors, who have reproduced and illustrated it in almost every conceivable way. Would it not be better, in future, for our young poets to occupy themselves in writing pure German or pure English, than to persist in giving us faint echoes of the music of the acknowledged Master of Pennsylvania German Poetry?

We conclude our article with a short Anglo-German lyric—with lines alternately in English and pure German,–that was prepared for the "Guardian" some years ago, at the request of the editor. On its first publication, it was somewhat mutilated by typographical errors. We, therefore venture to republish it, hoping that a better fate awaits it on the present occasion. It is, of course only valuable as a curiosity.

"I love thee, when the morning breaks
Durch dunkler Wolken Ritzen;

When daylight falls across the lakes,
  Und auf des Berges Spitzen;
And through the livelong summer day,
  Bis dass die Nacht sich neiget,
For thee my soul doth ever pray—
  Die Lippe nimmer schweiget!

"For thee I watch through all the night
  Bis wieder an den Morgen,
And e'en the rays of morning light
  Vertreiben nicht die Sorgen.
I can but watch for thee, my love;
  Die Liebe schlaegt die Saiten!
For love rules Earth and realms above,
  In alle Ewigkeiten."

AN EVENING WITH A BURMAN.

BY OPAL.

I wonder if the boys and girls who read the GUARDIAN, have ever met a Burman; wonder whether they have ever heard much about Burmah.

Not long ago, whilst I was enjoying a pleasant talk, with some old, and dear friends, there was a rap at the door, and in response to our, "Come in," in came a bright eyed school-girl, saying "that our presence was desired in the parlor, if it would be pleasant for us to meet a Burman." We left our easy rocking chair very promptly; for although not noted for curiosity, yet we felt at that moment, not a little curious, to see what manner of a man, a Burman was.

On our way to the parlor, we tried to recall all we knew about Burmah. The truth was, we knew very little. All we remembered from our school Geographies, was, that it was the northern and western part of the peninsula of Farther India, that the government was very despotic, the people were idolaters, and that our missionaries among them, had been fearfully persecuted; perhaps the boys and girls who are studying Geography now, remember more about the country. I hope, they do.

Very soon, we were shaking hands with Dr. Shwa-Loo from Maulmain, Burmah. A pleasant, little man, with long black hair, dark eyes, and olive complexion. He has spent the last ten years, as a student in the United States. He came here, when he was about fourteen years old, graduated at one of our Pennsylvania Colleges, afterwards completed a course of study at a Theological Seminary, and lastly, graduated at a medical College .So that, he was a college graduate, a minister, and a Doctor. Pretty fair ten years work, was it not, boys? I wonder if any of you will do better.

He had just come from Washington, and expected to return to Burmah very soon. President Johnson had given him letters to the King of Burmah, which he hoped would influence the King, to allow him, to preach in one of the principal cities.

In the course of the evening, he told us many interesting and curious things about his country, and next morning I heard him deliver a lecture

upon "the manners and customs of Burmah," with some things in it, that I thought might be of interest to you.

Oue thing that pleased me especially was, that every man in Burmah, is obliged by law, to learn to read and write. We thought of some of our independent American voters, who can hardly read the tickets they vote upon election day, and told Dr. Shwa-Loo that his country, in that respect, was in advance of our own. But he shook his head, and told us then, that there were no schools for the girls, that they had to get their education as best they could, that usually they are untaught.

Their books are written upon strips of palm leaves, three or four inches wide, and about twenty four inches long, these strips are tied together by strings.

Since the creation of the world, the Burmese have worshipped four different gods; they worship now the image of their god Gautama who, as they believe, died some time ago. Their fifth god is yet to come. They expect him to be one hundred and twenty feet high, his mouth is to be seven and a half feet wide, his ears and eyebrows seven and a half feet long. Can the boys and girls of America imagine how hideous such an image would be, and do they not feel that they ought to do all in their power, to send the tidings of the only true God, to these poor Burmese? Every one of you, boys and girls, can and ought to do something for missions. One penny will pay for a tract, that may tell some poor heathen, about Jesus.

Sometimes Sunday School children think, one penny cannot do much good in the missionary box. I wish they could hear what the missionaries say about that. I have heard missionaries talk about people who had in some way or other, obtained one leaf of the new Testament, and how they sometimes came hundreds of miles with that one leaf carefully wrapped up, begging the missionaries to tell them more about that Jesus whose name they found there; begging them with tears to give them a book, that they might carry to their homes. The missionaries always try to give them what they ask for, but sometimes they are obliged to refuse them —because we have not sent money enough for them to have the books printed for the people. I hope every boy and girl who reads this will resolve to send money enough for at least one Testament (many of you will want to send more) to the heathen every year. Your Sunday School teachers will tell you about their cost in the different languages, and I know will be glad to help you.

Perhaps you think that I have forgotten my story; not entirely. The Burmese have five instead of ten commandments; they are:

Thou shalt not kill.
Thou shalt not steal.
Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Thou shalt not drink intoxicating drinks.
Thou shalt not lie.

If they keep these carefully, they do more than some of us, I fear. Their priests never marry, are not allowed even to touch the hand of their mothers and sisters, after they become priests. They think it will pollute them, even to help them in any case of accident. If a priest's mother should fall into a pit, he must throw a rope to her or reach down a pole. He dare not take his hand and draw her out.

The priests are not allowed to eat any thing after noon; nor to eat the

flesh of any animal that has been killed. But, what to us seems very revolting, they are permitted to eat the flesh of animals that die a natural death. They take some very curious ways to evade this law; to obtain fish they build a dam across a stream, draw off the water, leave the fish to die upon the land, and then eat them with an easy conscience.

Children under fifteen years old, and those who die of contagious diseases are buried; infants are carried to their graves in their basket cradles, and the cradle is left inverted upon the grave. The bodies of those who die older than fifteen are burned. When friends meet in Burmah, instead of saying "How do you do," they say "Where are you going?" When a visitor is about to leave, he says "I am going," and his friends say "Go." Very sensible are those Burmese, they "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

There is no word for kiss in their language. It is customary to bathe the face with fragrant washes, and upon meeting, friends say, "Give me a smell," then touch the cheeks with the lips and nose, drawing in a long breath to enjoy the sweet odor.

The dress of the poorer people usually consists of a cotton cloth, about five and a half yards long, one end of which is sewed up like a bag, and is usually large enough to hold a bushel and a half. It can be arranged in different ways, in rainy weather can be worn over the head and shoulders. Dr. Shwa-Loo's dress had thirteen yards of silk in it. The hair of the Burmese is black and straight; the men wear their's about two feet long, and wear bright colored turbans; the women ornament their hair with flowers. The average height of the Burmese is about five feet. Their principal food is rice and curry; they eat with their fingers, seated on mats upon the ground. Gentlemen there select their own wives, asking first the consent of the lady, and then of her parents. If they all consent, the twain sit down together and eat out of the same dish, which is all the marriage ceremony the Burmese deem necessary. After that, the husband serves his wife's father, three years, three months, and three days for his wife.

Dr. Shwa-Loo's parents, and grandparents, were converted to Christianity through the preaching of Dr. Judson, who translated the Bible into Burmese, and whose memory is held in the greatest reverence by the Christian converts in Burmah. If the boys and girls who read this would like to know more of him, they will probably find his memoir and that of his wives, Mrs. Ann Haseltine and Mrs Sarah B. Judson, in their Sunday School libraries. The memoir of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, written by Fanny Forrester, who was Dr. Judson's third wife, and who outlived him, is exceedingly interesting; they are all pleasant and instructive books for family reading.

One of the most touchingly beautiful poems in our language, entitled "Sweet Mother," was written in Burmah by Mrs. Judson, while her husband had gone on a voyage for his health. He died on the voyage, and had been dead for some time before it was written, although Mrs. Judson did not hear of his death, until ten days afterwards.

SWEET MOTHER.

The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
With broad, gray wings of gloom,
While here, from out my dreary prison,
I look as from a tomb—Alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof, the rain
  With ceaseless patter falls;
My choicest treasures bear its stains;
  Mould gathers on the walls— would heaven
  'Twere only on the walls!

Sweet mother, I am here alone,
  In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown;
  It feels the driving rain—Ah, me!
  The chill, the mould, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheeled their round,
  Since love upon it smiled,
And everything of earth has frowned
  On thy poor stricken child, sweet friend,
  Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched my loved one night and day,
  Scarce breathing when he slept,
And as my hopes were swept away,
  I'd in his bosom wept—O, God!
  How had I prayed and wept!

And when they bore him to the ship,
  I saw the white sails spread,
I kissed his speechless, quivering lip,
  And left him on his bed—Alas!
  It seemed a coffin bed.

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
  Long since, in tears, we came,
Thou saidst, "How desolate each room!"
  Well, mine was just the same that day—
  The very, very same.

Then, mother, little Charley came,
  Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name;
  But O! he brought no joy—my child
  Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I cannot see,
  Though weary months have sped,
Since pitying lips bent over me,
  And whispered, "He is dead!"—Mother!
  'Tis dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean for one like me—
  So weary, worn, and weak—
Death's shadowy paleness seems to be
  E'en now upon my cheek—his seal,
  On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him,
  To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim,
  Join Death's pale phantom throng—my boy
  To join that grizzly throng!

O, mother, I can scarcely bear
  To think of this to-day!
It was so exquisitely fair,
  That little form of clay—my heart
  Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,
  Come thickly-gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
  I sink beneath my fears, sweet friend,
  My heavy weight of fears.

O, but to feel thy fond arms twine
  Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
  Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
  This dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle mother, through life's storms,
  I may not lean on thee,
For helpless, cowering little forms
  Cling trustingly to me—poor babes!
  To have no guide but me.

With weary foot, and broken wing,
  With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backwards sorrowing,
  But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
  Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother, for thy wanderer pray,
  That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
  That she may lean on heaven—her heart
  Grow strong in Christ and heaven.

Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew
  Lay sparkling on my breast,
My bounding heart thought but *to do*
  To work at heaven's behest—my pains
  Come at the same behest!

All fearfully, all tearfully—
  Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
  Fast to the cross I cling—O, Christ!
  To thy dear cross I cling.

Maulmain, August 7th, 1850.

Sensible Sentiment.—Sentiment alone is worth very little. Many a girl will weep over distress pictured in a novel, who has no practical sympathy with those who suffer. Rogers in the "Greyson Letters," suggests to his novel reading niece that to save herself from imbecility, she keep a debtor and creditor account of sentimental indulgence and practical benevolence, with occasional memoranda running thus: "For the sweet tears I shed over the romantic sorrows of Charlotte Devereux, sent three basins of gruel and a flannel petticoat to poor old Molly Brown."

ANNUAL CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

PERKIOMEN.

We will have one more talk about the Almanac—and *only* one more. It is merely to notice and make due account of the only Christian Element which is incorporated with it, that we take it down from the wall again. With a real enjoyment and hearty satisfaction do we light on its "Holidays." We liked them even in our boyhood, whilst our partiality has grown into a habit with the increase of years. We have indeed asked ourselves, whether a man can be a Christian without them. Or, if we must challenge already in the opening sentences, whether any system of religion has ever, and can succeed without *Holidays?*

Certainly, it seems, no Almanac satisfies the masses, unless they are found embodied. We are glad to find this taste for the new Christian wine, though it be served up in old bottles, since there is a chance of bursting the bottles, without spilling the wine even. These new patches will soon render the old garment so hideous, that we verily hope to glance up to the wall and look approvingly into the kind face of a real, genuine Christian Almanac!—But to the Christian Element *now* at hand. There is a *civil* year, opening with the 1st day of January and closing with the 31st day of December. The citizen notes its course well, whilst the Commonwealth and the wide world conduct and arrange their histories in accordance with its limits. We may still style it the *Annus Mundi*, even though it feigns to date but from the Nativity of Our Lord!

Different from this, and by its side, the *Church-Year* performs its cycle, which extends from one Advent season to another. Regulating itself, as it does, after the grand march of the "Sun of Righteousness," we may denominate it properly the *Annus Christi.*

Now it is an uncomplimentary blunder to imagine this dual arrangement, an invention of the Roman Catholic Church, since it betrays a want of familiarity with Jewish antiquities. The Israelites dated their civil year from the month Tisri, whilst their ecclesiastical year commenced already with the month Nisan—leaving an interval from Harvest until the vernal Equinox, or a period of six months. Mindful of this fact, let us study the Christian Almanac, which a saintly mind has happily denominated "the Calendar of the 'new heavens and the new earth.'"

Advent, when rendered into common English, signifies "a coming," and embraces the Four Sundays before Christmas. The included period is intended to be set apart as a season for preparatory devotion, with reference to the advent of Christ in the flesh, which fact is typical again and can easily be conjoined to His Second Advent in Glory. The season can never embrace less than three, nor more than four weeks. To say, "the first Sunday in December," or, "the last Sunday in November," is

to use the parlance of the citizen and to intimate thereby your oneness with the State. But to say, "the First Sunday in Advent," or, "the Last Sunday in Advent," is to adopt the language of the Christian and to signify your membership with the Church.

Receding from this group of saintly hours, we find ourselves surrounded by a vast cluster of Festival Days, which make up as effectually the Christian year, as do the various days of the twelve months constitute the civil. They consist of all those days which require Religious Service to be performed, and preclude servile work, namely: all the Sundays in the year, as well as its Feasts and Fasts. This multitude of days, as we may call them, arranges itself again under two separate series; those which are affixed to and recur invariably on *certain* days, are known as *Immovable;* others, having no such fixed days, are called *Movable.* That some should have such a permanent character and others a wandering nature, arises from the unfixed order of Easter, upon which the latter group depend and by which it is regulated. The governing Easter Festival may occur almost anywhere between the 25th of April and the 22nd of March, since the "Full Moon," on which *it* relies, has itself no absolute fixity.

Behold then the Immovable Feasts, which stand like living statues, along the pathway of the "Sun of Righteousness," each one telling of a wondrous fact that transpired in former ages, but is ever yet commemorated.

1. *The Circumcision of Our Lord*, on "New-Year's Day," meets us on the very threshold of the *civil* year—on the 1st day of January. The world is set agog at this time, and in many quarters monopolizes it to itself. Even the Church is tempted to forget its peculiar significance amid the aggression of the secular and secondary import of the day.

2. *The Epiphany of Our Lord* occurs on the 6th day of January, or twelve days after Christmas. It is celebrated in commemoration of the manifestation of our Saviour to the wise men of the East. Sometimes it is simply called "The Manifestation." It may also be referred to as the "Feast of the Holy Three Kings." The several features of this fact are dwelt on, during its return, either in the way of meditation or discourse. We love to look at the picture in the ancient Bible, showing the Infant Saviour, His mother and Joseph, with those Gentile delegates of royal blood, flat down on their knees! Well may they pour their costliest into His lap, for they have now been led to the King of kings by a star.

3. *The Purification of the Blessed Virgin* is marked for the 2nd of February. It is better known as "Candle Mas" (for we are very apt to forget the mother in the effulgent glory of her Son), and rests on the saying of Simeon, that our Saviour was "to be a light, to enlighten the Gentiles." Report says, Roman Catholics consecrate all the candles and tapers, which are to be used in their churches during the whole year at this time. Decide the question for us, whether any such implements are to be used at all, and we will not quarrel with them, as to whether and when they must be consecrated. Then to set them apart for sacred use seems to us as natural as to consecrate a "Melodeon," a "Cottage Organ," or a "Bell." *That* day may also answer as well as any other. But since Protestants can see clearly enough without candles, we have no special work to do on that day.

4. *The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary* falls on the 25th of

March, and is celebrated, in the Almanac, at least, in memory of the angel's proclamation to Mary of the incarnation of Christ. That such tidings were conveyed, and by the angel too, to the mother of Jesus Christ even, all Christians concur in, since both the Almanac and the Bible so declare. But now the dividing question seems to be, whether a specail day shall be annually marked as a seasonable memento, or not. Superstition is perhaps forestalled by ignoring the day (and the fact too?), but is *infidelity* as well? If ever a Proclamation was worth preserving, we think this is.

5. *The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary* has fixed itself on the 2nd day of July, and is based on Mary's visit to her cousin Elizabeth. Of course, the mere fact of Mary paying a friendly visit to the mother of John the Baptist, in "the hill-country," seems of but little special significance. But when we remember the relation which the yet unborn characters were to sustain to each other, and above all, the sanctifying influence which was exerted on the Baptist child, it does appear of some account. Of no other visit can as much be said. What is the visit of the "Prince of Wales," or of the "Japanese," or of "Charles Dickens," when compared with Mary's lonely but hurried walk "into the hill-coutry?"

6. *The Feast of Saint Michael, the Archangel* is rooted into the 29th of September. We sometimes hear it called "Michael Mas," and with Pennsylvania Germans, it is synonymous with Autumn. Its support ia the tradition that St. Michael appeared in a vision to some one, and in commemoration of the event this Festival Day was instituted. All depends now on the *truth* of the tradition. If the Archangel ever appeared to any one on earth, we see no harm in rejoicing over the fact, that those of the "heavenly host" do not consider our world, too sinful to come down; especially, since it is circumstantial, or presumptive evidence that we too may sooner or later be admitted into their happy fellowship. The easiest way to dispose of the fact, is to deny it altogether; but it is the meanest mode of arguing likewise in the absence of all proof.

7. *Christmas, or, The Nativity of Our Lord,* as every child knows, even if born in the bleak quarter, where Christisn Festivals are made no more account of than "Christmas Pies," clings tenaciously to the 25th of December. The Reverend Magniloquent Boanerges may protest, as savagely as he pleases, against us believing that shepherds were watching flocks in the open field, at that season of the year. Somehow or other, ever since we could manipulate a "Plum-pie," Christmas continues to come on that very day, regardless of every protest. To pretend to explain its meaning is an implied insult to our child of seven summers even.

To these "Seven Wonders" of the Christian world now, let us add at least *sixty* more "Saintly" and "Apostolic" days, and we have a complete catalogue of Immovable Festivals. The great mass of them stand, it is true, as spiritual curiosities, or, petrified monuments of a more credulous age—sometimes called "the ages of Faith." But as a mere chronicler, it is our lot to take account of them, leaving it for the reader to decide wherein the honor lies—in the breach or their observance.

But a question is stirring for utterance with us, namely: Whether the most effectual mode of *realizing* Christianity, both with reference to

Doctrine and History, is not to restore and observe its Festival Days? Who that passes on from Advent to Christmas, with any piety in his soul, does not feel himself met and saluted by wonders at *least*, as confounding as the "Seven Wonders" of the world? What now are the Pyramids of Egypt, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Walls and hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Colossus at Rhodes, the Statue of Jupiter-Olympus and the Watch-tower of Alexandria—all these, when compared with the miracles of Christianity, even before its Founder moved beyond His manger in Bethlehem? But in order to transfer them out of the misty nebulæ of mere imagination and fancy, we contend that a local habitation must be afforded them. And how might this be more happily done, than by observing those memorial days, which are mustered along the line of Christian history, like *so* many living, speaking sentinels, challenging us to adoration, and thereby solidifying our faith?

But, we are admonished to pass over to the "Movable Feasts," which we must not think of undervaluing, for the reason, that they are not stationary, since they are, if comparisons may be drawn, even more significant. We meet them, as it were, in clusters, hanging from the living vine.

1. *Epiphany Sundays*, or those Lord's days following next after the Epiphany. Their number varies from one to six, as Easter occurs earlier or later. We find them simply indicated as I, II, III, IV, V and VI *Sundays after Epiphany.*

2. *Septuagesimæ:* The seventieth day, and Ninth Sunday before Easter.

3. *Sexagesimæ:* The sixtieth day, and Eighth Sunday before Easter.

4. *Quinquagesimæ*, or, *Esto mihi:* The fiftieth day before Easter. It is sometimes known as Lenten-Sunday, as the season of Lent commences during this week

Ash-Wednesday intervenes here, and its very name savors of a degree of humiliation and penitence, such as we may well wonder whether we have ever experienced it. "Surely it is not necessary to sprinkle oneself with ashes!" Well, but a *willingness* must be at hand, whether it is then executed or not. There seems to be some earnestness in repenting in dust and in ashes.

Let us now reach after another cluster, we mean *The Six Sundays in Lent.*

1. *Quadragesimæ*, or, *Invocavit.* 2. *Reminiscere.* 3. *Oculi.* 4. *Lætare.* 5. *Judica.* 6. *Palmarum.* They cover the forty days and nights, which are to be devoted to Fasting, as a preparation to solemn facts following it, and are a counterpart to our Saviour's fasting in the wilderness. We never could affect contempt for this ordeal. We can agree with Luther herein, and believe it to be an excellent exercise, if engaged in from right motives. The first five terms under which those Sundays are known, are initiary words to Latin Collects or Scriptural Quotations.

The last in the series derives its name from the Palm-branches which were cast before the Saviour, during His triumphal entrance into Jerusalem. "Floral Sunday" was likewise applied to it, and the Germans knew it likewise as "*Der Blaue Ostertag.*"

We come now to *Maundy Thursday*, a name expressive enough too,

if we once understand it. We are told the Saxon term, "Maund," means *basket*, and came to be applied, from the circumstance that kings gave alms to their poor subjects from baskets on that day. Others tell us that it relates to the fact, that our Saviour issued that great new *Mandate*, that we should love one another, on that day. In the latter view it may well be regarded as a *dies Mandati*—a day of command. But the German idea pleases us best of all, which sees the Holy Supper instituted and enjoined on that day. In the latter tongue it is called "*Der Grüne-donnerstag*," either because, in view of the near prospect of Christ's death, their diet should only now consist of a few *green* herbs, or, because God's ancient people were commanded to bring the "first fruits" as an offering. Only so a name is not *without* an idea.

And lo! there stands *Good Friday*, the bloodiest day in the Christian year! Yet its name reconciles us, as wonderful benefits flow out of its transactions. But here we again plead for the German tongue—"*Kar-freitag.*" "Kar" is a Saxon term, signifying *propitiation*, *martyrdom*, *satisfaction*, *punishment*. It becomes transparent now, does it not? The same term is applied to the entire week—*Kar-Woche!* And, as if not content with what seems to us so expressive, they denominated the day also, "*Der Stille Freitag!*" Is that not an eloquent admonition for us to spend the day in quiet contemplation and silent meditation over the sufferings of Our Lord!

But, Hallelujah! We come to the triumphant *Easter Festival!* Now we may break our fasting and our silence too; for Christ is risen and hath put Death, the Grave and Hell under His feet. All nature rejoices with the Church to-day—flowers, birds and men!

But we may not stop yet. Reach out after another cluster, and pluck six more.

1. *The First Sunday after Easter—Quasi modo geniti* or *Dominica in rebis.* 2. *Misericordias Domini.* 3. *Jubilate.* 4. *Cantate.* 5. *Rogate.* 6. *Exaudi.* All these are again the initiatory words of various Latin Collects and Psalms, which were and are still suitable to be sung on those day. The common reader knows them as I, II, III, IV, V and VI Sundays after Easter.

But, lest we forget it, between the last two Lord's days, *The Ascension* is celebrated. We sometimes wonder, whether we ought to weep or rejoice then? Still, the Church bids us, feast and not fast, and we must then be glad.

Whitsunday or *Pentecost* stands boldly out. Happy must have been the sight, when, in former ages, a host of Catechumens surrounded the altar of God, as candidates for Christian fellowship, or the Christians of those times would not have been moved to call that day, *White*—Sunday, merely because those suppliants were arrayed in white garments. But let it become typical of the innocence and purity of the soul when washed in the blood of Christ, and we wonder no longer. We prefer "Whitsuntide" to "Pentecost," as the latter is but a dry arithmetical term, showing us how many days intervened between the Resurrection of Christ and the Outpouring of the Holy Ghost. An infidel can say, "Pentecost;" but the Christian alone may truly say, "Whitsuntide!"

The Festival of the Holy Trinity or *Trinitatis* follows one week after. There may follow as high as "*Twenty-Seven Sundays after Trinity;*"

but seldom does the number swell so high. These having all passed before us, we stand at the door of Advent season again. Men may travel with the telescope from one planet to another; they may call Jupiter, Mercury, Herschel and all the other mammoth bodies by name; they may tell us how the heavens declare the goodness of God and the firmament shows His handiwork, and we will admit it all. We do not question the music of the spheres, nor, that the observer is lost in the profundity and immensity of God's creation. But if there be any reality in our common Christianity, the glories of the "new heavens and the new earth" must surpass them all. The gorgeous Temple of Jerusalem was but an apology in comparison with that eternal structure, of which Jesus Christ is the Chief Architect.

Why then only regard as realities, the accidents of the Civil or Natural year—its cycle, its epochs and cardinal divisions; its history its major and minor details, and treat all the glorious paraphernalia of the Church-year as phantoms and illusions? The rising and setting of the natural sun is in no sense more real, than the waxing and waning of that brighter Sun, than ever gilded the horizon, or illuminated the mountains and valleys of earth. The stars of the first magnitude even darken before the "Morning-star." What is the nebulous "milky way," if contrasted with the ladder, erected already in the Patriarch's time, on which angels ascend and descend?

But in order to realize all this grandeur, we dare not pass along the galleries of spiritual wonders, as though they were akin to the remains in the Catacombs of Rome, or with the Egyptian mummies. The Christian year must surround us as a spiritual economy, teeming with life, because that Divine luminary shines throughout its entire limits, Who is Himself the Light of Life.

Such a Calendar we would have revived, since the naked skeleton is yet in the Church—it needs but a clothing over with flesh and blood, by the Spirit who can stir the dry bones. We wish to make earnest with it, however, and have the Christian year as effectually and as substantially indicated in the Almanac, as the Natural year is incorporated therein. If this be a phantom, never to be laid hold on, then do we close as we opened:—Can there be a religion without Festivals? Jew and Heathen; Christian, Mohammedan, Scandinavian, Hindoo and Mormon, nor any other ever attempted to originate such an anomaly in the annals of the world.

EARLY RISING.

Health and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people as evidences of its good effect on the general system. Can any one of our readers, on the spur of the moment, give a good, conclusive reason why health should be attributed to this habit? We know that old people get up early, but it is simply because they cannot sleep. Moderate old age does not require much sleep; hence in the aged, early rising is a necessity or convenience, and is not a cause of health in itself. There is a larger class of early risers, very early risers, who may be truly said not to have a day's healthy

in a year—the thirsty folks, for example, who drink liquor until midnight and rise early to get more. One of our earliest recollections is that of "old smokers" making their "devious way" to the grog shop or tavern bar room, before sunrise, for their morning grog. Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomitants: to retire early, and, on rising, to be properly employed. One of the most eminent divines in this country rose by daylight for many years, and at the end of that time became an invalid, has travelled the world over for health, and has never regained it, and never will. It is rather an early retiring that does the good by keeping people out of those mischievous practices which darkness favors, and which need not here be more particularly referred to.

Another important advantage of retiring early is, that the intense stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favors that unbroken repose which is the all-powerful renovator of the tired system. Without, then, the accompaniment of retiring early, "early rising" is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to "have his sleep out;" otherwise, the duties of the day cannot be properly performed, and will be necessarily slighted, even by the most conscientious.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is: do not hurry up the young and weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best to the studious or even for the well who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain without going to sleep again until the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things: violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into a glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from its resting-place. By all which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that as the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical.

Many a young man, many a young woman, has taken the first step toward degradation, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night; at which hour, the whole year round, the old, the middle aged, and the young should be in bed; and the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health in early rising in itself; but there is in all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, winter and summer.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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APRIL,

1868.

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Mrs.M.August, Overpeck Station, Ohio,	1 00	19
D.S.Dieffenbacher,Pittsb'g,Pa.	1 50	19
Lizzie J.Allen, Alexandria, "	4 50	17 to 19
HenryZ.VanRed,Reading, "	1 50	19
Dr.E.J.P.Hoffman, Sinking Springs, Pa.,	1 50	19
Mrs.H Miller,Phœnixville,Pa.,	1 50	19
J. Linn, Cooperstown, Pa.,	1 50	19
J.A.Fouse, McConnellstown, "	1 75	
E. Rothrauff, Baltimore, Md.,	3 00	17 & 18
E.Shellhammer,BlackCr'k,Pa.,	3 00	18 & 19
Rev.H.Hoffman,Conyngham,	1 50	19
Mrs.S.H.Meyer,Mechanicsb'g,	1 50	19
A. Beam, JennerXRoads, Pa.,	1 50	19
Rev. A.J.Heller, Sipesville, "	1 50	19
HenryHartman, Pottstown, "	1 50	19
W.D.Rauch, Lebanon, Pa., "	1 50	19
Miss S.A.Welker, Sunbury, "	1 50	19
MissMollieKohlenberg,Adamstown, Md.,	1 50	19
Rev.W.Hofferd,Allentown,Pa.,	3 00	19
Rev.Bachman, Baltimore,Md.,	1 50	19
B. Russell, Waynesboro. Pa.,	1 50	19
Kate Rixstine, Greenville, "	1 50	19
Jos.Snapp, Winchester, Va ,	1 50	19
Miss B.Hill,Middletown, "	1 50	19
ElizaWasser, Bethlehem, Pa.,	1 50	19
MissANewberry,Whitemarsh,	1 50	19
JacobY.Reifsnyder,Pottstown,	1 50	19
Rev.H.Losch,EggHarbor,N.J.,	1 50	19
W.Fetherolf,MahanoyCity,Pa.,	1 50	19
Ann Flory, Waynesboro, "	3 00	18 & 19
MissLReutch,Martinsb'rg,Va.,	1 50	19
C.W.Reynolds,Shepherdst'n, "	1 50	19
M. K. Emert, Martinsburg, "	1 50	19
A. Hupfer, Fort Lyon, Tenn.,	2 00	19
Rev. L. C. Edmonds, Beaver Springs, Pa.,	1 50	18
J. B. Roth, Lancaster, Pa.,	1 50	19
Rev.J.B.Kniest, Buffalo,N.Y.,	1 50	19
C. R. Minnig, Ebenezer, N.Y.,	1 50	19

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THE FESTIVAL OF DELIVERANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Eight times Pharaoh's hard heart had brought untold sorrow upon the people of Egypt. Again he drives Moses from his presence. "Take heed to thyself, see my face no more; for in that day thou seest my face, thou shalt die." The ninth plague is sent. But e'er the destroying angel starts on his sorrowful mission, every Hebrew's house is marked—the head piece and the two side posts are sprinkled with the blood of a lamb. This is God's sacred mark; seeing which, the angel passes over the house, without harming the inmates. (Ex. xii.) At midnight he sweeps over the land. All the first-born are slain. Everywhere is heard the voice of lamentation. In Pharaoh's palace, and in the captive's dungeon, stricken hearts bewail their woe and bleed in anguish. "There was not a house where there was not one dead." Every home was turned into mourning. Only in Hebrew dwellings there was peace. "Against the children of Israel not a dog moved his tongue, against man or beast." The angel of death passed them over, because the blood was on their doors. That the children of Israel might never forget this deliverance, God commanded them to keep a yearly feast, called the Feast of Passover, the first and chief of the three annual Jewish feasts. As this was the day on which their first born were saved, and Pharaoh was compelled to let God's people go, they were to observe it in their generations by an ordinance forever.

The Festival happened in the spring of the year, from the 14th to the 21st of Nisan, corresponding to our April. It was also called the "Feast of unleavened bread," because the use of leaven was strictly forbidden during this season. Many days before it commenced, every household was busy from morn till night. A large kettle, only used on this occasion, hung over the fire, filled with boiling water. All the silver, copper, and the utensils, used for the sacrifice and its meals, were scoured and polished, dipped alternately into the steaming kettle and into cold water. Iron vessels were heated red hot in the fire. Those of wood were scrubbed by means of a red-hot stone. Earthen vessels had all to be new. The night before the Feast, the members, with lighted candles in hand, would search

every nook and corner of the house for leaven. The smallest hole, wherein it was possible for a crumb to lie concealed, was examined. All the leaven found was carefully burned, thrown into the water, or scattered to the wind. Thereafter the word *leaven* was not used, lest its bare mention might pollute their thoughts.

It was a singular and most solemn ceremony, this annual repetition and reacting of the scene on the night before their departure from the land of bondage. Many thousand lambs and goats had been slaughtered—none over a year old, none with the slightest taint or blemish. Each household had roasted its sacrifice. And now each family stands around this last meal—each member with a girdle round the loins; instead of sandals they have shoes on their feet, a kind of socks or short boots; each eats with staff in hand, and eats in haste. The whole is a graphic parable and picture of the Christian pilgrim's posture of soul—always in a state of preparation to leave this sinful earthly house of bondage for the Canaan on high. The Passover was a typical representation of the Lord's Supper. Christ became the true Paschal Lamb, "a lamb without blemish and without spot." (Eph. 1st, 19.) Every heart and home sprinkled with his blood, will be saved from death. What a hunting, working, and worrying there was in every house, about a few chance particles of leaven. When one was found, they seized it with horror. It was the abominable thing which God hated. What a scouring, scrubbing and sweeping about a seemingly small matter. To them it was a great matter. Whether a bushel or a crumb, it rendered the house unclean. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Sin is contagious. Unless curbed, it spreads like wild-fire. They act wisely who diligently and prayerfully search for it in every corner and crevice of their hearts, and cast out the unclean thing. "Purge out, therefore, the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us. Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickednes, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

The most delightful season of the year to a pious Jew was that of the Passover. It happened in cheery spring time. The dreary storm-brewing, rainy winter is past. For months the heavy rains and impassable roads have kept the people at home. As early as February, the Levites hasten through the country, inspecting and repairing the roads and bridges. The wells and cisterns are cleaned and repaired. The fields along the different roads are examined, and every unclean thing removed, whose sight or touch might pollute the devout pilgrim. The graves are fenced in or whitewashed, so as to be seen and shunned from a distance, lest any of the Lord's people might become contaminate, by touching them unawares. For it is expressly stated, that no unclean person, rendered so by touching a dead body, or otherwise ceremonially defiled, could partake of the paschal supper.

At length the rain ceases. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. Great preparations are made all over Palestine. For with every family this going up to Jerusalem amounts to a moving. All their pots,

kettles, sacred vessels—every sacred utensil used for sacrificing and at meals was taken along. Clothing, too, such as they needed, for young and old, was prepared. The difficulties and delights of such a journey can not be estimated by our modern occidental standard. The people travelled in caravans—in large parties. Each family, with its beasts of burden, would join with such other families of the same village, or other villages, as choice might dictate. For weeks before, they consulted with such families as were to constitute the travelling party. At the Passover, the women, as well as the men, were required to be present. The *whole assembly* of the congregation of Israel shall kill it. Ex. xii. 6. The larger children, too, were taken along. Joseph and Mary took Jesus along at twelve years of age. They travelled with a caravan of "kinsfolk and acquaintances."

At length the appointed day for starting dawned. Early in the morning, before sunrise, the families met before the house of the oldest of their number. In a few moments the whole village was in mirthful commotion. Before every door, horses, mules and asses were busily burdened with furniture and provisions, neighing and braying lustily. Outside, on a sort of ancient "village green," the respective families meet, and bid each other good morning with the loud greetings of "The Lord bless thee! The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in!" Then the eldest of the company, a venerable man, with a furrowed face and long gray beard, offers a short prayer, recites or chants the first verse of the 122d Psalm: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," to which all the people respond in joyous chorus, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

The fresh dewy breeze of morning bears these cheerful strains across hill and dale, until they are caught and caroled by the caravans of neighboring villages. The time of parting comes. On many a face hang tears, like the clear dew-drops on the unmown grass, as tender parents give the little ones a parting kiss. The women and children are lifted on the backs of the beasts. Each family takes its place in the caravan—the oldest always taking the lead; each member takes the proper place in the respective household. The women and children are placed in the middle; the men walk or ride on the right and left of them. The servants, with the beasts of burden, bring up the rear. As they wind along and over the vine-clad hills, merrily singing their pilgrim songs, they meet with and join other companies. Every road is thronged with long processions, all rejoicing in the same prospect, all singing the same hymns. One company, catching the notes from the other, singing with jubilant hearts: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up to the house of the Lord." For a while the singing ceases. The different groups engage in merry chatting. From bush and grove and terraced slope the sweet notes of spring birds greet them. From Dan to Beersheba, from the Jordan to the sea, every valley resounds with these pilgrim songs; birds of the air, and pious hearts, buoyant with hope, mingle their notes as in one grand concert of praise to God. From every charming district, fragrant with the perfume of earth's loveliest plants, arise the swelling notes, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." From every hill-top re-echoes the joyful sound, until they reach the top of Olivet,

when the beautiful temple, with its dazzling golden gate, and Jerusalem, with all its magnificent palaces, burst suddenly upon their view. Then the pilgrim song swells afresh from the great throng; all day long the coming crowds roll their melodies across the Kedron, mingling their voices with the praises of the people worshipping in and around the temple.

On the 14th of Nisan, at three in the afternoon, the sound of trumpets announced the beginning of the Feast. It was the hour of the evening sacrifice. The walls of the Temple-court were hung with many-colored tapestry. The great multitude of guests were all dressed in their best clothing. Around the temple, and the streets leading to it, every spot was crowded. Each head of a family had a living lamb on his shoulder, which he either brought along from home, or bought in the sheep-market near by the temple. As all that bore lambs could not at once find room in the court of the temple, they were separated into three divisions. The first was admitted and the gates closed. Two parallel lines of priests formed a long procession. Those on the left held each a silver basin; those in the other line each a gold basin. Each head of a family in turn killed his lamb, the priest nearest him receiving the blood of it in his basin. This basin was passed along the line till it reached the priest next to the altar, who threw it towards its base. Meanwhile an empty basin had received the blood of the next victim. And thus the sacrifices were made, until the vast number of people had brought their offerings. On the pillars and walls of the temple-court were many hooks. To these the slaughtered lambs were hung. After they had been skinned, the fat was taken out, and sent along the line of priests, up to the altar, the same as the blood. Here it was salted and thrown into the fire. Meanwhile, the owner of the lamb wrapped the meat in the skin, and carried it away. If he lived at Jerusalem, he would take it home; if not, he would eat the Passover with some other family. No less than ten, and no more than twenty persons were allowed for one lamb. Strangers were invited to eat it in the house of some friend. With reference to such an act of hospitality, the Apostles asked our Saviour, "Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover?" Matthew xxvi. 17. At his passover there were thirteen persons present. Every family or party had an oven specially made to roast the sheep. This oven, the skin, and some of the vessels used, strangers gave as pay for the use of the house where they ate their lamb. From sunset till eleven o'clock, the people ate this supper. Females were not compelled to be present. They could partake of it, if they desired. On the middle of the table, right before the master of the family, the roasted lamb was placed. A basin filled with bitter herbs, and one with sweet sauce, were placed on either side. Before each guest was unleavened bread, unraised, more like a cake than bread. During the meal they would dip the bread or sop into the sauce, or the master of the feast would dip it in for them, as our Saviour did for Judas. John xiii. 26. If a family of means, a cup was placed aside of each one's cake. If not, there was only one cup on the table. At the last paschal supper our Saviour held with his apostles, there was only one cup, showing how poor this company was. The master of the family pronounced a blessing on the meal. He then filled a cup with wine, usually red. Having drunk this, they ate what had been placed before them. When the second cup of wine had been filled, the eldest son asked his father, "What

mean ye by this service," according to the word of the Lord in Exodus xii. 26. Then the father told the story of that last night in Egypt, after which they sang five psalms—from the 113th to the 118th. Meanwhile, the roasted lamb was handed around, and a third cup of red wine was filled. This was called "the cup of blessing." 1 Cor. x. 16. It was drunk in connection with the eating of the paschal lamb. Thus, when our Saviour had taken of the unleavened bread, broken it and given it to his apostles, he took this cup when he had supped or eaten, saying, "This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you." Luke xxii. 15–21.

This was not a fast, but a feast. Its first observance in Egypt was anything but cheerful. Its bread was called "the bread of affliction." Deut. xvi. 3. But its sense and surroundings since then had changed. It had become the anniversary of their deliverance. The incidents of that great deliverance were narrated at every Passover, to inspire every heart with gratitude and faith. Young and old were invited to rejoice. Lively conversation was kept up. The dozen or score of guests chatted cheerily and cordially, and mingled in social fellowship, such as is only found around the table of a family festival.

"Hymns were sung, and stories were told, and pithy sentences uttered, and riddles propounded; this last being an innocent sport, of which the Eastern mind is very fond, and in which the Eastern genius is peculiarly skilled. (Judges xiv. 10–14). Thus, in cheerful, cordial talk, the hours fled away, till the sound of the Temple trumpet called the happy guests to the Sanctuary, to return their thanks to the great Benefactor. During that night the Temple presented a spectacle not less lively than that of the preceding day. Few persons in Jerusalem went to bed. Everybody went to the Temple, the spacious courts of which were crowded. Nor did anybody go with empty hands. Of all the peace offerings that were offered in the course of the year, these were undoubtedly the richest. A large portion of them fell to the priests; the rest was taken to the court of the women, where it was boiled. The families ate it in the eating rooms of the Temple, or took it home; but in no case was it permitted to be eaten outside of the town.

Seven days the festival continued—not the feasting. The first and the last days of the Feast were the holiest of the seven. They were called "great Sabbaths." On the five intervening days, within certain restrictions, they could follow their daily labor. "But no work was done on the "great Sabbaths."

At the Passover, the crowd of people usually was very great. Sometimes several hundred thousand strangers were present. A large part of these encamped outside of Jerusalem. The shaded slopes of Olivet were covered with a temporary city. Thousands of tents dotted its olive groves. Jerusalem for a season looked like a beleagured city.

For 1500 years the Jews had kept the Passover. The last night in Egypt they ate it for the first time. The last night of our Saviour's natural life—"the same night on which he was betrayed" (1 Cor. xi. 23), he ate the Passover for the last time with his disciples, and then became our Passover, sacrificed for us. (1 Cor. v. 7.) Those 1500 Passovers are but the background of the picture—of the lamb slain on Calvary. He is the true Paschal Lamb. His holy supper is the true Passover. "The

cup of blessing which we bless (with its red wine), is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin."

The first night of the Passover was dark and dreary. The last far darker. Thousands of families in Jerusalem joyfully partake of their Paschal Supper. In a retired room is a group which partakes of its meal sorrowfully. Twelve men recline around their festive board. Freely and familiarly they speak with one another, and with the Master of the Feast. At his side reclines a young man, with an amiable face, who rarely speaks—in his reclining posture his head almost touches the Master's breast. These twelve had been with him the greater part of their time, for three years. They formed his chosen band of friends—some of them weak friends, one a false friend. It was sad enough that his cruel death was approaching; but that one of these chosen ones should betray him gave a keen edge to the Master's sorrow. The hand of his betrayer was with him on the table. Perhaps there were not a dozen people in Jerusalem, outside of this little company who knew what was going on here. Thousands had slaughtered their lambs, and were in the act of eating them. In every household the question was asked: "What mean ye by this service?" No one thought of answering, "To-morrow will show."

The Saviour dismisses his company after the Supper. With uncomplaining meekness, like a lamb to the slaughter, he goes to Gethsemane's agony. 'Tis his last night—and his darkest. To-morrow he will lead a fallen race out of Satan's bondage into the liberty wherewith he can make them free. He will start them on their journey towards the Canaan above.

All the year through did the pious Jew longingly look forward toward the Passover Feast. It formed the crowning act of the year's devotions—the brightest week of the fifty-two. Not that they confined their religious fervor to these seven days, leaving the others unsanctified by prayer and sacrifice. But this was the memorial of their deliverance. Thus, too, the passion week is regarded in the Christian Church. The nearer the pious soul lives to Christ during the year, the more solemnly will the days of his Crucifixion and Resurrection be observed. "The Silent Week" it has come to be called. With what solemn longings God's

people look forward to this coming season; thousands by fasting and prayer trying to prepare themselves for its devout observance.

"O come and mourn with me awhile;
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by Heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Come take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the blood from out that side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified."

A CARAVAN SONG (Ps. 122d.)

BY I. D.

Most of the Psalms come down to us through three thousand years. When we now sing them, is it not a sweet thought, that they are hallowed by use among God's people through all this time?

Just as our hearts feel a sacred reverence for those hymns of merely human composition, which have come down to us through one, two or three hundred years, made holy, as it were, by the worship of Christian forefathers both in Europe and in this country; so, assuredly, with much deeper reverence should we sing the sacred songs which God's people have sung for thirty hundred years; songs of thanksgiving and confession; songs which they sang upon the Mount of rejoicing and in the valley of humiliation; songs which David and his people sang at Jerusalem in the days of their prosperity; songs which their captive children mournfully sang by the river-side in heathen Babylonia; songs which Ezra and Nehemiah taught the people to sing with new meaning after their seventy years captivity; songs which pious Jews sang during those four hundred solemn years before Christ, when the voice of prophecy had ceased, and while a few earnest souls patiently waited for the consolation of Israel. The Psalms are truly sacred songs, therefore, not only because divinely inspired, but also because hallowed by three thousand years use among God's people.

Then again, how much more meaning these ancient hymns have for us,

than they had for even the pious Jews who first sang them! They speak of a Messiah, a Messiah to come; but to us they speak of one already at hand. They speak of sacrifices, but of such as never took away sin; but to the Christian they speak of the true lamb of God and his great sacrifice on Calvary. In them the Jew sang of the beauty and glory of Mount Zion, the city of the great King David; the joy of the whole Jewish earth; but in them now the Christian sings of the greater beauty and brighter glory of the true Mount Zion, the Christian Church on earth and in Heaven, the city of Christ our Eternal King, the blest abode of the saints. How much more meaning the Psalms have for us, than they had for even the pious Jews who first sang them!

The one hundred and twenty-second Psalm is one of those caravan songs, which the Jews used to sing while travelling together on their way to the great feasts at Jerusalem. Every year they journeyed to the holy city. Thousands lived a great distance from Jerusalem. Many indeed lived in far eastern countries, placed there by the Babylonian captivity which took place six hundred years before Christ, and not having returned to Palestine when allowed by King Cyrus and urged by Ezra and Nehemiah. Faithful to their religion, and living so far away, the yearly journey to the great feasts would be tedious. Accordingly, it was customary for large numbers to unite in one company called a caravan, and so shorten the wearisome days with social intercourse. Who does not know the sweet pastime of singing, especially when journeying slowly by the way? Of course these Jewish caravans sang; and what could they more appropriately sing than this caravan song, which David had composed for this very purpose, and which their fathers had sung for many years?

A single glance at the Psalm will show how well it suited their purpose. It is a song of gladness. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." So they sang as they, after long absence, slowly travelled toward the holy city, in joyful strains pouring out their hearts before the Lord. Oh what an inspiration that song must have been, as day after day it rose from a dozen or hundred caravans travelling from different points but gradually moving closer together, till finally all meeting at the gates of Jerusalem, they would enter in swelling the joyful song higher than ever: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Ought not Christians to sing this caravan song during this holy Easter season? We also are travelling to a great festival of joy and blessing. Let us put a Christian meaning into the words of David, and heartily sing them as we journey. Do we rejoice over these festivals of the Church Year as we should? Do we appreciate them highly as they deserve? It is a good sign when Christians are glad for the return of these holy feasts of love. As the yearly festivals at Jerusalem brought the Jews together in both social and sacred intercourse; so even our Church festivals and communion seasons bring Christians together as at no other time.

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." They did not presume—as many now do—to worship God and keep his ordinances as well at home as in God's appointed place; but they believed God's promise of special blessing in Jerusalem. Yet there was much to keep them away; a long journey, slow and painful; great loss of time (people now-adays have hardly time to be saved!); expensive sacrifices. But their

caravan song was: "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem," and their hearts were comforted as they daily drew nearer to their journey's end.

The song then describes the holy city. It is not a village, unworthy the dignity of royality, but a city, whose numbers and strength give it importance. Nor is it loosely scattered over all the surrounding hills, but built "compact together." Up to this "joy of the whole earth" the twelve tribes of the Lord yearly went, unto "the testimony of Israel," that is, to the place where especially the law was explained, and where God made special revelation of his will. "To give thanks unto the Lord." It was also their place of special worship. These were the "thrones of Judgment," the place of authority, the capital of the nation, the centre of law and justice. Glad, therefore, where these holy tribes, to meet together in the beautiful city of the Most High God. Well might they sing their caravan song.

Do you not know, that this earthly Jerusalem in which these Israelites worshiped, is the type and figure of the Heavenly Jerusalem, the Christian Church on earth and in Heaven? The Church is a Kingdom. Christ is the King. It has beauty, glory and honor. It has no local centre, such as the earthly Jerusalem, but yet order and harmony reign in her borders. It has priests and people, festivals and songs of rejoicing. The Christian Church is the place whither the tribes to day go up to worship God and to hear his will. We are now journeying to a great festival. Oh let us on our way take up the song of gladness and sing:

"I love her gates; I love the road;
The Church adorned with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face."

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." When David wrote this Psalm he had just captured the city from the Jebusites (2 Sam. v. 6), and as a man of war, was in much danger from enemies round about. Therefore he taught his people to pray for the safety, peace and prosperity of Jerusalem, as they joyfully travelled to the holy feasts. As an encouragement, he added: "They shall prosper that love thee;" God loves and blesses those who love and pray for his Kingdom.

How much need for such prayer to day! in behalf of the Kingdom of Christ! How divided, distracted and troubled! It needs both prosperity and peace. "Peace be within thy walls;" upon all Jews of every class and condition. "Prosperity within thy palaces;" that is, in the places of authority and power upon the King and his advisers.

"My soul shall pray for Zion still
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

Now after reading this beautiful Psalm, and recollecting that it was sung for at least a thousaud years by the Jews on their way to Jerusalem to the feast of the passover, and that we are about to celebrate the glorious Easter Passover, may not we also appropriately take up the voice

of gladness while on our way? We are glad to go up once more to this feast of joy, and our feet shall stand within the gates of Jerusalem. If we thus worthily worship in the earthly temple, the time of blessedness is coming when our feet shall stand within the gates of the "Jerusalem which is above," the

"Beautiful Zion built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white
Beautiful temple; God is light."

Lift up your hearts in faith, hope and joy, ye Christian pilgrims. For, from that "city of the living God" there shall be no return as there was to the Jew who journeyed to Jerusalem and after the feast went back to the common things of life. Ye shall go no more out. To this holy place "the Spirit and the Bride say, come." Let us arise and journey forward, singing our caravan song as we go: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

"Then shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and Thee."

THE MOUNTAINEER EMIGRANT.

From the French of Chateaubriand.

BY ETA MON KORE.

How many a tender recollection
Still brings the sweet spot of my birth!
The days of France were the happiest, sister,—
The dearest on earth.
Oh, my country, thou claims't my love alway,
Sweet land of my birth!

The bright cottage hearth dos't remember
Where oft at the close of the day
We were pressed to a mother's glad bosom?
While her tresses gray
We caressingly smoothed from her forehead
Every care fled away.

Dos't remember, my sister, the castles
That graced the fair banks of the Loire
And the chimes from the stately old tower
That rose from the More,
Where the bells pealed the bright days' returning
That come nevermore?

And the beautiful lake oft touched by the swallows
In their veerable eddying flight,
At the margin the tall reeds gracefully waving
In passing winds light
And the picture the setting sun mirrored
Its waters so bright;

Dos't remember, my life's sweet companion—
Dear Helen with innocent art
In the wild-wood gathering the prettiest flowers
The green wold athwart
While affection was silently linking
Us heart unto heart.

Oh! who will return me my Helen
And the oaks and mountains so grand;
Fond memory still returns to thee, longing
My own native strand,
My country shall claim my love alway
That beautifnl land!

THE CROSS.

BY I. D.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." *Paul.*

"'Tis the Cross when comforts languish,
In the heaviest hour of anguish,
Makes the broken spirit whole.
When the pains are most tormenting,
Sweetly here the heart relenting,
Finds the refuge of the soul."

Some men glory in wealth, and their hearts are full of houses, land and gold. Some men glory in fame, and are never so happy as when their name is on the tongue of the multitude. Others find their highest pleasure in the latest fashion, in style, show and parade. Certain grovelling souls crave sensual gratification, and find their joy in gluttony, drunkenness and lust. A few have their hearts taken up with the idea of education, as though knowledge were the highest good. But Paul's glory was in none of these. He gloried in the precious Cross of the blessed Saviour. What wisdom there was in his choice! The Cross could give him heavenly joy through life and holy comfort in death.

What does he mean by the Cross? Not the gold or silver ornament known in our day by that name; but that which the ornament represents, namely Christianity, the religion of Calvary, the doctrine of "Christ crucified."

By glorying in the Cross he means, taking pride in it, feeling an interest in it, regarding it as valuable. He does not say that nothing else is worthy of praise, or that we must not take delight in any earthly object; since

all God's gifts are good and valuable and worthy of proper attention. He only means to say that compared with the Cross, with Christianity, nothing else is worthy of our love or praise. Other objects have a value; but this has infinite value, and therefore to be prized above all others.

Why does Paul utter such a solemn declaration in regard to the Christian religion? Because of the value of the Cross of Christ. The Apostle in his Epistles is very fond of reminding Christians of what they were by nature, in order to make them feel the infinite preciousness of the Redeemer's blood. He tells the Ephesians that once they were dead, but now are alive in Christ; aliens or foreigners, but now fellow-citizens with the saints; afar off, but now members of the household of God;—and all this through the blessed Cross.

Paul recollects that he himself was snatched as a brand from the burning, born into the family of God as one out of due time; and his gratitude ascribes all the glory of his salvation to God through the atoning blood of Christ. All he has and all he hopes to be are through that same atoning blood shed on Calvary. "Men may glory in wealth, fame, luxury or lust; but I will glory only in the Cross of Christ. That is the only thing worthy of the glorying of immortal souls." So we seem to hear him say.

Oh, the sweet enrapturing song of redeeming love never ceases in Heaven! Through our weakness here "in the body pent," we must confess to occasional weariness of even holy exercises; the story of the Cross is not always fresh, and our meditations on the matchless love and mercy of the blessed Saviour are often very wandering; but in Heaven our praise will never cease, the song will be always new, and the holy love will never grow cold. We will then truly see and feel that the blessed Cross of Christ is our all and in all.

What has the religion of Christ done for man? Rather ask, what it has not done for him. All that is good and true, holy and noble, blessed and pure, desirable and valuable, comes from the Cross, from Christianity. What blessings would we have without it? Who can draw a true picture of what the human race would be without the light and the love of the Christian religion, without the life and immortality bought and brought by Christ?

Suppose God had never given, had never promised, a Redeemer, what would man be to-day, after developing an unchecked sinful nature through six thousand years? What tongue, pen or pencil could do justice to the scene that earth would now present?

Consider the awful depths of disgusting depravity into which the heathen world had fallen already before the birth of Christ; consider also the pitiably low estate of the heathen world to-day; and you may form some idea of what the whole world would be to-day, if it had always been without this blessed Cross of Christ, without the purifying salt of God's grace, without the enlightening sun of God's love.

Then again, see how little that is really valuable in science and literature has come down to us from the times before Christ? Notice also whether all great inventions and improvements are not produced in Christian countries. Science and art need the enlightening power of Christianity, and cannot flourish without it.

The inference from all this is plain. What has the Cross of Christ not done for us? Not only are we saved by it in the life to come; but here

already does it bless us in soul, body and business. How then can we sufficiently value it? How can we help glorying in it as Paul did, and finding there our highest joy.

Have you never noticed the central position which Christianity occupies in the world?—how everything centres in the Cross?—how Eastern and Western heathen religions met in a middle geographical point in Palestine?—how the Eastern nations brought the gods down to men, and the Western nations raised men up to be gods, and both found their darkly felt want satisfied in Jesus the divine human Saviour?—how we count back from the creation, four thousand, three thousand, two thousand years to the time of Christ, and then forward to the present, making Him the centre even of our chronological system?—how all history centres in Christ, that before His time preparing the way for His Kingdom on earth, and all following history only the development of that Kingdom?—how the whole world in all its interests and relations, temporal and eternal, centres in Christ and rests upon the Cross? Have you ever noticed these things? Do they not help us to understand its infinite value? They explain why Paul thought nothing else worthy of praise or glorying, compared with this.

The Cross is our help in this life, and our hope in the life to come. All things else have only relative value; but this has absolute value. You can do without wealth, fame or learning, but not without the Cross.

Then glory in the Cross, live and labor for it, as Paul did. Give your time, talents, energies—all, to the Cross. Make it glorious before men by a life of holy obedience to its doctrines and duties.

Be a missionary of the Cross, to spread its holy power over the whole world. If you cannot as an ordained minister go to heathen lands, nor yet to the West or South of our own land, be a *home missionary*, working in the family, Sunday-school, congregation and community for the spread of the glorious Cross by bringing others under its power. Not all can be ministers, but all may be useful—real missionaries.

Of all things in this passing, changing, perishing world, it alone passes not, changes not, perishes not, but abides forever. Kingdoms and nations fall and are forgotten; yet amid all the wreck and ruin the Christian religion stands firm, and the star of the Cross rises higher and higher.

Are you glorying in the Cross? If not, it will not comfort you in death. Oh, come under its holy power. Stand in its beautiful light. Receive the cleansing of its precious blood. Be filled with its heavenly joy.

"When thou toilest, when thou sleepest,
When thou smilest, when thou weepest,
Or in mirth or woe hast part;
When thou comest, when thou goest,
Grief or consolation showest,
Hold the Cross within thy heart."

Rules for Reading.—Better to read one good book carefully, than to read ten carelessly. Be slow to begin to read a book if it is likely you will not have time to finish it. Be careful how you spend time in reading books which are not worth reading. You had better throw away money than time, for time is worth more than money. As a bad man may have a good name, so a bad book may have a good title.

"MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?"

BY OPAL.

Far away in Eastern Turkey, Christian converts know and love this little hymn. To show how clearly even children there have learned the lesson it teaches, a missionary, now visiting this country, related to us this touching little incident:

In one of the native schools there were five or six Christian boys, all of them under twelve years old. One day these little boys refused to pay the customary honors to the images of the saints. Their teacher threatened to punish them if they refused, but they were firm: they would "not bow down to them or worship them." There is an Eastern tradition, that a picture of our Saviour had been entrusted to the care of one of His disciples, and through his negligence was irrecoverably lost. Remembering this, the boys said to their teacher, "If the picture of the Lord Jesus was lost and never found, how do we know that the pictures of the saints have been kept more carefully?" "How do we know that these are really pictures of the saints?"

Such words as these made their master very angry; the bastinado is the common form of punishment in their schools, and often children are punished very cruelly. But a case like this seemed to demand a departure from ordinary rules. So the master called his scholars to order, and asked them "what should be done to these infidel boys, who refused to honor the images of the saints." He would leave the punishment to their decision. It was some time before they could decide, but at last they resolved upon one, that seemed to them, sufficiently humiliating. The school was formed into a procession, and as they marched singing a Turkish national air, something like our "John Brown song," each boy spat upon the Christian boys as he passed by them.

"Sing with us," said their schoolmates mockingly.

"Sing with us," sternly commanded the master.

"We will sing," replied our little heroes, "but we will not sing that song."

"Sing anything you please, but you must sing," said the master.

And so when the whole school had passed by them, and they had borne in meekness and silence their ignominious punishment; with one consent they rose and sang. Clearly and sweetly their words fell upon the ears of the wondering and astonished listeners.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me."

SUNSHINE.

BY MARY.

Even in the depth of winter, there comes occasionally a bright and sunny day, as if to remind us that the summer is not *dead.* We have seen such in winter's stormiest week, and they seemed to hold forth a universal invitation to cheerfulness and hope. In the gloomiest season of life, to whichever of "all the ills that flesh is heir to" the gloom is owing, there come such days of respite to the soul. They might be more in number, and brighter, if we would permit the sunshine of Faith and Hope to do its work fairly.

The latter is peculiarly "the leading string of youth;" and we are utterly opposed to darkening the beautiful sunshine of childhood, its simple fancies and innocent whims by our own too practical routine of real life—so called. How many a care worn woman might have been an active, energetic, cheerful worker, had not every drop of childish feeling been frozen out of her nature by some prim auntie, whose aim it was to make her "lady-like" at the age of ten.

I must confess to a fellow-feeling for the girl, who is declared on all sides to be an incorrigible "tom-boy:" one who has climbed every tree in the orchard, who is familiar with every nook in the barn, from floor to rafters; who dares to wade in the meadow and make play-houses on the loft, in spite of a daily lecture of half an hour's duration about torn and soiled dresses, rough hair, and uncouth manners. Let her be a tom-boy until she is old enough to be "a young lady," and, depend upon it, if she has a good example to follow, she will grow a far more graceful and well bred *woman,* than your best efforts can make of her while "only a child."

Let children go to school when they are seven or eight years old, and both in and out of school, let the sun shine for them, giving them a natural, joyful light and life.

Above all let them have a good example and an open Bible before them; and teach them to fear a lie more than a disordered personal appearance; yet teach neatness withal. Patience, heavenly and Christ-like, is what all teachers of the young need; and to be more child-like themselves with children. All that many of the children need is "a little wholesome neglect." As physical and mental life develops itself, they will find out very readily when it is time to "put away childish things." Let their spirits gush out in perfect freedom; for the summer sun, and the pure breeze of the mountain—though they may bronze each little cheek like an oak leaf in autumn, will purify and brighten each precious little heart; and winter's cold is not felt when there is a sunny sky within.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF GERMANY AND THEIR MEN.*

BY PERKIOMEN.

Who is not glad to look at pictures of men, animals, places and things? It is like seeing *by proxy*. In this way, we purpose to walk through the roomy galleries of German Universities, survey their grounds, buildings and histories, as well as introduce ourselves to their Professors and world-renowned men, without leaving our homes and friends; without a sacrifice of time and money; without experiencing any danger on the deep waters, or sea-sickness—in short, without undergoing any labor or trouble at all.

But have *we* ever been there? Nay, verily. We do not remember when we went beyond the shadow of our own chimney. And lest some one might remind us, that the blind cannot lead the blind, we will now say, that we do not intend to *lead*, but only to follow Dr. Schaff, who is a first-rate guide.

Baron Humboldt once asked an American cosmopolitan, whether a certain street in Jerusalem was still so narrow and muddy. "Why, have you ever been to Jerusalem, Baron?" asked the traveller. "No," replied Humboldt, "but I had once prepared myself to go." Perhaps some ambitious young man may feel like following the fashion of going to Europe, and, in that case, it might be of advantage to be *booked* in advance. But, going or not going, a familiarity with the famous German Universities, and their no less famous instructors, cannot but be of interest and profit.

I.—HEIDELBERG.

This has been a renowned seat of learning since 1346. Planted in the fertile Rhine country, near the romantic banks of the Neckar, and formerly the capital of the Palatinate, its University has been the recipient of good and bad fortunes, since its founding. Terribly scourged in consequence of the "Thirty Years' War," under Louis XIV., its select and exceedingly precious library was plundered in the ravaging fury of the Napoleonic revolutions by the French. But it has, nevertheless, oriented itself in a remarkable manner. Though held under the vice of Rationalism, an Evangelical Theology again rendered itself master of the field. During the Middle Ages it constituted a metropolis of rigorous Catholic Scholasticism, yet, at the close of the XVth century, it became the home of celebrated Humanists and Reformers before the Reformation, such as John Wessel, Agricola, and Reuchlin. At the opening of the XVIth

* Since the preparation of this article, in 1852, numerous changes have occurred by death and removals.

century, this University became the honored *Alma Mater* to a number of the Reformers. Melancthon, Oecolampadius, Bucer, Brenz, and Schnepf studied here. Several decades later it formed the classic centre of the German Reformed Church, the cradle-place of her Catechism, and the active theatre of those noted ecclesiastical teachers—Ursinus, Olevianus, Tremmellius, and Zanchius.

Its Faculty numbered such men as Umbreit, Ullman, Hundeshagen, Dittenberger, Schenkel, and Schœberlein. Its teaching force is second to none in Europe.

Dr. Carl Ullman is of the Schleiermacher-Neander School, and has been favorably known to the public for many years, through his Monographs, Treatises, and as editor of the *Studien and Kritiken.* His later and more matured work is "The Reformers Before the Reformation," which is alone sufficient to immortalize him.

Dr. Umbreit co-operated with him in editing the Quarterly, and is the author of various scientific and practical commentaries on the Old Testament.

Dr. Hundeshagen first attracted attention through his work on "German Protestantism," in 1847.

Dr. Schenkel had formerly been called to Basel as successor to De Wette, and was subsequently transferred to Heidelberg. He published a comprehensive historico-dogmatical work of three volumes on "The Essence of Protestantism."

This is Heidelberg University brought to a *focus.*

II.—LEIPSIC.

This is a retreat for the Muses, in the Kingdom of Saxony, and constitutes the most extensive book emporium in the world. It boasts of one of the oldest Universities in Europe, having been founded in 1409. It is more especially famous for its celebrated Philologists and Antiquarians. The Saxon Divines generally are noted for being thorough Latin scholars, owing to the fact that, in the higher classes of the Gymnasium already, the vernacular of Cicero is not only made a subject of study, but is employed as a medium, through which to impart instruction, and is regarded as a living spoken tongue.

We may not speak so favorably of their orthodoxy and practical Christianity, on the other hand, which is of far more account after all. Notwithstanding the fact, that the Lutheran Confession reigns by law, there is perhaps no country which has been more completely controlled and devastated through the blight of Rationalism than this very Saxony, the cradle-place of the German Reformation, and the classic ground of Luther and Melancthon. It constitutes one of the learned fountains of Neology—next to Halle and Jena, the main one. For over one half-century, the most prominent positions were, for the most part, occupied by such leaders, or were, at least, at their disposal Ammon, Roehr, and Bretschneider, by virtue of their offices, examined and detailed all the candidates for occupancy.

But a change came over Saxony. In 1847, Dr. Harless was called to Leipsic, and became Ammon's successor, after his death. His Philological and Exegetical attainments are abundantly proven in his commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. He is, besides, a fine pulpit orator, and

stands, probably, as one of the most learned and worthy representatives of strict Lutheranism in Germany. To say all in a few words, he is a gentleman, which cannot be predicated of all belonging to this school. He was transferred to Dresden.

Dr. Kahnis and the Lindneys—Father and son—have their names likewise identified with this University. But Winer is by far the most learned member of the Leipsic Faculty. His Grammar on the New Testament Idioms is of great value, and constitutes an authority. He is likewise the author of several other works, well-nigh indispensable to a thorough study of the Holy Scriptures. We may mention his Comparative Symbolism, Bible Dictionary, and a Lexicon to the Greek Testament.

Liebner, another Professor whose name is connected with Leipsic, is the author of a Dogmatics. Niedner is a learned and profound Church Historian. Thiele is the framer of several Latin commentaries, and colaborer in bringing forth the valuable Polyglot Bible. Tuch is a pupil of Gesenius, and also the author of a commentary on Genesis. Tischendorf, after a journey over France, Italy, and the Orient, has published a critical edition of the Greek Original, as well as of the Vulgate, and of the *Codices Ephraemi Syri.* By these works he has won for himself an imperishable name in connection with the printed Text of the Bible.

Whether these men are still there, or will be there whenever you get to Leipsic, is not a vital question. You will not feel as an entire stranger there at all events. And those of us who do not expect to go, may perhaps be encouraged to procure some or all of their famous works, which cannot die. And that itself may perhaps prove of greater benefit, than were we all permitted to actually look for a year or so on the mammoth Library of Leipsic, with its more than 50,000 volumes.

III.—TÜBINGEN.

Here we are in the Kingdom of Würtemberg, which has produced more learned men than almost any other quarter. The poets are Schiller, Uhland, Kerner, Schwab, Pfizer and Knapp; the philosophers, Schelling, and Hegel; the theologians are such men as Brenz, Andreæ, Osiander, Bengel, Œtinger, Rieger, Roos, Storr, Flatt, Planck, Steudel, Schmidt, Beck, Dorner, of the Protestant wing, whilst the Roman Catholic Church numbers Moehler, Drey, Hirscher, Standenmeier, Hesele, Mack, Kuhn, and Wette. To this already lengthy catalogue must be added those leaders of the Pantheistic and Rationalistic forces—Paulus, Strauss, and Bauer. All these are "*Schwobs.*" Verily, it does not appear as if the old proverb were true, namely: "*Die Schwaben werden erst in ihrem vierzigsten Jahre gescheut.*"

Along the Neckar stands the University of Tübingen since 1477. It is noted for its wonderful thoroughness. The theological course alone requires a period of four years, and *that*, after a most rigid and critical preparation, has been made in the Gymnasium, as a condition to admittance.

Among the many worthies, Dr. Bauer—not Bruno Bauer—is most widely known. He has published an answer to Moehler's Symbolism. But he is far from being orthodox, as we may guess from the fact, that Strauss, the author of the infamous "Life of Christ," is his disciple. And that such a character should ever have occupied a theo-

logical chair, must ever remain a matter of wonder to all right-minded believers.

The chief neutralizing agent against the Bauer influence was good Dr. Schmidt. Though dying in 1852, his influence lived after him. He taught diligently, and wrote little for the press.

All the other men connected with the University at Tübingen are profoundly scholarly and positively orthodox—Beck, Landerer, Hauber, Palmer, and others.

If we have done no more than simply to correct the common impression in reference to the "Schwoben" being blockheads, we have still not in vain presented a photograph of the Tübingen University.

IV.—BERLIN.

We come now to the capital of Prussia, on the river Spree. Let us look around a little. The University at Berlin was founded in 1810, and may accordingly be regarded as somewhat young in years. Frederick William III. made it his *protege*, and afforded it many privileges. Its favorable location, and the centralization of remarkable talent within its walls have contributed largely to enable it to attain to its present most flourishing condition. With it are identified such men as Schleiermacher, Neander, Marheinecke, De Wette, and others in the theological line. As Jurists, the names of Sarigny, Heffter, Puchta, Stahl, grace the list. The philosophers, Fichte, Hegel, Steffens, Schelling, and others, are immortal. The philologists and antiquarians, Bœckh, Lachman, both Grimms and Lepsius are immortally identified with the University. The historians, Raumer, Ranke, and a few more, are equally famous. In the line of naturalists and physicians, we mention Ehrenberg, Müller, and Schönlein. Those are all names known throughout the world of letters.

Its teaching force numbers one hundred members, including the private tutors, whilst over two thousand students are in attendance.

We mention of the Faculty, Twesten, Strauss, Nitzsch, Hengstenburg, and Lehnerdt.

Dr. Twesten succeeded Schleiermacher, in 1834, which of itself recommends him. He has furnished a Dogmatics.

Dr. Nitzsch is Marheinecke's successor. He is known publicly through his "System of Christian Life," and various other productions.

Dr. Hengstenberg, next to Neander and Tholuck, is best known of all the German divines, in England and America. His special strength lies in the sphere of Critical Exegesis on the Old Testament.

Dr. Strauss of Berlin is not the notorious Strauss of the "Life of Christ."

Dr. Lehnerdt is the successor to Neander, of blessed memory.

The University of Berlin is wielding an untold influence in Europe and other countries, and, without doubt, is one of the most celebrated Institutions of learning in the world. We leave it without attempting to delineate it any further.

V.—HALLE.

Already, in 1694, the foundations to the University of Halle were laid. In consequence of its union with the Wittenberg University, it is, perhaps, larger than any other in stipends, students, and Professors of Theol-

ogy. The so-called "Spener-Franklian Pietism" originated here. Halle, as is well known, was the home to the Fathers of the American Lutheran Church, which renders it again noteworthy. And, finally, Semler, the father of German Neology, renders it likewise famous. It accordingly fell under the dominion of Rationalism. How extremes will meet!

The venerable Knapp had for a long while been the sole Evangelical organ. But with all his learning and piety, he was supplanted by such characters as Gesenius and Wegschneider, who warped the minds of the youths, and truly *un*prepared them for the Ministerial office.

Dr. Tholuck succeeded Knapp, having been called from Berlin in 1827. He, with Thilo, Müller, Hupfield, Herzog and Moll, as well as Döhne, Guericke, Francke and Schwarz, constitute the strength of the University of Halle. The two first named are the most eminent, and may be said to have pioneered the way from Rationalism to Orthodoxy. The principal sphere of the former lies in New Testament Exegesis. He is the author of valuable Commentaries, editor of public organs, and an excellent pulpit orator. The name of Dr. Tholuck is almost as familiar as that of the most prominent native.

Dr. Julius Müller is of the same age with Tholuck, and, having served as pastor, was successively called to Göttingen, Marburg and Halle. His lectures cover the entire field of systematic and practical theology, and he is acknowledged as one of the most prominent divines of the XIXth century. His main strength lies in Dogmatics and Morals. His principal work is "The Christian Doctrine of Sin." He was an intimate friend of Neander and Nitzsch, and with them founded "Die Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben."

Thilo is second to none in dogmatical and ecclesiastical history. Hippe is the successor to Gesenius, and whilst he is not behind him in his knowledge of Oriental languages, he is far superior in sound theological and Christian sense. Herzog is a Reformed Swiss, the author of numerous productions, among which we may mention his Encyclopædia. Guericke likewise deserves to be mentioned. In connection with Halle and its University the name of Augustus Herman Francke will always be happily remembered, because of his Orphan House, which has by this time swelled to such proportions of grandeur. In him have we an example of practical religion and thorough learning united. He died in 1827, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

VI.—ERLANGEN.

The University of Erlangen is planted in the predominantly Catholic Kingdom of Bavaria. There it stands since 1743, and has become, in later times, the centre of revived Lutheran Symbolism for South Germany. Its intellectual head had been Dr. Harless, prior to his removal to Saxony. Hoefling, Thomasius, Hoffman, and Delitzsch are to be enumerated here as learned and pious men. These are all Confessionally Lutheran.

Aside of those, a Reformed Professorship likewise exists at Erlangen, with which Dr. Kraft was formerly connected, and more latterly, Dr. Ebrard. He commenced his academical life here, and subsequently had engaged in the University at Zurich, until his return to Erlangen. His name is familiar in America. He is a voluminous writer. He is the author of a "Criticism on Evangelical History," which is one of the best

replies to Strauss. We have also a "Dogmatical Treatise on the Lord's Supper" from his pen, and a collection of Reformed Liturgies. He at the same time continues Olshausen's Commentary on the New Testament, and edits a Reformed Church organ.

VII.—GÖTTINGEN.

In the year 1734, this University was located at Göttingen, in the Kingdom of Hanover, and, during the latter half of the past century, its departments were filled by some of the most celebrated men, among whom we will designate Mosheim, Walsh, and Planck, in Church History; Spittler and Heeren in Profane History; Michaelis, Eichhorn, and Ewald, in Oriental Philology and Old Testament Exegesis; Heyne and Ottfriede Müller (brother to the Theologian, Julius Müller), in Classical Antiquities, and both Grimms (now of Berlin), in German Antiquities. All these are famous men, and must contribute much power to any Institution of Learning.

In consequence of the overthrow of the Constitution, in 1837, this University sustained a severe shock, through the leaving of several of its liberal Professors, among whom the two Grimms', Dahlman, D. Müller, and Ewald were the chief. Müller died in Greece. Ewald was called to Tübingen, but recalled to Göttingen.

Its library is one of the richest and most valuable in Germany.

It possesses such men, furthermore, as Lücke, Giesseler, Reiche, Redepenning (the biographer of Origen), and Ehrenfeuchter, with a number of celebrated extraordinary Professors.

Dr. Lücke has more especially signalized himself through his Commentaries on the Three Epistles and the Revelation of St. John. He compares favorably, in this respect, with Winer, Tholuck, and Olshausen.

Dr. Geisseler is best known through his Church History, and stands forth prominently here, since the death of Neander especially. He has likewise written on the Traditions of Evangelical History, the Ebionites and Nazarenes.

Dr. Henry Ewald is, without doubt, one of the most profound scholars in the department of Philology, especially in the Oriental tongues. He labors likewise extensively in the Prophetico-Exegetical sphere, as is shown in his Commentaries on the Prophetical and Poetical Books of the Old Testament. His text book on the Hebrew language is not so well adapted for beginners as is that of Gesenius, but far more extensive. It appears, from several facts, that he is not free from egotism, which weakness renders him objectionable among his colleagues. This fault seems to cast a dark shadow over the bright escutcheon of his fame. But, rather than speak ill of any one, let us leave Göttingen.

VIII.—JENA.

In the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, in 1548, was founded the University of Jena. It is noted for the revival of German science and literature, during the close of the last, and opening of the present centuries, in consequence of its most genial Professors, Fichte, Fries, Schelling and Hegel. It constituted for some time the quarters for the leaders of the Romantic School—the two Schlegels, Zeick, Hardenberg (Novalis), who awakened a taste for the art and cultus of the Middle Ages. The heroes

of the classic school of German poetry visited here, from their neighboring home of the Muses—Wiemar. Among those are to be mentioned Goethe, Schiller (Professor of History for some time at Jena), Wieland, and Herder. All of them together, however, were scarcely calculated to effect a regeneration in theology, and, accordingly, the entire Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimer has never risen to any significance in the sphere of Christian life and ecclesiastical activity.

Still, reactionary signs are becoming manifest. Such names as Hase, Grimm, Hoffman, Lange, and Rückert are interwoven with this school.

Dr. Carl Hase is known far and near through his dogmatical and ecclesiastico-historical text-books, which are in a high degree remarkable for their brief, clear, and comprehsive style. His *Hutterus Redivivus* is an excellent objective representation of the orthodox Protestant Faith, as it had already been matured by the Lutheran scholastics of the XVIIth century, to wit: Calov, Quenstädt, Hutter, Hollaz, and others. Whilst he cannot be reckoned among the soundly orthodox divines, we would not class them either with the vulgar Rationalists.

Having learned this much—little though it be—let us go hence.

IX.—KIEL.

The University of Kiel stands in the German Grand-Duchy of Holstein since the year 1665. It has never been prominently before the learned world, though a respectable and worthy faculty is there engaged. We meet, at all events, with Pelt, Lüdeman, Thompson, and Gieseler, of Tübingen, who has created a reputation for himself through his profound work on the "Chronology of the Life of Christ and the Apostolic Age." Here, too, the venerable Claus Harms lived, labored and died. He was one of the most amiable of divines in Germany. He became famous by means of the active part which he played in resuscitating faith and church life in Germany, more chiefly through his Ninety-five Theses, framed during the Reformation Jubilee, in 1817. His Pastoral Theology grew out of his Lectures, delivered in the University of Kiel. Among the educated divines of America, who are familiar with the German language, the sermons of Claus Harms are well known.

X.—BONN.

The University at Bonn may be styled a young institution, since it dates its founding from 1818. It possesses a Catholic and Protestant Faculty. The latter branch is supplied by such men as Bleek, Rothe, Dorner, Hasse, and Lange.

Dr. Bleek began his career at Berlin, and was called to Bonn in 1830. He is Professor of Old and New Testament Exegesis, and a complete master in his sphere. He takes rank with Winer of Leipsig. He excels also in Oriental Scholarship. His principal work is a Commentary on the Hebrews.

Dr. Richard Rothe had been Director at Wittenberg and Heidelberg, and came to Bonn in 1849. He is known through his "Theological Ethics." Of his remaining productions, we mention but his "*Anfange der Christlichen Kirche und ihrer Verfassung.*"

Dr. Dörner is a Wittemberger. He began at Tübingen, was transferred to Kiel and Königsburg, and subsequently to Bonn. He has assumed a

prominent place among the theologians of Germany. His chief work is his "Historical Development of the Doctrine Concerning the Person of Christ."

Dr. Hasse (not the Church Historian at Jena) is known through his profound Monograph on Anselm of Canterbury.

Dr. Lange, formerly of Zurich, has of later years become known chiefly through his valuable Commentaries on the New Testament.

XI.—MARBURG.

The University of Marburg is planted in the Electorate of Hesse. It was founded in 1527, by the diligent supporter of the Reformation, the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, and became famous in consequence of the futile but interesting colloquy, in 1529, in reference to the Eucharist, between the Lutheran and Swiss theologians. It has ever been a seat of Reformed Theology, although falling under the influence of Rationalism, towards the close of the last century. It has, however, regained a sounder position.

There we see the theatre of Gildemeister, Heneke, Scheffer, Raneke, and Heppe. It is to be lamented, that the spirited, learned, and pious Dr. Henry Thiersch who taught here for several years, resigned his chair on account of his Irvinitish views—which, however, he, as an honest man, could not evade. His principal work—"Lectures on Catholicity and Protestantism"—has been extensively read.

XII.—ROSTOCK.

In Mechlenburg, A.D., 1449, this school was planted, and may consequently be considered among the oldest Universities of Europe. Engaged for a long period in a conflict with Rationalism, Orthodoxy gained the field, and revives, of later years, predominantly after the Lutheran mould.

Among its celebrated men, we may mention Krabbe, originally a pupil of Neander, and author of several Biblical Dogmatical Treatises; Baumgarten, one of the exiled Holstein Pastors, a disciple of Hengstenberg, and author of a Commentary on the Old Testament and the Acts of the Apostles. The younger Wiggins is favorably known through his "Ecclesiastical Statistics," and "History of the Evangelical Protestant Missions."

The most spirited Professor of this school is, doubtless, Dr. Kleifoth. He is of the Hegelian tendency, possessing a speculative mind, and yet a practical churchman, as well as decidedly orthodox, and occupies a prominent position. Among all the German Universities, that of Rostock is not the least.

XIII.

KÖNIGSBERG, GRIESWALD, BRESLAU AND GIESSEN.

The Universities are abundant in Germany, as you see from the group presented before us. We will merely mention and cast a hasty glance at them, in order to know what they are and where they are.

a.

Königsberg, the second city of Prussia, possesses its University since 1544. There we meet with Geboer, Seiffert, Sommer, and Erbkam.

Dr. Jacobi takes a high rank in this Institution.

b.

Griesswald lies in the Province of Pommem, and claims its Institution from the year 1456. Rosegarten, Vogt, Schirmer, and Semisch are of note among its Professors. The latter is known as the author of a profound Monograph on Justin Martyr.

c.

Breslau is the capital of Silesia. The Emperor Leopold founded its University in 1702. This is the head quarters of the lowest Rationalism, with Schulz at its pinnacle. The Rougian type of German Catholicism held sway latterly, which is, after all, only another phase of the same spirit.

Some truly Evangelical men, however, likewise labor here. We mention Hahne and Oehler. Huschke, the representative of Old Lutheranism in Silesia, is not a member of the Theological Faculty, but is engaged in the Department of Jurisprudence.

XIV.—A GROUP OF SWISS UNIVERSITIES.

Let us pay a passing and closing visit to Dorpat, where formerly the excellent Lutheran Theologian, Sartorius, labored, prior to his removal to Königsberg; to Strassburg in Elsars, and also to Basel, Zurich, and Bern.

The last three are in connection with the Reformed Church. Among the Theologians of German Switzerland, we must not forget to mention Dr. Hagenbach, of Basel, and Dr. Lange, of Zurich, and later of Bonn. The latter is called a "theological poet and a poetical theologian." He has written much of great value. His Commentaries will soon be turned into the English language, parts of which are already translated under the supervision of Dr. Schaff.

Thus we close our Sketches of the German Universities We trust they may have proven of some interest to the readers of the GUARDIAN. It is something already, to know that there are such places, schools, and men, even if we are fully persuaded we can never visit them. These Institutions and their Instructors exert an influence outside of their immediate localities and theatres, which reaches the far distant even. And if we have been instrumental in creating, in the minds of any single reader, a desire to possess and study one or more of their profound works on the Holy Scriptures, or kindred topics, we have not written for naught.

Should you, however, have waded through these dingy galleries, and endeavored to stutter forth those unwieldy Teutonic names, without deriving any benefit therefrom—then, dear reader, stop right *here!*

HE who does not accept the reality of the world's rebellion and ruin, and of the wrath and judgment which it brings, must certainly reject the whole book of Revelation from the canon; and, with it, tear away large and living portions of every preceding book of Scripture.—*Bernard.*

THE PENSILWAN'YAH INGLISH.

BY TEMPLETON.

I don't want to go no furder,
  Fur to hear *Erratums* sung,
Then to my most sweetest Mother
  Pensilwan'yah Inglish Tung.

It's a fashun kep a-goin',
  Fur to call them Dutchmens fools;
And to say, jist their Talk's owin',
  'Cause it's never larned in schools.

Sure this is a poorty story,
  When we know that good Queen Bess,
Gettin' from her grave up hoary,
  Wouldn't know our Inglish mess.

Some, who are well edekated.
  Ever say "Noo-ral-i-gy;"
Others, right smart kultevated,
  Speak of Roy-al-*i*-ty!

"Readin'" "'Maqua" and "Phildelfy;"
  Wilder*niss* and "Jimson-Weed;"
Valentine is turn'd to "Felty,"
  And "pertaturs" run to seed.

Flowers now stand in our "win*ders*,"
  While our heads on "pil*lars*" lie;
Nor is there a thing that hinders,
  To build our "*pe*titions" high.

Larn'd men write "Feb-*u* ary;"
  Jist as many—"Wed-*ens*-day;"
"Breth*ern*," say the wise and wary—
  "Gosp*ill*," tidy preachers say.

Mary now is always "Mollie"—
  All will wear their baby-names:
"Livie," "Sally," "Mattie," "Pollie"—
  Have we now for shaded dames!

Very few prepare to pucker
  Up their lips for double U;
What a mixtur' when they utter
  Them words—"Vine" and "Waterloo!"

"May" and "Might" fare little better;
"Shall" and "Will," "Have," "Had," and "Should;"
And by missing but one letter,
"Would" becomes the same as "Could!"

People now do their own "*set*tin'"—
They don't need no *clucks* for that—
And are constantly forgetting,
That a man don't crouch down flat.

Hear them callin': "Fath-*ah!*" "Moth-*ah!*"
*Ah*in' every word, of course:—
Sweetest "Sis-*tah!*" Sweetest "Broth-*ah!*"
Oh*ah* "Mist*ah!*"—And so forth.

Has the Yankee, Hoosier, Buckeye—
E'en the Chivalry—so much
Room to pipe his quackin' duck-cry,
O'er the "*Pensilwan'yah Dutch?*"

LARGE CLOCKS.

Mr. D. W. Bradley, City Time Keeper of New York, read a paper on "Tower Clocks" before the last meeting of the American Institute, Polytechnic Branch, which is reported in the *New York Tribune.* We give some extracts:

Trinity clock is the heaviest in America. The frame stands 9 feet long, 5 high, and 3 wide. The barrels are 20 inches, turning three times in 24 hours. The winding wheels are driven by a pinion and arbor. On the latter is placed a jack, or a wheel, a pinion, and a crank; 850 turns of the crank are required to draw up each of the weights. It takes 700 feet of 3-inch rope for three cords: and the winding up of the weights consumes more than an hour of time, and requires the labor of two men. The pendulum is 18 feet long, and makes 25 beats. I cannot think that Mr. Rogers had a correct notion of what he was going to do when he began the building of this clock. At first it would not run 7 days, and he was obliged to put in new main wheels. The clock was at last finished, and an agreement was made with the sexton's son that he should receive 25 cents whenever it stopped, provided he at once notified the time keeper; but as it stopped every day, and frequently three or four times a day, the expense of feeing the informer became irksome to bear, and the cumbrous time-piece was placed in new hands. By this time it had gained a poor reputation, which clings to it even in our day. The weights are 800, 1,200,and 1,500 pounds respectively, and drop 50 feet. A large box is placed at the bottom of the well, which holds about a bale of cotton waste to check the fall of a weight in case of accident. Two years ago I wound it up on Saturday, and on Sunday morning the chiming cord broke, letting the 1,500 pound weight fall a distance of 50 feet, causing much damage. The cotton box was strongly braced on all

sides, but the force of the blow burst it open. The contents were well scattered, otherwise the organ bellows, just in line below, would have contracted under a pressure somewhat greater than that which the "blower" was accustomed to exert upon them. . . A much better clock could be built of the metal contained in the frame and main wheels of Trinity's. . . . None of these clocks keep accurate time. Trinity does best, the clock of the Dutch Reformed Church next. . . . During the late heavy snow storm the north window in the clock-room of St. Paul's was blown open. The snow came in, partially covered the movement, and drifted down into the box to the depth of several inches, nearly covering the ball; yet the old pendulum waded through it with the glee of a school-boy, and stowed the snow on this side and that, and pelted it with such pertinacity that by the next morning the clock was 15 minutes ahead of time. The first warm day that followed, it fainted, and stopped running. . . . There was an old German clock on the Post-Office, but it was removed a long time ago. It had but one hand. . . . Old St. George's clock is about 50 years old. It is smaller than the others, but has gained a reputation for accuracy. Twenty years ago a person who had not St. George's time was supposed, like a busy man, to have no time at all. As it is soon to be pulled down no care is taken of its inside, and the figures on the dial are grown so rusty that the time can only be guessed at. At the City Hall we find a good clock. The pendulum, 15 feet long, vibrates in two seconds. The ball weighs 300 pounds. To counteract the effect of heat and cold, the compensation principle has been applied to this pendulum. The contraction of the iron rods which would draw up the ball is opposed by the greater contraction of the brass bar on which the ball rests, thus letting it down. When the rods expand the greater expansion of the brass bar lets it down—only it don't—that is, not yet. I regulated it from June, 1866, to February, 1867, without moving the hands, but after the latter date, for three or four months, I set it every week although the variations never exceeded 30 seconds. The pendulum has not lost one vibration in more than two years.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The wives of Luther, Jonathan Edwards, Burke, Fennimore Cooper, Mill, and Hitchcock, have shown how greatly educated women may aid their husbands in literary pursuits. Educated mothers are qualified to instruct their children and to awaken in them a taste for learning. The mother of Miss Maria Mitchell was much distinguished in her youth for her fondness of books. The distinguished and wise-hearted Duchess of Kent was able to arrange and superintend the whole manner of the education of her daughter, the illustrious Queen of England, and she did this making it her great purpose to train her to be worthy of the crown which she now wears. "I was mainly educated by my mother," says Sarah Josepha Hall. Alfred's mother "made him all he was in his own age

and all that he is to ours." Felicia Hemans had an accomplished mother. The mother of the great and departed John Quincy Adams was a woman of rare attainments and of a bright genius.

Cuvier's mother was pious, a lover of nature, and used to accompany him to and from school, and to point out the interesting natural objects they met, and to excite in him a taste for the study of the works of God. She stimulated his passion for reading, and judiciously selected his books, and he acquired in childhood an accurate and extensive knowledge. At the age of fourteen he formed a society of intelligent lads. Says M. Girardin: "There is no instance of a mother who can read and write, whose children are not likewise able to read and write."

The mother, then, under whose sole influence the child is for years, from whom it acquires its tastes and its character, should not only be educated, but educated in the most thorough manner, and have her mind stored with varied learning, so that she may be able to answer the multitude of questions, that will be put to her by her inquisitive child, on art, science, literature, and religion, and thus to stimulate his curiosity and awaken his mind. An ignorant and narrow-minded woman will not be likely to make her son or daughter the opposite of herself.

And if she is never to become a wife or mother, her happiness and her influence for good, other things being equal, as a teacher, physician, a writer, or in any capacity, will be in proportion to the extent of her education. On this point history is full of examples.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

THE ESCAPE.

BY MARY.

"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler."—*Psalm* CXXIV, 7.

How crafty, and full of all malice and hate,
Is he, the destroyer, who lieth in wait
The feet of the unwary soul to ensnare;
Then laughs at the cries of its frantic despair.

Like the net which held Magdalen fast in its threads
Of seven-fold thickness, his meshes he spreads;
He promises good to our grovelling sight;
With "pleasure!" his siren-song charms away fright.

And then, when we wake to ourselves again,
Bound, prisoned, ensnared! how we labor and strain!
How we flutter and beat, how we plunge to and fro!
To the savage delight of our merciless foe.

Vain, vain the endeavor; and vain our weak might;
The cords we would loosen are drawn the more tight:
Till, weary and worn, in despair we resign
At length, and in hunger and hopelessness pine.

When help, hope and mercy seem things that are not,
One who the great fowler in battle hath fought,
Proved victor, and captive captivity led,
With His sharp sword of Truth doth demolish each thread.

Our soul is escaped like a bird! like a bird
How free and how joyful our song should be heard!
How our wings should bear upward the incense of praise
And thanksgiving, to the great Ancient of Days.

In our prison we struggled ourselves to set free,
Till our strength is decayed, and each feeble knee,
The arms that hang down, and the feeble strains
Of praise are mementoes of prison pains.

Its dust and torn meshes are fetters that clog
That dim faith's vision like a dense morning fog;
But the glorious Sun of Righteousness brings
Light, healing and strength on His mighty wings.

The darkness and heaviness vanish away
When the sun in its beauty doth usher in day;
But noon cometh not until after the morn:
Nor is life in the vigor of manhood when born.

With your cradle-hymn bless Him, then, new-fledged souls:
Your song shall grow stronger, till, with that which rolls
Round the throne where the ransomed in glory are blest,
It floats with the perfume of joy, peace and rest.

Wait thou on the Lord; and thy strength thou'lt renew;
Thy soul shall mount higher than eagles e'er flew;
With running on duty thy strength shall not fail;
Thy brow with the shadow of death ne'er shall pale.

AN ORIENTAL NIGHT.

It is impossible for those who have never visited the glowing East to form an adequate idea of the exceeding beauty of an oriental night. The sky—which bends enamored over clusters of graceful palm-trees fringing some slow moving stream, or groves of dark motionless cypresses rising up like Gothic spires from the midst of white, flat-roofed villages—is of the deepest, darkest purple, unstained by the faintest film of vapor, undimmed by a single fleecy cloud. It is the very image of purity and peace, idealizing the dull earth with its beauty, elevating sense into the sphere of soul, and suggesting thoughts and yearnings too tender and ethereal to be invested with human language. Through its transparent depths the eye wanders dreamily upward until it loses itself on the thresholds of other worlds. Over the dark mountain ranges the lonely moon walks in the brightness, clothing the landscape with the pale glories of a mimic

day; while the zodiacal light, far more distant and vivid than it is ever seen in this country, diffuses a mild pyramidal radiance above the horizon, like the after-glow of sunset. Constellations, tremulous with excess of brightness, sparkle in the heavens, associated with classical myths and legands which are a mental inheritance to every educated man from his earliest years. There the ship Argo sails over the trackless upper ocean in search of the golden fleece of Colchis; there Perseus, returning from the conquest of the Gorgons, holds in his hand the terrible head of Medusa; there the virgin Andromeda, chained naked to the rock, awaits in agony the approach of the devouring monster; there the luxuriant yellow hair of Berenice hangs suspended as a votive offering to Venice; while the dim, misty track formed by the milk that dropped from Juno's breast, and which, as it fell upon the earth, changed the lilies from purple to a snowy whiteness, extends across the heavens, like the ghost of a rainbow. Conspicuous among them all, far up toward the zenith, lies Orion, with his blazing belt, meets the admiring eye, suggestive of golden memories and kind thoughts of home; while immediately beyond it is seen the familiar cluster of the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, glittering and quivering with radiance in the amethystine ether, like a breastplate of jewels—the Urim and Thummim of the Eternal

—*Hugh Macmillan's Bible Teaching in Nature.*

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

BRITISH JUSTICE.

The late Sir Culling Eardley was for many years prominent in the leading religious movements of England. A son, who succeeded to his title and estate, is by his wicked life bringing dishonor upon the memory of his father. Some years ago he married an American lady. Afterwards he returned to England and married another. The American party prosecuted him before the English court for bigamy. The result is that Sir Culling Eardley is sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment at hard labor. What a grand thing is this sturdy impartial English justice, which bravely punishes crime, whether perpetrated by a beggar or a nobleman! The fate of Sir Culling Eardley should be a warning to all young men of fortune. What a bright promising youth he enjoyed. A father admired and esteemed by the Christian world, with a vast estate at his command, doted over his boy, and tried to prepare for him a bright and prosperous future. The heir of an unblemished paternal character and estate, becomes a rake, whose soft hands are now toiling in the work-house.

AMERICAN EMPLOYMENTS.

The United States have a population of about 35,000,000. Among these are 3,219,495 farmers; 481,905 mechanics and manufacturers; 969,000 day laborers; 560,000 servants; 123,000 merchants: 185,000 clerks; 54,000 physicians; 38,000 ministers of the gospel; 33,190 lawyers; in all 5,662,590. This is something over one-sixth of the entire population. The remaining five-sixths consists of women and persons under age.

LIFE IN SYBARIS.

The inhabitants of the Island of Sybaris, in southern Europe, seem to be a very happy people. In the Capital of the island the dwellings are so arranged, that four families employ one set of servants, one cook does all the cooking for the four in one kitchen. Four houses, each with its half-acre garden, stand near each other. There is one large play-house for all the children. The four families have one "book room" or library. This contains four book-cases, one owned by each family. The four together make a large private library, each family having the privilege of using the books of all the rest. The people go to church in small steam wagons, run by means of naptha or petroleum. Sometimes as high as sixty-five of these wagons are hitched around the church, during services. Girls and boys, men and woman, all swim like fishes; they are taught the art at a very early age. After seven years no scholar is permitted to go forward with his studies in school unless he can swim. They say if you must be at the charge of training them, it would be a pity to have them drowned just when they are fit for anything. The pastor of one of the largest churches says, that for thirty-one years not one of his people has been arraigned before a court for misdemeanor. "If such a misfortune did happen to us, every man I met in the street would stop me to sympathize with me. I should know that people thought we had made some bad mistake in our arrangements, if we should have a series of such things happen. Of course, we cannot help people's throwing themselves away. But it is supposed that if Christianity means anything, it means that Jesus Christ came to take away the sins of the world; and this church is regarded as his representative."

ILL-MANNERED PEOPLE.

We deem it a great kindness when a friend loans us a valuable book. Thereby we become an owner of the contents, and therefore if our mind is not too leaky, in part owner of the book. In a certain sense, the lender makes us a present of it. We should be guilty of stealing did we not return the book to the owner—and of ingratitude and ill manners did we not return it within a reasonable time, and return it as we got it, with its pages unsoiled and untorn. Perhaps our friend might feel a delicacy to ask for a return of the book, lest he might wound our feelings. Or not having kept a record of books loaned out, he might not know that we had it. How very rude and thankless on our part not to return the book. In reading the work a striking thought may here and there tempt us to draw a pencil mark on the margin of a page or write our comments there, thus seriously damaging another's property. We have sundry valuable works, thus marred by rude borrowers, whose pages excite anything but pleasant thoughts of those who thus abused our kindness. 1. Return your borrowed books and return them in time. 2. Do not presume to write a commentary on the margin of a borrowed book, until you are asked by the owner to do it.

DEAD LETTERS.

More than 2,500,000 letters were sent to the Dead Letter office at Washington last year, of these 1,000,000 were without signatures and misdirected. More than 1,500,000 were returned to their writers. These letters contained nearly $150,000 in money; bills of exchange, checks and deeds to the value of $5,000,000; and over 49,000 contained jewelry, photographs and other articles.

IMMORALITIES OF FAIRS.

A Rochester paper, referring to the results of the horse-racing, which has grown to be a leading feature of the cattle shows in Western New York as well as other parts of the country, says that, whether it is necessary to increase the breed of fast horses or not, "it is plain that the numbers of fast young men and women are increased with an unnecessary rapidity, while their morals and manners are not in the least improved. Gambling and betting, drunkenness and

profanity are getting to be as common at county fairs, as at any race-course in the country; and men who regard their character of any account are obliged to keep away, or be accused of countenancing these growing evils." One of the satirical writers of the day, in reporting his visit to a cattle-show, humorously says: "There was tew yoke of oxen on the ground, besides several yokes of sheep and a pile of carrots, and some worsted work, but they didn't seem to attract enny sympathy. The people hanker after pure agricultural hoss-trots."

IMAGINARY TROUBLE.

Half the trouble people have they make themselves. They try to get rid of things which God sends upon them for their special blessing, and worry themselves into a fidgety of fretful moroseness, because their efforts prove unsuccesful. Our ancestors of the last century were in the habit of wearing a large bunch of natural hair hanging down the back, tied together in the form of a pigtail, and hence called by this name! A certain German balled tells of a worthy gentleman who imbibed the idea that his pigtail was on the wrong side of his head, and worked himself into a world of trouble about it. The story has been prettily rendered into English by Thackeray, the following verses:

There lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mus'd upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he "The mystery I've found;
I'll turn me round." He turned him round,
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack;
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack;
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

HOW MY HORSE STARES AT YOU!

When any indecent or profane language was uttered in the presence of the Rev. Jonathan Scott, pointed reproof was sure to be given; but there was at once a peculiar delicacy in the management, as well as singular fidelity in the application of it. An ostler at an inn in Coventry, being about to do something for his horse, used some profane language; when the animal turning round to look at Mr. Scott, he improved the opportunity, and said to the ostler, "Do you observe how my horse stares at you? He is not used to such bad words at home: he never hears an oath there; and he does not know what to make of it." Thus the profane sinner was reproved, but could not be offended.

Rev. D. G. Klein, Walker, Pa.,	3	00	18 & 19
Miss. M. C. Myers, Clinton, "	1	50	19
Miss Agnes Aughenbach Sugar Valley, Pa.,	1	50	19
Jonathan Mengel, Reading, Pa.,	1	50	19
W. H. Miller. (club), "	1	11	19
Mrs Mary Hain, "	1	11	19
Miss Sarah Bady, "	1	11	19
Mrs. Rebecca Sheneman, "	1	11	19
Geo. B. Price, "	1	11	19
Miss Amelia Burgaman, "	1	11	19
John H. Ruth, "	1	11	19
Wm. Royer, Meyerstown, Pa.,	1	50	19
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J. Tritle, McConnellsburg, Pa.,	1	50	19
M. E. Frank, Copley Centre, O.,	1	00	on ac't.
Mrs. Beand, Wakeshma, M ch.,	1	50	19
Miss Sue Neff, Alexandria, Pa,,	1	50	19
Henry Wilson, Newport, Pa.,	1	50	19
Miss A. M. Neuber, Philada., "	1	50	19
Dr. J. E. Facker, Webster, Ohio,	2	00	19 & 20
Saml. Doll, East Greenville, Ohio	1	00	19
Y. M. Reading R'm, Dayton, "	1	00	18
A. C. Stahr, Applebachsv'l, Pa.,	1	50	19
Miss Fannie Hersperger, Jefferson, Md.,	1	50	19
Miss A. Hoffman, Jefferson, Md.,	1	50	19
D. Delantee, Petersville. "	1	50	19
E. B. Kneedler, Quakertown, Pa.,	1	25	19
J. G. Brown, Camden, Del.,	4	00	17 to 19
F. W Gerhart, Limerick, Pa.,	1	50	19
Miss S. Schuler, Dillingersville,	1	50	19
J. Royer, Schaefferstown, Pa.,	1	50	19
W. H. Cassler, Catasauqua, Pa.,	1	50	19
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Rev. C. J. Becker, "	1	50	19
Mat'da Bechtel, Pennsburg, Pa.,	1	50	19
Rev. J. H. Kummer, Philada., "	1	50	19
Miss R. Heller, Mill Hall, "	1	50	19
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.,** Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY $1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with $9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for $15; twenty-seven for $30.

Discontinuances.—As all subscriptions are commenced with the beginning of the Volume, so discontinuances can take place only with the close. To insure a discontinuance, *written* notice must be sent direct to the publishers before the close of the year, and all arrearages paid. If the notice be received after one or more numbers of a new volume have been sent, the subscriber will be charged for the full year thus commenced. ADDRESS—

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers,

No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

LIFE,

LIGHT, LOVE.

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A Monthly Magazine,

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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

MAY,

1868.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

JAS. B. RODGERS, PR

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—MAY, 1868.—No. 5.

THE NURSERY OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

This is preëminently an age of Humbug. All the world is susceptible of being imposed upon. Medicines for the body and medicines for the soul are not only made, but make fortunes for their makers. With what a greed and growing passion the great world evermore thirsts for more to imbibe and devour, to the infinite delight of the fortune-making servants of Humbug. 'Tis bad enough that the human body should be immolated on the altar of this idol of a deluded public. But when the soul is claimed for a victim, we demand that the hideous features of the false god be unmasked, that all may see who and what he is.

There can be no doubt that a certain class of cunning, crafty persons, are using the Sunday-schools of this country as a means of money-making, in the sacred name of religion. We can see no harm in the author of a good Sunday-school book, expecting and receiving a reasonable remuneration for his labor. But when writers and publishers flood the juvenile book market with a mass of semi-pagan productions, containing scarcely enough sound moral teaching to blind the minds of the unsuspecting, to their pernicious ingredients; pandering to the natural passion for tales of fictitious piety and artificial sorrow, so as to make their stuff more palatable to the unsanctified heart, and more profitable to the greedy unscrupulous tradesmen, we maintain that it is high time for the lovers and trainers of the young, to be more discriminating in the selection of Sunday-school books.

Some of our friends, whose good opinion we highly esteem, are greatly pleased with the prolific productions of our Sunday-school Muse. Very faithful she certainly is, giving birth to a Sunday-school music book every few months. Before the children have learned to sing one half the hymns in a new book, a newer one still leaps into the arena, claiming to be better than any of its predecessors. Now, although it is unwise to change music books so often, if their contents were always of the proper kind, this haste for making money off of the children might be in a measure tolerated. But the music and the sentiment of a great mass of them are

entirely unsuited for the religious instruction of children. The evil has increased until our Sunday-schools have been deluged with a species of doggerel, which, in sentiment and sound, makes a most irreligious impression on the minds of the children.

A certain American divine is of the opinion, that it is unfair to give the devil all the best tunes, and therefore insists that "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed," should be sung to the tune of "Old Susanna." In some of these books "Jerusalem, my happy home" is sung to "Lily Dale", and "Jesus my all to heaven is gone" to "Dixie." In a popular Sunday-school book on our table, we find the first tune the "Grambampali" sung to a famous beer song, in almost every beer "Kneipe" of Germany. A very stirring melody, to be sure, but sung in our Sunday-schools to the very great amusement of our unbelieving anti-Sunday-school fellow citizens of teutonic birth. Many a joke do they have at our expense, as they peep into our Sunday-schools, and see the heads and heels of the godly urchins keeping time to their beer melody, which calls up many associations of Sunday revelry in the fatherland.

Much of the sentiment of the hymns could be just as acceptably said and sung in Jewish or Mohammedan schools as in ours. Hymns which tell the children to get up early, and the parents to send them early to school; singing to the trees, the birds, the hills, damning the naughty and dubbing the saintly with titles to mansions in the skies—all this and much more is sung with voices sweet as angels use, in the name of praise and worship! Certainly they ought to come to school in time; to be sure the birds, trees and hills are beautiful, and we should thank God for them; good children will go to heaven and bad ones won't. But to sing all this to God, when in reality it is addressed to creatures, is a most undevout absurdity in the name of worship.

We are happy to find a severe, yet just critique on "the Sunday-school Muse" in the March number of the "Hours at Home." It says: "The publication of the 'Juvenile Psalmist' (by Lowell Mason, in 1829) at the request of the 'Boston Sabbath-school Union,' proved to be like the leaking out of water, and a stream of singing-books, big and little, has flowed in upon us ever since, sometimes at the rate of half a dozen or more in a single year. Under all names and titles they have come, sometimes simply as 'Music-books,' 'Singing-books,' 'Hymn books,' 'Melodies' &c.; sometimes impersonated as 'Minstrels,' 'Psalmists,' 'Pilgrims,' 'Oriolas' 'Cherubs;' sometimes 'as things without life-giving sound,'—and with the old uncertainty as to 'what is piped or harped,' rather aggravated since Corinthian days."

Undeniably our Sunday-school music is in unsafe hands. The hymns these little ones learn to sing will live in their hearts forever. A well-spring of eternal song will they be unto them, if they are Christian hymns, unburdened by the associations of unhallowed use. In such a receptive and fruitful soil seed sowing is a solemn mission. This mass of mischievous material must be sifted. A stern censor is needed, who has the judgment and courage to examine every candidate to juvenile favor according to the criticism of a sound theology and hymnology and of a good musical taste.

"We let a new hymn into our books a great deal too readily. We ought to stop it, and challenge it, and try it with varying tests before we

give it entrance. What then shall be done with the Sunday-school Muse? First, gag her. She has done enough for the present. Pick out the gems from her productions, and let her rest a while. She does too much producing half-a-dozen music books a year, with the words and tunes warranted new, the chances are tremendously against the excellence of any. And when the greatest merit of a hymn is reckoned to be its novelty, we may be sure that there is something wrong in our methods of judgment. So then we say, although this is a free country, and the Muse is an unshackled fowl, let her be silenced as soon as may be. And to that end let us begin by putting away the heresy that, when a hymn or tune has been sung a few times, and has grown familiar, it is time to have done with it, and it must be considered spoiled. Good hymns cannot spoil by use—cannot be sung too often. Familiarity with them breeds reverence and not contempt. And though the adoption of this principle might be bad for the Sunday-school-music-book-trade, and discouraging to the poets who are called on for hymns continually, it would be good for every body else."

It has all along been a great misfortune, that such an important institution as the Sunday-school, should have been left to develop so much at random. Superintendents and teachers have had few opportunities to prepare themselves for their special duties. Of course we have had Bible classes and a certain kind of books. But these will not suffice. The school system of Germany has been methodized. Many works have there been written on Catechetics and Pedagogueics. In the religious training of the young the pastor is the chief teacher; and the school-teacher of the congregation, especially educated for his work, is his assistant. In this country pastors are likewise at the head of Sunday-schools—at least they ought to be. Yet at best they have little to do with the teaching. The superintendent and teachers ought to be specially educated and trained for their calling. In the absence of this training they labor under many disadvantages.

A small volume of 256 pages has recently been published by J. C. Garrigues & Co., which we believe will become a valuable help in this direction.* Its author, Mr. R. G. Pardee is well known as an experienced and proficient laborer in the Sunday-school cause. The book is a sort of a manual for all laborers in this field of church activity. It gives instruction to Superintendents, Librarians, Secretaries and Teachers, and just such instruction as they need. The History of the Sunday-school, Sunday-school Conventions and Sunday-school Institutes, how to conduct Infant schools, and Bible classes, and kindred subjects are here treated in an apt and instructive style.

Robert Raikes is generally regarded as the founder of Sunday-schools. One of our Sunday-school songs even obliges the children to sing this statement. But the Sunday-afternoon Catechization of the children by the pastor, practiced in the Reformed churches since the Reformation, shows that among German Christians it has been a pious custom for centuries. For this reason the Heidelberg Catechism was divided into fifty-two parts or lessons, giving one lesson for every Sunday afternoon in the year. And according to this custom a Pennsylvania German started a Sunday-school thirty-four years before Robert Raikes made his beginning in Gloucester,

* The Sabbath School Index, by R. G. Pardee, A. M.

England. "The first Sabbath-school of which we have any authentic, definite, and detailed account, extending over a period of a quarter of a century, was that established by Ludwig Hacker in Ephrata, Lancaster county, Pa., as early as the year 1747. It was continued during a period of more than thirty years until the building was taken for a soldier's Hospital in the time of the Revolutionary War. It enjoyed its precious seasons of revival, and had its children's meetings, and we are informed, that many children were hopefully converted to God. We have before us a long letter from Dr. Fahnestock to the Rev. W. T. Brantley, D. D., of Philadelphia, written in 1835, detailing many interesting facts connected with the history of this Sabbath-school, drawn from living pupils and records."

A Superintendent's office is difficult to fill. That which demands his care "is not a cause of small import." Dr. J. W. Alexander used to say: "That man who can well superintend a Sabbath-school can command an army." "If he stands at the desk like a cold snow-capped mountain or floats about the school like a majestic iceberg, the whole atmosphere of the school will be cold. If he is warm and genial, such will be the school." "Superintendents should be cautious whom they invite to address the school, and particularly strangers, of whom they know but little, only that they are called very good men. Few persons can address a Sunday-school with profit."

The book contains excellent advice for Teachers. "He is to draw all the information he can from the class. To induce the class to find out all for themselves they can. Never teach what you do not quite understand. Clear knowledge makes clear pleasant teaching. Never tell a child what you can make that child tell you. He will thus remember it ten times as long. Never give a piece of information without asking for it again. Never use a hard word if an easy one will convey your meaning; and never use any word at all, unless you are sure it has some meaning to convey."

The pastor is the chief leader of the school. If possible he should visit it every Sabbath. His presence alone will cheer the hearts of the teachers and scholars. These are his true working members, who have special claims upon him, and he upon them.

Of course, like all human productions, this volume has its faults. Some of the author's views are impracticable. His impatience for greater progress here and there leads him into visionary schemes; into the adoption of some Sunday-school experiments which are of doubtful propriety. We are not certain that it is wise to hold children's prayer-meetings, as he proposes, separate from the exercises in the school. There is the time and place to pray—Superintendent, teachers and scholars all together. We must be careful not to put the armor of Goliah upon David—not to teach them to ape older people in everything. Children are children. Such let them remain until God makes them something different. This hastening process, which requires children to meet and in all things to demean themselves as grown people, is unnatural and unwise.

These little ones are much prettier, and more heavenly, if left in their proper sphere. Most tenderly and tellingly do the sweet beings preach to us. Not very long ago we buried a little boy, scarcely twelve years old. A dear bright little fellow, he was, a member of a small country Sunday-school, of which his father is the Superintendent. His tender heart was wholly rapt up in this school. Young as he was, he prayed for it, read

many of its books, and loved its scholars and teachers and they loved him. He was the pet of his parents, and the pet of the school. Very unexpectedly God took this pet lamb of the flock to heaven, to fix many loving hearts more firmly there. As his end approached, he spoke like one about to take a journey to a pleasant land, whither his dear friends would soon follow. He called his little comrades to his dying bed and gave them little gifts that others had given him; giving some too to his brother and sisters. He begged them not to weep for him, because he would soon reach the "happy land"—begged them too to follow him thither, that he would await their coming. Thus he fell asleep. At his large funeral his life and death were made to speak words of love and counsel to the living. That night many parents pressed their little ones to their hearts and prayed, "let us and our children live and die as did our neighbor's boy." Since then there are hearts that are feeling a growing sense of need, and are seeking "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." When the school, after being closed for the winter, opened in spring, many a tearful eye turned over to the vacant seat in his class, as his father with a full heart greeted them at their first meeting. And as the children walked home, they thought and spoke of his grave on the green hill-side, and of his home in heaven.

"GOING HOME."

"We said that the days were evil,
We felt that they might be few;
For low was our fortune's level,
And heavy the winter grew;
But one who had no possession,
Looked up to the azure dome,
And said in his simple fashion,
'Dear friends, we are going home!'

This world is the same dull market,
That wearied the earliest sage;
The times to the wise are dark yet,
But so hath been many an age.
And rich grow the toiling nations,
And red grow the battle spears;
And weary with desolations,
Roll onward the burdened years.

What need of the changeless story,
Which time hath so often told,
The spectre that follows glory,
The canker that comes with gold;
That wisdom, and strength, and honor,
Must fade like the far sea foam,
And Death is the only winner,
But friends, we are going home!

The homes we had hoped to rest in
  Were open to sin, and strife;
The dreams that our youth was blest in,
  Were not for the wear of life;
For care can darken the cottage,
  As well as the palace hearth,
And birthrights are sold for pottage,
  But never redeemed upon earth.

The Springs have gone by in sorrow,
  The Summers were grieved away;
And ever we feared to-morrow,
  And ever we blamed to-day.
In depths which the searchers sounded,
  On hills which the high heart clomb,
Have trouble and toil abounded,
  But friends, we are going home!

Our faith was the fairest builder,
  But found not a stone of trust;
Our love was the bravest gilder,
  But lavished its wealth on dust;
And Time hath the fabric shaken,
  And Fortune the clay hath shown;
For much they have changed, and taken,
  But nothing, that was our own.

The light that to us made baser,
  The paths that so many choose,
The gifts there was found no place for,
  The riches we could not use,
The heart that when Life was wintry,
  Found Summer in strain, and tone,
With these, to our kin and country,
  Dear friends, we are going home."

TO THE EDITOR. — The above poem, we have never seen in print, nor is the name of the author certainly known; although some ascribe it to a sister of Mrs. Hemans. OPAL

THE FIRST STEP.

There is an old Latin motto, often quoted, which is designed to convey in concise language a lesson of vast importance — *obsta principiis:* resist the beginnings. However insignificant the fault may seem to be, however slight the departure from the strict line of rectitude, if we are but careful not to take the *first* step in the downward course we are safe. If there be no first error, there certainly can be no second.

On the other hand, if we yield to the first temptation, we shall be less able to resist the second. The indulgence we have already allowed prepares us for another. Gradually, and more easily than we are apt to suppose, habits are formed; and that which might have been so readily resisted at the beginning, has become a chain that binds us in a cruel bondage.

The traveler on an Alpine height amused himself with setting in motion a small mass of snow; ere long an avalanche spread ruin through the smiling vale beneath. The children at play on the Holland dyke were delighted to guide the escaping rill into mimic waterfalls, which their little hands controlled at will; ere long a mighty tide poured over the fields its devastating floods. The first oath — the first theft — the first untruth — the first Sabbath desecration — how easy it seemed to the wanderer to retrace his step and regain the straight path from which he had only begun to swerve. Was it easy? Alas! almost impossible.

The first ungentle word, wounding the heart of a friend, how easy it had been to repress it altogether, how slight the self-control it would have required! and now how wide the breach, how sadly enstranged the hearts that once loved so tenderly, that confided so trustfully! That first evening which witnessed our neglect of the Bible, our omission of prayer — to what a long, weary declension it led the way! Ah, tempted hearts! let us resist the first inclination to neglect a duty, the first syllable of bitterness that trembles upon our lips, the first step in the rapidly descending path of sin; and that we may resist successfully, let us seek strength from One who was "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—*Pres Banner.*

SOCIAL ABUSES.*

BY PERKIOMEN.

Complaints and protests are being loudly recorded against the tyranny of abuses, holding their sway within the domain of modern society. And yet, in spite of all the inconvenience and suffering even, occasioned by their exactions, it seems after all, that no one is bold enough to declare war in earnest against them. Were they matters of Law and Statute, it would be quite impossible to be a good citizen, without becoming a fool, at the same time. To such a legal position Fashion, however, has not yet attained — thanks to the French!

But custom is law too, as well as decorum. Whoever does not pay court to it, is not comely, nor wise, and cannot live happily. And aware of this, who is not provoked to ape the follies of the world? And yet, reason pronounces him alone wise, who discerns the intrinsic worth of virtue and despises the applause of fools. He loves to do good, not because of the plaudits rendered it, but because *it is* good. Furthermore, goodness is happiness. Hence wisdom is ever concerned for goodness, and arranges its affairs, not in accordance with the whims of mortals, but according to the innate value of the act. The test to the correctness of its conclusions consists always in the experience of a real and enduring contentment of heart.

All the governing abuses in society are of a silly nature; they impose a superfluous yoke; they dissipate our thoughts; they enlist us in a thousand and one useless *minutiæ* and disturb our peace of mind by reason of a multitude of vain reproaches.

* Baron Von Loen, A. D. 1752, has suggested a number of thoughts in this article.

And now, what are, properly speaking, Social Abuses? And whence is our deliverance? We understand by abuses, all such conduct, by which those certain customs, introduced for our general well-being, are carried to such an extremity, as to become overgrown with all manner of dissipation, injury and vexation. We render them a voluntary homage, distinct from the discharge of duty, since the latter is enforced by means of enacted laws.

Fashion, as the silly elf is called, is the mother of Social Abuses. They are manifest all over the race, in various ways, more especially, in table-manners, style of dress, visits and ceremonies, as well as in other parallel spheres, in which human pride struggles for an opening.

To what a fearful degree have not abuses grown at our social gatherings and festival occasions! Cordiality and sincerity are clean gone, and viands and victuals fill out their room. The guests are rather witnesses to a prodigal luxury, than partakers of a palatable feast. The culinary art, which no one feels like despising, is nevertheless so villianously practiced, as almost to destroy health and life. Seneca already told us, that a variety of dishes breeds a variety of diseases. As a consequence, the body politic became infected. The vigorous Romans, the mighty conquerors of nations, became no sooner devotees to luxury, than that this effeminacy rendered them, at the same time, delicate, timorous and degraded. They were oppressed and exhausted by their emperors, and then again by the barbarians. We, as a people, have imitated their virtues, and what different destiny awaits us, should we ape after their follies? We already sigh for the unsophisticated and natural assemblies of friends, as congregated in former days. The visitors did not interfere with their neighbors then, since if engagements and duties pressed, why they went their way again and called some other day. They were not so sensitive nor so easily slighted either. They sat down to meal, *a la fortune du ben*, as they say in Paris. The table was set without pageantry, prodigality or prolixity and with moderation and an eye to health. The good housewife did not disfigure her face with unsightly grimaces, in case an unexpected guest "happened in." The ties of human society were all the more firmly knit, in consequence of such confidential treatment, and since it was possible to associate without compulsion, or inconvenience, that peculiar enjoyment was relished, which a natural fellowship must and will afford, but which is so sadly missed among us now. Our associatings and companionships are measured and circumscribed. The day and hour are mechanically proclaimed in advance. Look at this:

> "Mr. and Mrs. Fopdoodle present their Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Stilts and request their company on Tuesday, at 7 o'clock."

That is called an "invitation" with us, done up in due form. Aside of one of those warm solicitations our grandmothers used to utter, this modern thing strikes us more like some writ, issued from the Prothonotary's Office. Three generations ago, such a "Note" would have been taken as a *Notice*, and would have been interpreted by them, as an injunction to go to jail, rather than to spend an evening in social enjoyment.

The interval is filled out with making arrangements for the contemplated coming together. Many are the doubts, lest sickness or the weather might prevent their attendance, and then all the preparations are lost.

We often think such a sick spell might better occur before hand, since it is sure to follow after. What a consternation now, in case any one drops in uninvited, when such a movement is in progress! Is there a grain of dust, which the broom has skipped, or a spot which no one observes, the apologies and excuses run as from a spigot. Besides, "Excuse my appearance," must never be forgotten, as though not to be fixed and frizzed above one's position, circumstances and means were a highly criminal act.

But Tuesday comes at last, and 7 o'clock too, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Fopdoodle to the "residence" of Mr. and Mrs. Stilts. The parlor wears all the appearance of a church, without the air of sanctity. The chairs stand coldly and mechanically about. The "company" put themselves on a stretcher for the evening. What a straining from first to last! Word, manner and act are accurately measured. All sit up stiff and starched, as on a mantel-piece. Why don't they sit *down*, free and easy, we wonder? Not a soul dare laugh — a good hearty laugh from below; they only snigger. Their hands are folded as if vesper prayers were to be said. Mind that porcelain spittoon, but spit in it if you dare! It is the quintessence of good breeding to eulogise the performances on the piano, even if you lie most mendaciously all the while; for, remember, the whole thing is a stage and we are only actors, and consequently must play the hypocrite all through.

"*Tea* is ready" now, and so are we for another sham. It is very commendable not to budge when the call is made. Sit still; let on not to have heard a breath of it. Hesitate a good spell; get up, but don't go — that's the style. If it is insisted that you shall advance, move slowly in another direction; perform a few graceful manœuvres around the room; perform a circle; open the album and glance dextrously into the mirror. Finally step out with a complaisant air. In the dining-room you must not perform any flank movements, but stand still, like a baulky horse, even if a whole train of followers are waiting for you to advance. If asked to take this or that chair, pretend as though you would rather stand — would rather wait. At last do just what you intended to do from the very outset. Accordingly as you have played your part well, you will be counted among the pupils of Chesterfield.

There's a *napkin!* Take it, but never wipe your mouth or fingers with it. Do you see those tumblers with water and a lemon-rind afloat? They are to wet the fingers with. Sam and I once drank it for lemonade. Jupiter Olympus, what a blunder! We left in the first boat and were never invited there since. Those *forks*, mind you, must be taken into the *right* hand, no matter what our mothers told us when we first handled them. Sip all your tea with a spoon, and never drink it in a real satisfactory way. If asked what your choice part of a fowl is, never specify any part. Say: "No choice!" — lest you might say "leg," "rump," "breast" — all good round and plain English words, to be sure, but then they are not in style, you see, at Mr. and Mrs. Stilts'. When once helped, you must not eat immediately. Wait and delay until Mr. Stilts specially exhorts you. Then commence to nibble like a mouse, and never get beyond that homeopathic way of administering the bits. Be sure to remember this, as you will be all the better able to leave the greater part lie over on your plate, which is another sign of good manners. If that is removed, and the "desert" is brought, serve it precisely after the same rule. It gives one

the reputation of being *delicate*, which is highly to be recommended in polite circles. At last rise and say: "O dear, I don't think I have enjoyed such a meal for a month! Everything tasted so good!"— all of which will be very flattering to Mr. and Mrs. Stilts, especially to the latter.

Now, at the risk of being written down a boor, we declare, that we would by far sooner hunt and feel our way down a dark and rickety cellar-way, and enjoy a good, substantial cold piece fresh from our unwashed fingers and chew lustily away until all hunger be stilled, than be hitched and buckled down into such a torturing and starving conventionalism, merely for the sake of being considered polite.

We never felt like condemning men or women for attending to the ornamental and becoming part in dress, after having had an eye to what is necessary and comfortable. It is ever true, as a New England divine has told us, that although "clothes do not make the man, still a man or woman looks a good deal better dressed up." To be sure, this anxiety to appear neat and well, is founded on vanity, yet such vanity is not necessarily sinful. All things are vanity, even life itself; but not therefore of sin. It is no detraction from virtue, to have a heart for the handsome and the beautiful, even in the matter of dress. Only let no one transgress the rules of modesty and propriety, by endeavoring to elevate himself above his position or rank, in circumstances or means, through a silly pride. In the mode, manner and style of dress especially, do we detect a foolish and ruinous series of abuses. To be taken captive by them is to commit any amount of vagaries. And to claim to be half reasonable, and half fashionable, is to be neither and odd. A partial compliance will always be interpreted as an endorsement, rather than as a partial protest. At any rate it seems like floundering in a canal, without being able to lay hold of either shore. About the year 1732, gentlemen wore collars a full French ell broad. The tailors of Saxony improved on them and addended several inches, so that they seemed like the wings of a painted cherubim, thrown over the owner's shoulders. Now, as the plates and dishes were in constant danger, at meal times, the flaps were shorn down by one half. But that would not do at all. Such seemed like plucked peacocks, and in spite of all the danger to crockery, they grew in latitude again. In fact, fashion abhors a medium, as much as nature a vacuum. Consider the gentleman's hat. We have seen them start all wilted and slouched, like a pumpkin-leaf; turn into an ill-shaped crock; swell out bell-formed and taper off like a funnel or pyramid—and all this in one season. Just let any one hang his cast-off head-pieces in a row on the garret, and in five years he will find that fashion is not always original, but repeats itself not seldom. So have we seen the same article on a lady's crown, come invisibly forth like an "airy nothing" and develop into a veritable schooner. Even the sex of them is no longer discernible. Our friend should not have been tantalized so much, for having walked into Madame Demorest's, to inform himself, whether those were ladies or gentlemen's hats? The fair employees of Fashion told him most blandly, but emphatically, that they were *ladies'* hats!

Coats elongate and contract likewise wonderfully. When and where can we witness a skirt of *medium* size. It is either a boy-wammus, or a royal trail and in so short a time, too, as scarcely to enable you to wear the nap from your last purchase at "Tower Hall." We sigh again for the

economical days of our grandfathers, who preserved their wedding garments until fickle roving fashion had made a circle and returned to find them in style again. Then our fathers only wore them; our mothers never touched them, save to air and sun them. Never would they have worn them though. Thus having been an exclusively masculine garment, our fathers could well stand, like that sentinel at his post, after one Revolution had ended, until another broke forth, without knowing that peace had been declared during the interval. How free and unfettered were they not, as every one is who is not enslaved by fashion! But all is changed now, on this line too. The distinction of sex is broken entirely down, in coats as well as hats, and the urchin stammers over the gender of the thing in parsing. Actually there is danger of a metamorphosis of women into men, even as some men already are considerably womanish. Such are some of the consequences of social abuses!

But our "Tea Sets" perform similar summersaults. How are they not cast into the fiery furnace again and again, to be re-cast. Now it's rough, then smooth as glass; now perforated, then entire; now round, then oval, and so on, after a kaleidescopic manner. Our ancestors felt a pride in setting out the heir-looms in the family, highly wrought, massive, solid and Simon-pure. Now the jeweler must transform, reform, and deform, until its value and attraction have greatly diminished. By and by a Jew holds it among his pinchbeck wares.

Equally as absurd are the customs at baptisms, marriages and funerals. Since mortals have lost their innocence and candor, all things are carried on for appearance sake and for deception. Accordingly in social life, every provocation to pomp and pride is at hand, whilst in the religious sphere, hypocrisy and Pharisaism abound. We overdo the outward splendor and suffer loss as to the useful and necessary. An honest man must struggle to keep up appearances. We do not mean, that he must struggle to preserve his principles, insult no man, do no wrong, preside over his own household, and, as a real philanthropist, labor for the general good. These are all minor considerations, and only to be thought of last and least. We mean, he must struggle to build a palace, furnish parlors, set tables, keep servants, horses, carriages, to win titles and possessions, office and honors. These only can bring him up and establish him in the favor and applause of his fellows. These are far better than poverty-stricken virtues and moneyless talents.

But to enumerate all the abuses in social life would fill a volume. Some have gained a prestige among us merely from long standing and have nothing else to recommend them. They have acquired the right of possession and domain; many have arisen in the higher walks of life and are aped after by the masses. In short, all such phenomena rest at last on a silly imitation.

We will mention but one more, on account of its fixidity: We refer to the false titular addresses, affixed, and the spurious humility subscribed to our epistolary correspondence. We pretend an estimation, reverence and veneration, a love and friendship towards all, when we never dream of being sincere. We submit ourselves. "Yours ever," "Yours sincerely," "Yours truly," "Your most obedient servant," "Your humble servant," and mean nothing of the kind. Sam Slick even ventured no further than "Yours til *death!*" Now we must either turn Quaker and abandon all

such formal hypocrisy, or we must bring ourselves to believe that words mean nothing here, and are merely conventional as all fashion is. Let casuists tell us now, whether we shall continue to put on a masque, in order to be in style, or whether we shall be ourselves, and write as we feel. We would prefer to cast aside these French and Italian importations and substitute the custom of the Roman Empire, which was to open thus: *To Cicero Attico*, and close with: *Vale.*

But where is our deliverance? All hope of a reformation of our times and customs rests at last on the creation of a healthy public conscience. "If the foundations be removed, what can the righteous do?" This is gradually effected by the salutary influence exerted by the few heroic spirits upon the masses below them. The leaders govern the people, as the general his soldiery. Such men, of clear ringing metal, will take courage, oppose the mania of the crowd and choose a mode of life, at once consistent, not with the arbitrary dictation of silly customs, but with the requirements of a real welfare and a judgment delivered from prejudice. Laws and government will not condescend to notice and dam up such social drains. The civil authorities are content to lay hold on the grosser evils of society, and even if they would venture beyond them, very little hope could we realize from such a quarter. Laws made for the masses, to which the masses are opposed, are inefficient, *e. g.*, the Temperance Law.

It falls back upon the few then, to oppose, with commendable prudence, the fooleries of the times and the people. It is for them to adopt a mode of life, as agreeable as it is reasonable and as practical as it is virtuous. Why should we not consider it of greater honor to produce a public benefit, than to follow in the track of fools? We are ready to confess that this mode of distinguishing ourselves is not enviable, since we may by no means set at defiance the judgment of other men, as little as the habits and manners of long standing. We are obliged generally to govern ourselves according to the commonly adopted modes and views of the public, and dare not fly off, like a comet, at the wrong time. But if a large number of reasonable men concert in opinion and action, they may surely then oppose the whims of the unthinking men, and even glory in a futile opposition. We dare not in any event succumb to that, and do as we may, we cannot please the crowd. Why fear it in this case then? Reason, after all, has not forsaken men, and will still in time rally the majority. Let them but beware to prudently initiate and carry forward the reformatory movement, lest by opposing one folly, they encounter a still greater one. Let them not imagine, that, by being targets, they are necessarily martyrs.

We have wondered, in these days of Sodalities, Fraternities, Orders, Lodges and Societies, that none has as yet originated, to stem the tide of social abuses. A company of reasonable men and women, who are themselves sufferers under those tyrannic forces, possessing the confidence and regard of the community, and knowing how to originate and control such a movement, could prove of immense benefit to hundreds of our happy families and society at large. Call it the "Order of Reason." Let its emblem be a triangle with a serpent twined around it, to foreshadow the accuracy of reason, as well as its connection with wisdom in the life of a prudent man. Soon will the Society swell into a community. The fashionable French *Sartors*, who now place the bodies of men and women in stocks, would then go in to them, and others, out. The hair-dressers who

now torture and singe our poor heads, might brand themselves, for all we might care. A thousand ceremonies and expenses, now bound up with kitchens, visits and daily life, would likely fall away. Young men might then marry and keep house, without turning defaulters first, in order to start in the clouds. Poor men could then *afford* to die and be buried. All would care less for titles, rank, possessions and income. The French might keep their silvery and gilt flummery, and we retain our money, wherewith to purchase for ourselves, wives and children, such garments, as would contribute as much grace to Nature, as they would prove becoming and Christian.

But, we have forgotten, a Christian congregation is abundantly able to meet all the wants of society and to provide for the body and soul of man. It is within her portals that we read: "*And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God.*"

THE LAND OF IMMUTABLE LIGHT.

ETA MON KORE.

I am longing to-night, ay longing
  For the mansions where sin is unknown,
Where there never come moments of sadness:
  Now the heart feels so mournfully lone,
And a shadow of mystical darkness,
  O'er the fairest life-pictures is thrown.

There are times when the veil that hideth
  The bright realms of rejoicing from view,
O'er the ridges so thinly appeareth
  And illumed by love's glimmering hue;
Through the Aidenn while thoughtfully peering,
  One may catch some grand note of the True.

And the spirit revived by the echo
  Is refreshed to continue the way
Through a world so little according
  With the chime of the beautiful lay,
And the heart grows strong for the morrow
  And can bear every ill of the day.

Soon the shadows will flee from the mountains,
  And the spirit though heavy to-night,
Shall be light and rejoice in the brightness,
  And in friendship again find delight:
Yet the hour seems sweetest while weeping
  For the land of immutable light!

THE YOUTH OF A WISE MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Genius is rarely inheritable. Few great men have sons as great. Mighty minds, Princes, Poets, and Philosophers, as a rule give birth to beings inferior to themselves. Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Aristotle, Bacon, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Wellington, Augustine, Luther — not one of these had a son intellectually worthy of his father. Save Philip of Macedon with his Alexander the Great, and a few others, history furnishes no instance where a great man departing casts his intellectual mantel upon his son. Piety, moral worth is for generations bequeathed from sire to son. Not so with the giants of mind. Usually one great soul rises in a family, reigns for a brief season, exhausts the mental soil of the family, and for generations after it will be what it was for generations before, and perhaps for ever. To this rule David forms an exception. A born king, hero, and poet; God gave him a son, worthy of such a father.

Bathsheba the beautiful had given birth to a child. The sin of its parents provoked the Lord to take it from them. During the child's illness David fasted and prayed, and refused to be comforted. When dead, he was consoled and submissive. A second child is born to them — born while the guilty parents still dread the displeasure of their offended God. To assure them of pardon he sent Nathan the prophet to name the child; and he called his name Jedediah ("beloved by Jehovah"). The child's name is a pledge of God's forgiving love. But as this child was to succeed his warlike father in a reign of peace, he was afterwards called Solomon, "The peaceful." Before his birth the prophet foretold: "Behold a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest; and I will give him rest from all his enemies round about, for his name shall be Shelômoh."

He seems to have been the pet of the household; the favorite son, as his mother was David's favorite wife. "For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother" (Prov. iv. 3). This favoritism helped to foment strife among the brothers, and rebellion in the kingdom. First Absalom, and then Adonijah tried to take the throne from Solomon, causing the father much grief. Genius needs training. Not full grown and developed does it leap from the head of its sire — as did the fabled Minerva from the head of Jupiter. The most gifted boy must not neglect the gift that is in him — must stir up the gift of God. Nathan the prophet and one Jehiel were his teachers: and his chief teacher was his royal father. What he learned, where and how, we are not told. Many books, in our modern sense, he had not. But such lessons as he learned were learned well. The boy was passionately fond of flowers, as all born poets are. His kingdom, from the Euphrates to the Nile, was one vast flower-bed. In spring and summer-tide the valleys and mountain sides were spread with a variegated carpet of nature's bloom. He studied these myriad plant-specimens, and could describe them all — "from the

cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." The animal creation he understood thoroughly—"he spake of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and fishes." "He spake three thousand proverbs; and his songs were a thousand and five." "He was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda the sons of Mahol; and his fame was in all the nations round about."

A studious youth, we take him to have been, with fields, forests and the starry heavens, mountains and meadows, and the whole animal creation for his text books, one who could not be content with half-learnt lessons. His father was a king; and the son was to be a king. And the heir to David's throne might expect to be saved the work and worry of school-lessons, and of the restraint of teachers—especially of those of the stern prophet Nathan. How his boy-limbs would bound along the grassy slopes of Olivet, and through the corridors of David's palaces, between the hours of severe rule and study! Kant says: "All people are by nature lazy." And boys are no exception. It requires no little energy, especially for a youth of natural talent, not to presume too much on his gifts, and shun work. He learned in his youth what he said in later life: "Seest thou a man diligent is his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men" (Prov. xxii: 29).

David had promised Bathsheba that her son Solomon should sit on his throne. An older brother, Adonijah, attempted to raise a revolt in his favor, so as to have himself made king. Of his mother we know little; only that her name was "the Dancer." In age he was next to Absolom; like him and Solomon, very good looking; as their father had been when young. Like Absolom too, he was a spoiled child. David had always given him his own way; never said: "Why hast thou done so?" He made a feast at En Rogel, a few hundred yards below the city, in the united valleys of Hinnom and Jehosaphat. Joab and his brother were there to aid in starting this rebellion. Solomon was then but a youth—perhaps twelve or fifteen years of age; too young to wear a crown. To settle the question of succession to the throne, and nip this revolt in the bud, David at once ordered a coronationce remony (1 Kings, i). When the time arrived, the boy was put on David's own mule; and attended by Nathan the prophet, Benaiah, the priestly head of the royal guard, and Zadok the priest, he followed the coronation procession to the western side of the city, in the valley of Gihon. Zadok, assisted by Nathan, poured the sacred oil on Solomon's head. Then the priest blew his sacred ram's horn; the trumpeters of the guard followed with a loud blast of trumpets, announcing to the assembled multitude the coronation of their new king. The great crowd shouted: "God save king Solomon. And all the people came up after him and the people piped with pipes, and rejoiced with great joy, so that the earth rent with the sound of them." This broke up Adonijah's rebellious feast, and drove him to lay hold on the horns of the altar to save his life.

Like the boy-king Josiah, crowned at eight years of age, who while yet young, began to seek after the God of David his father (Chron. xxxiv: 3), Solomon felt the need of divine aid. True, his aged father was still with him, to aid his inexperience by his wise and pious counsels. This coronation glory, and the shouts of the applauding multitude, would have set the

head of ordinary youths a-reeling; would have filled them with that pride, which always leads to a fall. Him it brought on his knees.

Some ten miles north of Jerusalem, near the mule-path that leads to Samaria, a few Arab hovels are nestled among a cluster of olive trees, on a grassy hill. They mark the site of ancient Gibeon, where Joshua fought the five kings, and from where he bade the sun stand still that he might finish his victory (Joshua x). This event gave a peculiar sacredness to Gibeon. Here for a long while "the Tabernacle of the Congregation" was kept. As Jerusalem was still without a temple, David had not brought the Ark thither. To Gibeon, to the altar of his father David, the tender royal youth repaired for help. Over the ten miles moved a solemn pilgrimage, the dignitaries of the nation, the tried and great friends of David and of Solomon his son. On the top of the low hill stood the Tabernacle. In front of it stood the old brazen altar, made by the first Israelite artist, Bezaleel, the grandson of Hur. On it a thousand consecrated animals were offered. That night Solomon slept in Gibeon. His mind was greatly troubled. His father was a great and wise king, a man of valor and a successful warrior. And he a mere boy, without experience, lacking the many qualifications needed to rule so vast a nation. The burden of his heart was: "Who is sufficient for these things?" Possibly his excited state of mind for a while drove sleep from his pillow. For "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Especially the head of a boy, wishing to do right. Doubtless he prayed much ere sleep greeted his troubled heart. At length it came, but it was a dreamy sleep; a sleep beneath a burden that refused to be rolled off. In his dream God appeared to him. "God said, ask what I shall give thee." My dear young readers, turn to 1 Kings, iii: 5–15. No where, in all his glory, does king Solomon appear so great as in the prayer of this dream. "O Lord, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father; and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart, to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great people." It was a solemn question God asked Solomon at the threshold of his active life—a question asked every youth, every young man and lady, at life's solemn threshold. At fifteen it was asked this royal youth, when the responsibilities of his reign were laid upon him. It was his proper coronation act, in a higher sense than that at Gibeon. At twelve, "a greater than Solomon" appeared in the Temple, to hear what God had to ask and tell him, e'er he betook himself to his Father's business. Thus it is God's order whether at Gibeon, in the Temple, or at the Confirmation altar to crown Truth-seeking, wisdom-loving, help-needing young people, with the heavenly graces of a heavenly life.

Not many years after this, "the days of David drew nigh that he should die." He is seventy years old. Sorrow and care, rather than age, have worn out his body. He calls Solomon to his dying couch to give him his parting counsel and blessing. Along with the glory of a great kingdom he bequeathed to his son onerous duties and grave responsibilities. The venerable and experienced king, wise in counsel and valiant in war, clearly foresaw the trials of his successor. The great king, the slayer of lions, the conqueror of giants, whose music charmed the spirits of evil and whose Psalms still teach our hearts to sing God's praise—David—too must die.

"There is no discharge in this war." "I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong, therefore, and shew thyself a man and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments and his judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself" (1 Kings ii. 1–4).

THE LAND OF THE WINDMILLS.

"CARLETON" writes to the Boston *Journal* a letter in regard to Holland, which is a model in its way, giving to young readers a more definite and vivid conception of the geography of that country than they would be likely to get from their regular school text-books. We copy a part of the letter:

Holland is a queer, strange, funny place, and the people are odd and curious. There are such scenes as cannot be found anywhere else in the wide world. Most of the boys in New England carry knives in their pockets; and I dare say that there is not a lad among all of them who may read this letter, who has not whittled out a windmill, or at least a whirligig; but there are more windmills here than they ever dreamed of—windmills in the towns and cities, and in the country, and all along the shore of the sea—all in motion whenever there is wind enough to turn them. Yesterday I could see nearly one hundred at a time. It was a gusty, breezy day, and the storm-clouds were flying in from the German Ocean, and there was a tremendous commotion among the windmills. Each one seemed to be trying to whirl faster than the other.

Undoubtedly you have read of the exploits of that crazy knight, Don Quixote, who saw a windmill and thought it was a giant, and went at it full tilt, and got tumbled into the dirt by the great fans, which went round and round just as if nothing had happened; but if he were alive in these days, and were to visit Holland, he might think with good reason that the land was full of giants.

You wonder, perhaps, what the people of this country can want with so many windmills; but let me tell you that if it had not been for these mills in the past there would be very few people in Holland now. The windmills, in one sense, have made the country what it is.

Looking upon your map of Holland you will see that the river Rhine, which has its source away south in the centre of Europe among the mountains of Switzerland, here reaches the sea. When it gets within about one hundred miles of the sea it splits itself into a dozen or more channels, all of which, after winding and turning through a great marsh, pour their waters into the ocean. Holland, therefore, was once a great marsh or bog. There are very few stones in the country; there are no mountains or hills, but one dead level of marsh land.

Hundreds of years ago the people who lived near the mouth of the Rhine saw that the marsh land was very fertile; for the salt in the river brought down every year from the mountains made the land very rich;

they saw also that if they could only get rid of the water on the marshes they might lay out cabbage gardens and little farms. They commenced by building dams here and there—one on the branch of the Rhine called the Rotter—and the place in time was known as Rotterdam; another on the Amstel, which was the origin of the name of this city—Amsterdam. So all of the dams in Holland came, not because the people were in the habit of using wicked words, but because they built dams on the streams. But the water soaked through the embankments, and every rain made their gardens wet; they dug ditches, into which the water settled, and then conceived the idea of building windmills for pumping the water into the river.

They set one of the forces of nature—the wind—to work against another force—the rain; and as a gust of wind will turn several thousands of mills just as easy as it does one, they have conquered the rain—have forced the great river Rhine to quit the marshes, and have begun to pump the ocean dry.

That is the meaning of all these giants swinging their arms from one end of the year to the other—day and night—whenever there is a breath of air.

To see the country as it is, imagine a great embankment along the shore of the sea, against which the waves are always dashing. Walking along the embankment you notice that the land is ten, fifteen, twenty, even thirty feet lower than the sea. You can hardly realize that these gardens, green with cabbage, turnips, cauliflowers and other vegetables, were once the bed of the ocean; that the waves rolled miles and miles inland; that vessels once sailed where farm-houses now stand; that fishermen let down their hooks and nets above those meadows. But so it has been, and the story of the rise and growth and pumping out of Holland is one of the most interesting in all history. It shows us what enterprise, intelligence, perseverance and hard work will accomplish.

It would give you a strange sensation to sail up the river from the ocean in a steamboat or in a ship, and find yourself so high above the houses that you can almost look down the chimneys, also to see cattle and sheep feeding down below, and men catching fish above.

Were it not for the windmills, the river, the ocean and the rain would soon float the fields and meadows and set all the houses afloat; but because the mills are always going, the boys and girls of Dutchland sleep securely at night, go to school, eat their three meals a day, play in the streets, go to church on Sunday, without ever dreaming of any danger.

Once there was terrible disaster; a dam gave way, and the water came pouring in, covering the meadows, drowning cattle and sheep, sweeping away farm-houses, villages and towns, destroying many lives and making sad havoc. But the people filled up the breach, set the windmills a-going, pumped the whole country dry again, and ever since have taken good care to keep all the embankments strong and in repair. There is a saying that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," but here in Holland it is the price of life. Men are on the watch all the time to see that there are no weak places in the embankments. They are paid by Government, and have control of all the mills. They wage constant warfare with the ocean, at a cost of nearly three million dollars every year; but, with the wind for an ally, they are enabled to keep the marshes drained, and have trans-

formed the bogs into beautiful meadows, pastures, orchards and gardens, and built villages and towns below the level of the sea.

The country is cut up by canals—some deep enough to float the largest of ships, others small and narrow. You see hundreds of boats. Stand with me on the bank of the great canal which leads from the city of Amsterdam to the ocean and see the crafts. A boy riding a horse trots past us—the horse towing a *trekschuilen*, a packet boat, a canal omnibus or stage which plies between Amsterdam and the adjoining villages. A man stands at the helm and his good wife is in the cabin dealing out bread, cheese and beer to the passengers, who are eating, chatting, laughing and smoking. The boat skims lightly over the water and is far down in the bend of the canal, almost before you have had time to see what the people are up to on board.

Here comes a lazy, lumbering craft, almost as broad as it is long, with a man and boy tugging at the tow-line. It is loaded with mud scooped up from the bottom of the canal. They are taking it out into the country to spread it on the land. Here is a family craft—a boat which is at the same time a house—the owner, with his wife and children, living on board. The father is tugging at the tow-line. The air is still to day, and he is obliged to pull the boat along the stream; if it were breezy you would see him hoist the sail and go scudding away. His wife has a long pole in her hands, and is pushing with all her might to help her husband; and their two children, a boy and girl, are steering the craft. They live on board—eat and sleep there in a little close cabin. Here they are to-day, to-morrow they will be at Haarlem, and the day after at Leyden, perhaps, and next week will be here at Amsterdam again with a cargo of potatoes, or of wood, or of something else. Now a schooner, then a barge, and then a ship—her masts tall as church steeples—the sailors in the shrouds getting ready to shake out the sails. On the bay beyond the green meadows are hundreds of boats and barges with sails set to catch the little breath of wind which puffs in our faces. Here comes a boat loaded with cabbages—another loaded to the water's edge with turnips—another filled with sheep. Here is a marketman with chickens and geese, which are cackling and gobbling.

The canals to a great extent are the streets of Holland. In the summer they are thronged with boats of every description; and a month hence, men, women and children will be skimming up and down these streets on skates, having many merry times through the winter.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

If men were wise in little things,
  Affecting less in all their dealings,
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
  To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
  Would strike together and restore it—
    If right made might
    In every fight.
  The world would be the better for it.

MY CHILD.

BY THE LATE REV. MR. PIERPONT.

I can not make him dead.
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give my boy a call,
And bethink me that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes—cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt,
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I can not make him dead.
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes back—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I'm in the spirit praying,
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there? Where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press
Upon the cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives! nor to the last
Of seeing him again will I despair!
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written—"Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God;
Father, Thy chast'ning rod
So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear:
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there?

POW-WOWING.

BY PERKIOMEN.

"Extremes meet," was said of yore, whilst we desire to add the query: Do they ever part? Surely Superstition and Infidelity seem continually to join hands. A mother well and long known to us, persistently questioned the virtue of Holy Baptism, and merely subjected her children to the ordinance in order to conciliate her husband, "since," says she, "a few drops of water cannot possibly contain any efficacy." But, mark you now, that same skeptical mother canvassed an entire township, ransacking all the old barns and dilapidated out-buildings, in search of a big, black cat—without *one* white hair!—because some strolling vagabond assured her, that three drops of its magical blood—just *three*, mind you!—will forever and verily cure the most painful and malignant case of erysipelas. But as no such grimalkin, of purely African descent, could be discovered far or near, a neighboring hag, equally credulous, assured her, that a raven-colored pullet would prove a happy substitute. Now then was there a chase after the purely black chicken. By means of a skillful surgery the three mystic drops were obtained. It matters not, according to the good woman's opinion, from what part of the talismanic animal—be it cat or chicken—the blood-letting occurs, the head or tail, either will answer. The husband, at all events, was positive, that a venesection at the very tip of grimalkin's tail would have the same charming effect as if tapped from the jugular vein and fresh from the heart-chamber. The caudal appendage of the pullet is equally magnetic, but unfortunately the blood does not extend sufficiently far in its case. But the enchanted pair confidently and solemnly declared, that "the painful and frightful disease left her and had never returned since."

We here and now candidly confess, that we were sorely puzzled over the marvellous effect of the three drops of blood, of the big black chicken. Desirous of exploring this mystery, however, we were prompted to ask, innocently enough, to be sure, whether the patient is obliged to *eat* the flesh of the cat or chicken, as well as drink its blood? "Eat it!" exclaimed my bewitched couple. "No, by no means!" After a brief silence they informed us, that the virtue lay in the three drops of blood exclusively. "But what is to be done with the chicken?" inquired we. "Why throw it away, of course," responded they. Here we could not avoid giving utterance to a feeling, incident to a reputed *clerical mania*,

and accordingly sighed: "Alas! poor chicken!! Had we but thee, the *blood* others might freely drink!"

But hiding our emotion as much as possible—occasioned by the casting away of the tender flesh of, perchance, a young spring pullet—lest we might be set down as a gourmand, we opened on the credulous pair with a series of cross questions, one of which was, whether the disease hasted off as soon as the three drops of blood—be it feline or pullet-blood now—reached the pit of the stomach? "Well, no. Perhaps three or four days later;" was the answer. We again suggested that the medicines and external applications of the family physician, who had been faithfully attending all the while, had something to do with the cure. But no; all the medicines helped not a particle; might as well have thrown them into the street; "and besides," added she, "*Don't you know that no doctur can't do nothing with Arry-Siplis?*" It was then only that we were struck with the height of our own ignorance, and acknowledging at once that we were not "booked" that far in this particular disease and its remedy, as well as feeling a strange fear to argue with any one familiar with the "black arts," lest we too might be charmed into their enchanted meshes, we retreated in good time from the contest, and simply *smiled.*

We have preached rather earnestly, as we at least thought, especially on every returning Good Friday, on the "Blood of the Lamb," and that very same woman, with those of her stripe and kidney, actually fell asleep under the sound. Speak to her class of the miraculous effects of the blood of Christ, as of sufficient efficacy to cleanse from all sin, even if applied symbolically to the head of an infant, by means of a few drops of water, and they will doubt and deny. But then the three drops of blood, sucked from the head or tail of an out-and-out black cat, or dung-hill pheasant—that, aye, that *will* cure erysipelas, and no mistake!

We left, our stomach qualming over the bare idea of turning vampire to a nasty grimalkin especially, and lamented ever since over the credulity which the ignorant or silly waste on "charms," "amulets," and "idols," whilst they are the first to doubt the virtue of that

——"Fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from *Immanuel's* veins."

A simple-hearted Elder of ours could never see what benefit the country could possibly realize from the observance of a National Fast Day. On such an occasion, we remember, he once lustily ploughed away as we passed his field, on our way to service. A week later, we met him on the highway, and, as our horse limped from a chronic ailing, he asked us with an air of surprise, "Why we had not long ago relieved the poor animal?" We gave, as a reason, our ignorance in veterinary science. "But," said he, "I can give you a cure, sure and *sartin.* Since you are a *larnt* man, you can easily remember the words to be used. Jist do it three times, and all will be over!" We, of course, suspected some miserable pow-wowing, Elder though he was, as we invariably do, as soon as we hear the sacred number *three* spoken, in such a connection. However, "Say on," said we. And, at this word of encouragement, you ought to have seen the long, solemn face of the Elder, as he revealed to us, on the King's highway, as a dead secret, the following cure:—"To-morrow morning, before the sun rises—if it is cloudy, wait for the first clear day—take up

a stone, that is partly buried in the earth. But be very particular in noticing the exact habit of the stone, so that you may precisely replace it again. Stand as near to the lame limb as you well can, and stroke it three times downward, from the shoulder to the hoof, saying as often these words: —

Blut und Fleisch! Märk und Bein!
Schwimm stärker als ein Stein!

"G'long, *Bill,*" said we at the close of the distich, "it's enough if you are lame. Your master need not turn into a fool to boot," and off we were.

At the supper table we mentioned the funny circumstance, which our man, Friday, overheard, and without leave or license, actually obeyed the Elder, without asking the consent of the pastor. As we had no driving to do for several days following, we thought no more of it. But, judge of our surprise, when we found the nag all cured and sound at our next mounting. We had advanced but a few paces, when we halted and looked back, only to see Friday grinning and swinging his hat over the wonderful cure wrought.

"But was there really something in it," says the reader?

We will answer; we will tell him. Mark well now! The *rationale*, may

"From many a blunder free us
And silly notion."

One year earlier, we owned an animal with precisely the same ailing. Both unfortunately escaped from the stable, took an immoderate run, and returned lame. We applied to an educated veterinary surgeon. His *diagnosis* was: "Dislocation of a very small bone in the lower joint." His *prescription* was: "Rest." And he added, "it will just as suddenly leave the horse, as it came unexpectedly by it." He was intelligent and candid. And as he foretold, so it came to pass — exactly.

Now, the second animal was parallel to the first, both in the ailing and the curing. This it was, and — nothing more. But the old Elder went to his tomb under the firm belief, that *his* cure was the remedial one, whilst Friday still plies his marvelous trade.

But let all men know by these presents, that one single veterinary surgeon in a neighborhood, is worth more than an untold multitude of miserable pow-wowers.

We have in our eye a superannuated matron — beyond the threescore years and ten — who had never once felt or understood the necessity of sustaining any church-relation, on the ground, that we can all be just as good and sure of heaven, without complying with any such outward forms and ceremonies, in which no possible virtue can be said to reside. She argues this point as commandingly as ever a major issued his orders. So she lived, grew up and old; and her children followed in her footsteps. But that same stubborn crone has travelled her circuit for the last forty years, practising no less than *seventy-seven* different methods, by which to cure erysipelas "and all manner of diseases!" A shovelful of glowing-hot embers, a few talismanic words, accompanied by a tremendous puff of breath,—something like the spirting of a small whale, or little elephant — and from a mouth too, from which the inevitable smoke-pipe continually protrudes — then the cure is certain! Such forms and ceremonies

are of untold efficacy, forsooth, whilst weightier ordinances are futile and empty, it seems. Her fame has extended over the hill-country, and rolls down into the valley even. We trace her footsteps not seldom in our going in and out of sick houses. The chamber smells villainously of sulphur and brimstone, after her exodus, which reminds us vividly, well——not of good angels and the Holy Spirit.

Verily, we loathe to spend a moment over the nasty old sorceress, but we only desire to express our sorrow and commiseration, which every pastor must feel, in learning, that not a few orthodox and otherwise respectable families open their doors widely to such ignorance and folly. Any man or woman, sound in the faith, would rather die, or remain a life-long invalid, we imagine, than owe either life or health to a hag, given to such infernal arts. If men wish to be "*saved as by fire*" from erysipelas, why may *they* not as well sway the burning coals over the affected parts, and neutralize the heat, on the Homœopathic principle, that "like cures likes," without lending their endorsement to such a laughable farce? Slow are many to surround the household altar, especially in times of affliction and chastisement, and on their knees supplicate God's mercy and deprecate impending evil, even though the Saviour assures them, that "If two or three agree concerning one thing," God will give it. But the mere nod of an ignorant and, it may be, wicked fury, is potent enough to challenge obedience and worship. This feature is it, that renders the practice so hideous.

Occasionally a well-meaning father will call and invite us to come and baptize his child, because "it is so fretful, and some folks have assured him, that baptism helps the little one through the ills of babyhood." Tell them, that there is the least item of a regenerative and curative efficacy connected with the ordinance, for the spiritual man, and they will spurn it; but for physical nature, it seems, there may after all reside in it, a curative power. The sacramental is sacrificed, whilst the magical remains.

We went to a sorely afflicted house, in which a little son lay in the last stages of *diphtheria*, for the purpose of comforting the parents, and interceding for the child. We waited long to be asked to pray. At last we volunteered. "*Ei, yah: Du magscht!*"—was the response. We did, and left. That same night a dastardly necromancer was sent for, seven miles away, to come and *pow-wow*. He came, of course. He tore the soothing applications from the sore and swollen neck and chest of the dying child, and drawing in his vile breath, to swell himself up to the size of a bass-drum, he belched a perfect hurricane of stinking effluvia down the sore and ulcerous throat of the martyr-child.

"But," says one, "if it only helps." Yes, it helped. That same night Jesus took the little sufferer to himself. He is merciful, especially to children, we all know, and could not permit the barbarian to torture his lamb again. In this view, we can conscientiously say, that help came. As for any further virtue——out upon the whole gang.

The staunching of blood is another magical effect, we are told. Once upon a time, however, a certain artery was severed, which would neither shrink together, nor backward, and thus close the orifice; nor, again, would the blood clot, and, in that way, stem the tide. A famous sanguinary conjuress was hastily sent for, in preference to the physician. Shortly her magical majesty appeared. She opened her series of signals;

waved her sinewy hand and long, bony fingers, and gyrated up and down, hither and thither, forward and backward, and repeated her wonder-working vocabulary in a frantic way. But on sped the blood and the poor man's life too. At last good sense came that way, and the physician was sent for. He came and tightened a cord around the limb, by means of a light bar thrust under; caught up the artery and closed the ruddy stream. The sorceress sat in the corner, like a *deviless* dethroned. The Doctor, for the benefit of all, in general, and for the sham witch in particular, remarked: "Some veins and arteries in the human system, will close their own doors in good time, at least, before life goes out, without any words or signs—though *they* may not do any harm then! They will shrink together and obstruct the flow of blood. Or, the blood will thicken and seal the fountain in that way. But others again, will not, though all the terms and mystic words in all languages are used—sacred and profane!" That was enough and told all. But the sprite maintains to this day, that her art never failed her. And, sadder yet, there are many who still believe her balderdash.

Burns can be neutralized in a "crack," in the same way. Strange that so many still die of them! *Hernia* can be blown away, if one only knows how. So likewise may *murrain* be exercised from barns and stables. To be sure, some awfully hard swearing must be done; but rather than sustain such a heavy loss of cattle, or have them all infected, men will make a virtue out of a necessity and curse, damn, and swear it off. So it is only fun to chase *weevil* clean out of the district. The right man in the right place, and with the right words, can whirl them away in thick black clouds, like so much dust. Just so with *rats*—if once caught, we think. Indeed, there is a volume written on the Black Art, large and learned, from which any one may become an adept. But the copies are so rare. Hence the mysteries are more generally handed down from one generation to another by means of a living *tradition*. There is this peculiarity about it, however, that, in order not to break the circle, the delivery must always be made between persons of *opposite* sexes. *E. g.* Ananias must only tell it to Sapphira, and Sapphira again to Simon Magus, *et cetera.*

Silly and simple as such superstition may strike us, we are convinced that it is far more widely spread, than men might suppose. Very few physicians, we are persuaded, are aware of the many curious pranks and stratagems, which many families play along with the medicines prescribed. Many a pastor, were he informed, up to the full measure of credulity, as current in his own parish, might feel impelled to discourse on the words: "O ye Athenians, I perceive, that ye are in all things too superstitious." Or, it may be, another exclamation might prove equally timely: "O foolish Galatians, who has bewitched you?" Either passage would afford us a basis sufficiently broad, to dilate on wierd arts and sciences in general.

It is pleasant to us, to know, that exceptions can be filed to this general statement likewise. We know of an invalid young lady, intelligent and devout. Her parents have expended more dollars for her partial restoration even, than there are days in the year. Many have been her prayers to the Good Physician. Her youth, a large and wealthy connection and many friends, all combine to render her life desirable and pleasant. But it pleased God, to suffer her to be sifted as wheat. Nor has hope deferred,

ever yet made her heart sick. By grace, she is ever resigned to God's will. But man's will, especially a *bad* man's will, offends her. On a certain day a *Simon Magus* strolled along, knocked and entered. He could cure all the ills of humanity; had relieved his thousands and tens of thousands; *her* disease was only a trifle. Physicians were all quacks. No pain ever to be dreaded again. He could *pow-wow!*"

Now, we maintain, nine out of ten would have been ensnared into sin, and allowed themselves to act on the false and lying principle:—"*No cure, no harm.*" But *she*—"No. Away!! You are either an imposter or a follower of the Devil! My Pastor, Catechism, Church and Bible forbid all sorcery. I will none of your kind," and the door was shown him and closed behind him. This we may regard as a noble order of christian heroism, for a sick girl especially. We commend her conduct to all the silly for imitation. No mountebank will ever again undertake to gull that house.

It is worthy of remark, that great ignorance and implicit confidence in pow-wowing are mostly associated in one and the same person. We never yet found a single educated mind, and not *un*balanced, given to its miserable follies. Nor can an intelligent community be named, in which the practices of those boobies are encouraged. Knowledge is power enough to break the spell. Witches hate school-houses, as well as water and daylight.

Frequently too, do we find wickedness, or at least indifference, towards divine things combined with the evil business. Men and women, who believe not only that the days of miracles are over, but never have been at all; to whom the Divine Record itself is only so much palaver of priests and priest-ridden mortals; to whom church and church-ordinances, are shams and mummeries; who never think of belonging to the kingdom of God—*these* are most skilled in the ways of pow-wowing. Men and women, who laugh at the preacher praying over the sick, send for one skilled in witchcraft. Once more: We never knew a mortal, of man or woman kind, habitually given to the practice, who did not grow hideous and repulsive. "Evil communications corrupt" not only good manners, but good looks too. The poets of old do not speak much of the beauty of sorceresses. The breed has not improved since the hideous and ugly attach their marks to all that is forbidden. The good and the beautiful are twins as well. Chateaubriand says: "Jewesses are handsome, because they had no part in persecuting or crucifying the Lord of Glory." He who would associate with the forbidden, must not complain of carrying its marks along.

It is a marvel to us how any Christian can ever walk in such direct opposition to the Divine Record.

PRAYER is the key of heaven, and faith is the hand that turns it. We cry, Abba, Father. "We cry,"—there is the fervency. "Abba, Father,"—there is the faith. Fervency in prayer is as fire to the incense; it makes it ascend to heaven as a sweet perfume.

GENIUS IN OBSCURITY.

From the French of Lamartine to Reboul. *

BY MARY ELLEN.

Breath inspiring — soul of mortals making —
A perfect Harp-harmonious;
Scorns the palace — pomp there proudly reigning —
What's e'en purple, gold, to one scarce leaving
The radiant skies so glorious!

Falls perchance on tree, forlorn and lonely;
On Shepherd's cot e'en passed with sneers;
'Neath the roof where dwell the poor, so humbly:
Illustrious myst'ry, brings forth gladly
In cradle oft, bedew'd with tears!

'Tis a Homer sleeping — slave unfetter'd:
By it alone — his soul awakes!
'Tis a child, beneath a beech-tree shaded,
Mourning goats by him to pasture guided,
And that one day a Virgil makes!

'Tis a Moses unconsciously floating
In fragile ark — mid stormy tides;
When from hosts in brick and mortar working,
Call'd to check the tyrant — then usurping,
A Sinai's light on him abides.

Hidden instinct — nature underlying —
Ripens for immortality!
Pearls of ocean — gold the rock encasing —
Diamond in shade — its light declining,
Yea, Glory 'neath obscurity!

Glory, bird divine — a phœnix truly,
Anew, each century coming
Lights on earth, on name it loves sincerely,
Like its emblem, dies — ah, how often early
Its cradle roof — none e'er knowing!

Then be not dismay'd, tho' an angel of light
Come from on High — wake thee — alone:
As with Jacob of old, visions thus bright
Oft visit those, who thro' darkness of night,
For pillow, have naught but a stone!

* Reboul — a poet of France — son of a locksmith. His father died while he was young, leaving him to support his widowed mother and her four children, which he did, by working at his trade, as a baker.

As for me — tho' every good possessing,
I would exchange most cheerfully
Gold, which fortune's upon me bestowing
For an hour — in all the world — then owning
My vine and figs, — contentedly!

Thoughts like those which through my soul then warbled
E'en precious gold can ne'er redeem;
When my mother — woman truly humbled —
Soon as setting sun, the fire e'en kindled,
Which made our hearth so cheerful gleam!

Round her when by rustic table seated,
As spread for us by hand of love,
For repast, from field just newly gather'd,
Simple fruits and daily bread, then render'd;
Our thanks we gave to God above!

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

APRIL MUSINGS.

Sweet is victory after a bravely fought battle. And a hard battle has the past winter brought to many an invalid and poverty-stricken family. A severe season hath it been; such as our grandmothers used to tell us about, when half the winter the roads led over snow-drifts as high as the fences. Not that we have any fault to find with such a season, shaking sheets of snow and ice from its shaggy main. There is virtue in these icy trials. Bravely to breast the fierce and howling winds for months adds strength to the muscles, color to the cheek and patience to faith. But now that spring has come, its coming heralded by many a peevish April day, and the snow has fled and the clear sky lets the reviving sun shine on us, and the birds greet us with sweetest songs, and every living thing buds and blushes with the stir and glow of a new life, one gratefully catches the breath of its rejuvenating power. Every day brings new arrivals of our feathered friends, returning from southern climes. The children frisk over gardens and meadows like uncaged birds after long and dreary confinement. Their noisy romps and mirthful shouts of laughter and innocent fun, charm our ears like sweet hymns of praise to the Giver of spring. Through our window we see the grand mountain clothed in living green, its trees gaily clad in their new garments of Nature's making. How rich we are in mercies! The poorest has a share in them. The birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, the sweet fragrant breath of spring, the sight of blooming plants, green fields, and smiling meadows musical with babbling brooks, and the starry heavens, and the fertile showers and a thousand beautiful and benignant objects alike belong to rich and poor:

> "For me their tributary stores combine;
> Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!"

LET GOOD ENOUGH ALONE.

We live in an impatient restless age. Matters move at a fearful rate, and yet some clamor for faster sailing. Like the racing steamers on western rivers; one tar-barrel after another is thrown into the fire to increase steam and speed, while the excited passengers still cry for more tar, and shout for more power to

propel the raving craft still more swiftly, forgetful of impending danger and death. A young mechanic earns good wages, and by the practice of economy might in a few years secure a home of his own. He is ambitious to start business for himself, puts his little money in it, and loses all. A merchant has a safe healthy custom, a paying trade. He sees a chance to make five times as much at some other pursuit. Embarks wildly on an untried scheme, with all his means, and in two years loses all. A young lady possessing a moderate degree of health, lets her mother do all the housework, dreading brooms, the doughtrough and washing dishes as she dreads the cholera; sighing and sobbing over silly novels, over tales of sorrow which was never felt and tears which have never fallen. She feels that her capital of health is being rapidly exhausted. She tries this remedy and that; consumes patent drugs like water, and with it wastes away. The broom and the care of a few flower beds, and a few charitable visits to some hut of sorrow, and the sober real comfort of a few chapters in the Bible every day, would be easier taken and with better effect. But novels, nostrums and silly notions about the unlady-like character of reasonable labor, ruin her rapidly, body and soul.

A man joins a certain church, with the solemn promise to perform his duties and be a faithful member thereof. Before his connection with it, he was acquainted with its doctrines and customs. For a season he remains faithful. By and bye he wearies of the slow matter-of-fact style of religious progression in his flock — wearies of the old-fashioned style of daily repentance, prayer and reading the Scripture, and of communing regularly in the Lord's Supper. By some means he imbibes other notions. He seeks a church where piety is more easily obtained, and more rapidly developed. He wanders from fold to fold, ever learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. At length he is unmoored, like a ship sent adrift on the stormy ocean, without compass or rudder. "Make haste slowly" is a true proverb. "Haste makes waste," is equally true. In the body as well as in the spirit, all healthful life develops by gradual growth, and not by hot-house or galvanic forcing. In a certain Italian churchyard a man lies buried who dosed himself to death with unwholesome drugs. The epitaph on his monument is: *Stavo bene, ma, per star meglio, sto vui* (I was well; I wanted to be better; and here I am).

LARGE CHURCHES.

The churches of the world are its grandest monuments. The great cathedrals of Christendom are structures of growth, some of them of a thousand years' growth. And what gigantic piles they are. St. Peters in Rome affords standing room for 54,000 people. The Cathedral of Milan for 37,000. St. Paul's Church in London for 32,000. The Cathedral in Mexico, the largest church in America is 500 feet long and 400 wide, and seats 30,000 persons. Among the many works of art which decorate this sacred edifice is a picture ornamented with pearls worth $14,000,000. There are twelve churches in Europe which contain 180,000 people.

THE BEAUTY AND BLESSING OF SONG.

Shakspeare says, the man that hath no music in his soul is not to be trusted Such a pagan is to be pitied; but more is he to be pitied, who hath music in his soul, but cannot get it out. The fire burns within him, while he is musically musing, his melodies vainly heaving for want of an outlet. Julian, the Apostate, says he heard Germans sing on the Rhine, who croaked like vultures. The Germans are proverbially a musical nation. The trouble with these ancient croaking Rhine people must have been in the organ of expression. "Why don't you sing?" said I, to a clever clerical friend lately, after a service. "I can't." "You can't? How is that? You have lots of music in your composition, and can't sing! What do you do when no one raises the tune at your services?" "Do without singing!" "Why, learn to sing, my dear brother. Come on, I'll take you in hand." "No use; it's not in me." "Well, then, let

me put it into you." "'Twill be love's labor lost." I wonder whether this man does not hum sweet lullabies to his baby-boy, as he rocks him to sleep. Possibly he met with a musical mishap in his earlier years—tried to give voice to the melody that is in him, when the croak terrified him so that he vowed never to open his mouth in musical utterance again, lest out might come a grating sound. Just such a foolish resolve I once made, in my first attempt at skating. The back of the head hit the ice a fearful blow, covering the heavens above with darkness and the back of the head with blackness. There ended my first and last skating lesson. Ah! how often have I envied good skaters; but for that foolish resolve, I might be an expert in the graceful art.

Learn to sing. Learn early. Song is health-giving. It blesses body and soul. It rouses the circulation, wakes up the bodily energies, and diffuses life and animation around. A lazy man rarely sings. A milk and water character seldom strikes a stirring note. Song is the language of gladness; the utterance of devotion; the outlet of mental and spiritual activity. It adds strength to the lungs, sweetness to the voice, and love to the heart. David, the sweet singer of Israel, knew its charm. He appointed many singers, organized great choirs, composed of select voices, to hymn God's praise in acts of worship. From early boyhood his "Psaltery," or guitar, was his daily companion. What wonders it wrought on the crazed spirit of Saul, and the wayward minds of his erring brethren. In his hand it was what the staff was to Moses, the spear to Joshua, the sword to Gideon. In his greatest dangers and deepest distresses, it was his sweetest solace. Cultivate music. Catch the sweet breath of song. Make melody in your heart to God. Let your song be like the stream gushing from a pure fountain. Sing at home. Sing at church. Take your hymn-book along, and use it. Don't be afraid to hear your own voice. Even though it grate a little occasionally, it will smoothe and soften down by use.

"It is with the singing of a congregation as with the sighing of the wind in the forest, where the notes of the million rustling leaves, and the boughs striking upon each other, altogether make a harmony, no matter what be the individual discords." Music is the language of love; the universal world medium through which all nations, ranks and people, are touched. "Mamma, is Hans German?" said little Mollie, leaping from the garden, where a German servant was working, to her mother. "Yes," said mamma. "Why, mamma, *he don't whistle German!*" said the sweet little thing. Mollie could not understand his funny German words, but his whistling was to her a known tongue.

DEVELOPMENT OF WRITING MATERIALS.

'Tis a pleasure to write now-a-days, if one has ideas. A pleasure to run the eye and pen over the spotless white paper, which carefully preserves every letter you put on it, without losing or changing a dot. We have a seed pen—a small piece of seed, with a pointed end, once used as a pen in Damascus. The point at best is blunt, and easily broken. Not a line could we write with such a dobbing stick. The old manuscripts in oriental convents are composed of heavy dark paper, coarse textured, to write on, which would puzzle our skill greatly. The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, stone, ivory, barks, and leaves of trees; and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date one hundred years B. C. Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among Chinese; but the first paper mill in England was built 1588, by a German, at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subse-

quently, reeds pointed and split, like pens, as in the present day, were used; and whatever may be said of our pens and paper on the score of convenience, it is clear from early records, that the inks of the ancients were greatly superior to ours.

TITLED AMATEUR WORKMEN.

The *London Builder* says: "It is particularly gratifying to observe, that so many of our younger nobles are busying themselves in hard, earnest work of various kinds. We have, for example, Viscount Amberley, a hardworking Member of Parliament, and an able writer at a very early age. The Marquis of Lorn, who only very recently attained his majority, has already pronounced with judgment on public questions; and we observe the announcement of his first work, 'A Trip to the Tropics.' The other day the youthful Marquis of Bute, in a long letter to the *Times*, gave an account of a recent visit to the Mosque of Hebron, describing that interesting place with a facility of expression and an amount of architectural knowledge certainly altogether unexpected from a peer in his teens. Other noblemen, like Lord Milton, set out for wild and unfrequented countries, and endure all manner of hardships in order that they may earn the rewards of the scientific traveller. The late Prince Consort, besides being a good architect, was an excellent turner in wood and an efficient amateur photographer. It is singular, we may here remark, what a fascination photography has for royalty, and how many princes have become extremely proficient in the art. The latest name added to the roll of royal amateurs is that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who has produced, it is said, some magnificent specimens of scenery. For architectural ability the present Earl Lovelace is perhaps the most eminent of his class of the day. The Earl's eldest son (Byron's grandson), the late Lord Oakham, inherited his father's notions of the dignity of labor, and carried them much further. Dropping his title, he entered the shipbuilding yard of Mr. Scott Russell as a common artizan. Another peer, the Earl of Caithness, has turned his practical knowledge of engineering to good account on different occasions. When the Princess Alexandra arrived in London, the Earl was honored with the direction and personal guidance of the royal train from Paddington to Windsor. Several young noblemen, including the Duke of Sutherland and Earl Grosvenor, have gone in heartily for the fire brigade, following the example of Lord Craven, of Charles II.'s time, who was a constant attendant at fires. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has not disdained the helmet and the hose. By the way, the Duke of Sutherland's mother, the Dowager Duchess, has exhibited decided taste as the designer of carpet patterns, and we believe that her grace is not the only clever milliner to be found among our aristocratic dames. Rumor states that the Princess of Wales herself might instruct some of the Court milliners in the mysteries of their own craft. The Hon. Mrs. Damer is probably the only instance of a lady in her sphere attaining eminence as a sculptor; it is pretty generally known, however, that many ladies of rank of the present day excel as amateur painters, modellers, musical composers, etc., and their claims in the field of literature are universally acknowledged."

A SINGLE WORM KILLED THAT TREE.

During my sojourn at a place of resort for invalids, I was one day walking through the romantic grounds and park with some friends, when the proprietor of the establishment drew our attention to a large sycamore tree decayed to the core.

"That fine tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

In answer to our inquiries, we found that about two years previously the tree was as healthy as any in the park, when a woodworm, about three inches long, was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. It caught the eye of a naturalist, who was staying at the establishment, and he remarked, "Let that worm alone, doctor, and it will kill the tree." This seemed very im-

probable, but it was agreed that the black-headed worm should not be disturbed.

After a time it was found, that the worm had tunnelled its way a considerable distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk.

"Ah," said one who was present, "Let us learn a lesson from that dead tree. How many, who once promised fair for usefulness in the world and the Church, have been ruined *by a single sin!*"—*Bib. Treas.*

"GO ON, SIR; GO ON."

Arago says, in his "Autobiography," that his master in mathematics was a word or two of advice, which he found in the binding of one of his text-books. Puzzled and discouraged by the difficulties he met with in his early studies, he was almost ready to give over the pursuit. Some words which he found on the waste leaf used to stiffen the cover of his paper-bound text-book caught his eye and interested him.

"Impelled," he says, "by an indefinable curiosity, I damped the cover of the book, and carefully unrolled the leaf, to see what was on the other side. It proved to be a short letter from D'Alembert to a young person disheartened, like myself, by the difficulties of mathematical study, and who had written to him for counsel.

"'Go on, sir; go on,' was the counsel which D'Alembert gave him. 'The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness on your path.'

"That maxim," says Arago, "was my greatest master in mathematics." Following out these simple words, 'Go on, sir; go on,' made him the first astronomical mathematician of his age. What Christians it would make of us! What heroes of faith, what sages in holy wisdom, should we become, just by acting out that maxim, "Go on, go on!"

A REQUIEM.

BY REV. ISAAC H. REITER, A.M.

Gently! how gently! departed his breath—
  No anguish or grief pervading his breast!
Sweetly! how sweetly! he slumbers in death,
  Wearing the smile of the pure and the blest.

Softly! tread softly! where shrouded he lies,
  Lowly rehearsing the joys that have fled:
Calmly! breath calmly! affection's fond sigh,
  As solemnly tolls the knell of the dead!

Stilly! ah stilly! the bier moves apace,
  Slowly descends the corpse to the tomb;
Sweetly! how sweetly! Death's slumbers embrace
  'Neath flowers of light that o'er thee shall bloom.

Humbly! oh humbly! then yield the caress'd—
  Banish all sorrow—O breathe not a sigh!—
His spirit has gone to the home of the blest
  And happy is he forever on high!

Miamisburg, Ohio.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

We need a considerable number of new subscribers to give "The Guardian" that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865, '66, and '67, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the Guardian, and send us the result?

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

JUNE,

1868.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS, PR

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LETTERS RECEIVED.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—JUNE, 1868.—No. 6.

GIRLHOOD AND THE GIRLS.

A certain city we wot of is frequently visited by a certain kind of religionists, whose bodies and souls all seem to be cut over the same last. They come to town in families—father and mother, sons and daughters, Gabriel and Gad, Sarah and Susannah, all come together. They are all dressed alike. Gabriel, a lad of eight years old, has a brown shad-belly coat, with hooks and eyes instead of buttons; a long vest; pants in men's fashion; a great black hat, with a prodigious brim; and long, unshorn hair, whose locks wave loosely around his beardless face. In every particular, save the beard, the boy is a facsimile of his father. Susie and Sarah have hoopless blue petticoats, surmounted with tight jackets of the same material; a white kerchief, neatly fitted around the neck and folded triangularly on the back; a blue shaker bonnet, all of faultless fit, finish, and purity; in the smallest detail a perfect copy of the mother's dress. Full well do I remember these odd-looking families when a school-boy in the aforesaid city—and a funny sight it was. For, be it remembered, shaker bonnets were not in as common use then as now. And Tom Thumb had then not yet been heard of, albeit the period spoken of is not a half a century. Otherwise, we might have taken these grave little folks as belonging to the tribe of Gen. Thumb and his spouse. But they were real matter-of-fact boys and girls; undwarfed and undismayed by their odd trappings, fresh, fat and funless. Rarely did a smile flit athwart their young rosy cheeks. The children walked precisely as their parents did. The girls held a clean white handkerchief in their half-folded hands, and walked with the same measured tread as did their mother; the boys swung their short arms and chunky bodies, and stepped as slow as did their father, now and then looking at this or that person or thing, as if they had never seen a person or thing before. Even the language and tone of voice of their parents did the children use in speaking, drawling out their words in slow solemn length of sound. Sometimes we boys had the rudeness to laugh at these children, clad in the garments of their parents and grand-parents. Often the question occurred to my childish mind, whether these were really children formed of like stuff with ourselves. For they were, in all points, such perfect copies of the old folks.

that the youthful mind might be tempted to suspect whether they had not been born orderly—drilled babies, with great hats and brown broad coats and bonnets on—forming an exception to the style of Job's birth, and that of most other people. In all matters, great and small, in face and form of body, in gait, gesture and raiment, were they so entirely after the model of their parents, that the body, its covering and manner of motion, alike bore the impress of inherited qualities. Now we have heard of persons being born with gold spoons in their mouths, but stranger than this is the birth of those who come into the world dressed in the garments of their grand-parents. Many a time I watched these broad-brimmed, sun-bonnetted children—these Davids awkwardly shuffling through childhood with the armor of Goliath buckeled on their tender, growing bodies—with feelings of pity. For a child, trained to the severe, grave habits of man and womanhood before its time, is a monstrosity—a being out of the common order of nature. How I would have blushed to walk the street in the hat, coat and gait of my father, with rude town boys shouting derisively after me in all directions! They seemed unconscious of the sport they afforded others—bore all with the fortitude and equanimity of youthful martyrs.

Grecian story tells of one, Procrustes, a robber of Attica, who was not content with plundering travelers, but after he had taken their valuables he placed them on an iron bed, which he kept for the purpose. If they were longer than the bed he would cut enough from their limbs to make them fit upon their couch of torture; if they happened to be too short, he would stretch their limbs till they filled the bed. For this reason he is called Procrustes, that is to say, "The Stretcher." Most thankful am I that Theseus, the brave King of Athens, slew the heartless Stretcher on Mt. Cephissus. Alas, we need a second Theseus, to slay other Stretchers, who indulge in work, if not as cruel, yet quite as unnatural as his.

There is a period or time in the life of the young of the gentler sex, somewhere between the ages of eight and eighteen, when the sports of childhood no longer please, and the doll fails to give the delight to the growing girl; she has lost her taste for play-houses on the village green, with kitchens furnished with broken cups, saucers and plates. This is the solemn, the mysterious transformation period from childhood to womanhood; the cheery May-land of life, where the buds and blossoms of hope cover the heart, and shed over life's future their gay inviting colors. The time when the child

> "Sported on her tender mother's arms,
> And rode a-horseback on her father's knee,"

is past, and past forever. She is neither child nor young lady, in the full sense of the term. A girl she is, and her time of life is the period of girlhood. Now this period is in one sense a distinct creation, with its own dangers, duties and wants. In another, it is the product, the outgrowth of childhood. The child is mother to the girl, as the girl is mother to the woman. The sports in which the girl delights, are the sports of children in a more mature form. And such, in like manner, are the virtues of the girl—love, obedience and piety.

What to do with the girls is, to many earnest parents, a puzzle. Most

unwisely do those act who treat them as our aforesaid shaker-bonnetted friends treat theirs; press them, bodies and souls, limb, language and raiment, through the mould of their grand-parents. Or what is still more cruel, act the part of Procrustes; cut off or stretch their habits and characters to square with a later period of life; bend the growing girl to the manners and dress of childhood till she is fifteen; or drill her, when ten, in the unnatural character of the lady of twenty.

Girls, like all other people, consist of a body and a soul. And the body is a very important part of their being. The healthy activity of the mind, the firm faith and cheerful hope of the heart, depend very much on the kind of body in which the soul lives. Girls cooped in ill-lighted and ill-ventilated rooms ten hours in the twenty-four, stooping over their school-tasks during three-fourths of the day, may educate the mind; but its education will be like a two-edged sword, cutting its own sheath asunder. The growing girl is naturally brimful of life—of physical life—and this ought to have its appropriate nourishment, work and play. It is said that good beef makes the Britons fight. I dare say it does, as does good, appropriate food anybody. It makes any one fight who has any fight in him. Not quarrelsome, exactly, but it gives one the backbone and bravery needful for intellectual and moral conflict. Molasses, bread and tea may be good in their place; but they furnish a poor mess for warriors—for people who have heavy burdens to bear. Healthy, nourishing food, well-prepared and enough of it, your girl must have to lay the foundation of life-long physical strength and comfort.

Girls are fond of sport. They are all astir with a surplus of life. They bound from cellar to yard like a cat. The breath of this pleasant May morning sets them all a-shouting. The boisterous laughter of older people on the streets is considered an evidence of rudeness. The ringing, merry laughter of these blushing girls is charming music to one's ears, as sweet as Jenny Lind ever warbled in her sunniest days. The other morning I strolled along the street. Groups of girls leisurely wended their way schoolward, each with a few books in hand. All blushing with health, like the full-blown roses in the windows they passed. A few canary birds had the pretty house hung in the morning sun, at somebody's second story window. They skipped up and down their prison with singular agility, rolling out their sweet notes with a fluency and fervor which set all their gay feathers a quivering, and flooded the air with a profusion of melodies, unconscious and unconcerned, whether any one heard them. The girls, with voices just as sweet, and hearts as full of life's loveliest music, passed beneath the canary's window. The sounds of their gladsome greetings, and their mirthful laughter and unrestrained conversation rolled on the sweet morning air and blended with the strains of the birds. All around, older people enjoyed this innocent hilarity. On some streets this girlish fun might be out of place. Just here there was a pleasing propriety in this blending of the bird-song with the shouts of school-girls. Without telling them so, I thought: "You are quite right, girls; improve your short walk to school by enjoying your brief morning glory. By and by books, black-boards and slates will keep you mutely toiling through weary hours."

Do these rollicking, shouting lasses carry their books simply in their smooth hands, or in their heads as well? one might naturally ask. "Come along to the High School," said a worthy member of the School Board

to me, not long since. "You will feel interested in the recitations. Besides, the young of your flock are largely represented in the school." Of course, I accepted his invitation. For several hours the scholars entertained us with the solution of half-forgotten problems—half-forgotten by us, not by them. I have no time to speak of the readiness and skill with which the boys performed their tasks. My theme is the girls. Three at a time were called up to a long black-board, without a book, the teacher reading for each a problem in Algebra. Now, everybody knows that of all dry studies, Mathematics is the driest; the most sapless, unpoetical and unmusical of all studies, and with the least attractions for the female mind. To be sure, it is necessary—a necessary evil, if you please. Drills us in pure thinking, such as that problem of two lines ever approaching and never meeting; which lifts you into thought almost too pure for mortal lungs to breathe. Very useful, of course, like cayenne pepper and mustard; albeit no one is expected to acquire a great fondness for the taste of these. The girls addressed themselves most girlfully to their work—battled heroically with their problems—spun out labored lengthy equations as rapidly as their nimble fingers could write them.

Another class were called on to translate English prose into German—which, for non German scholars, is no easy task. With undaunted courage they grappled with stubborn moods and tenses: straining their English tongues and lips to the utmost, to express the slight shades of meaning in words of like spelling and nearly the same sound. Patiently these girls constructed, and reconstructed, and polished their heavy German sentences, changing a tense here and a mood there; their work, meanwhile, showing that they had fought over this ground before. Very much was I pleased with the recitations of these girls; and with their teachers equally so—with the latter for the skill and success with which they *in*form and *in*struct the minds of their pupils; with the former for the diligence and thorough knowledge which their well-learned lessons evinced.

Now, I know full well, that some sober, staid friends of mine would pronounce the above most pernicious advice. Do they not warn their girls every morning with holy emphasis and mien, to go along the street with measured step and quiet, womanly dignity, looking neither to the right hand nor the left? Do they not read them sermons about silly, unmannerly girls, gadding and gawking along the street, to the disgust of all refined people? But then, girls are girls, and it is unwise to force them into anything else before their time. Human nature—girl nature—has its pure and right elements, no less than its impure and wrong. To the former belongs their exuberant vitality, always brimful, and with the least touch, boiling over with innocent glee. At the right place give this youthful life proper elbow-room—room to indulge in its melody and mirth.

Girlhood is the season to learn to work; whether this be housework, sewing, or some other useful employment. I have heard of ladies, highly educated, excellent performers on the harp or piano, who, for the life of them, could not bake a loaf of bread, nor make a cup of coffee. And some I know, who pride themselves in this ignorance, taking it to be a mark of extraordinary culture and refinement. Their silly notions and awkward ignorance most likely date from their period of girlhood. Their mothers then had the foolish notion that it was unladylike to teach

their daughters the art of housekeeping. It might soil their smooth, white hands, and bring them on a level with working girls. A melancholy sight is it to behold a mother, overburdened with care and work, toiling at the wash-tub and at the planting of her garden, while the girls are spending their leisure hours at home, in thumbing over their music, and sighing over novels. What is a girl good for if she even cannot make or mend her own dress, or prepare a meal for herself? Music is a fine and most ladylike accomplishment; the solving of Algebraic problems is a useful exercise—it is of service, whether we fail or succeed in the effort. But what is the grandest creation of Mendelsohn or Mozart, if a body has no bread to eat, and nobody to bake it for him? A great English poet, on the point of starvation, at a certain time, was presented with a few costly ruffled shirts, by his admiring friends. "Alas!" said the hungry poet, "I cannot eat the ruffles." You cannot eat music; Algebra will not heat or sweep your room. I have just read in a paper, that the daughter of the wealthiest man in Portland, Maine, helps her mother to do all her housework in the morning, such as baking, sweeping, &c., and in the afternoon and evening she rides out and mingles in society, as a most accomplished lady. A lady, in the highest sense, we would call her. Learn to cook, bake, wash and scrub, make and mend. Believe me, girls, wise people will respect you more for it. About the unwise and wicked you need not care. Thereby you will bring your future husbands, if God has such in store for you, the best of fortunes.

Of course, all girls are cleanly. You never see a dirty rose. Every morning the flowers wash their faces in the falling dew. Children, we are told by those who know all about them, ought to be rolled in the dirt. For them filth is healthy—a child who never gets dirty is not to be trusted. It is diseased, either in body or mind. There is an educating influence in mud. Mud-puddles, mud-pies, mud-dams, mud-houses, mud-everything—do we not all remember their charms to childhood? But girls are no longer children. Slovenly habits; a neglected toilette; a dirty dress—you might as well speak of a filthy-feathered canary or robin. She may be poor, dressed in coarse, threadbare and even ragged raiment; but they will be clean rags.

The recreations of girls are as important as their school lessons. They form part of their educational regime, for body and spirit. To fetter them down to tasks, with incessant severity, does violence to their nature. The warm life-blood; the springing, fine-strung nerves; the bounding frame, must at times be allowed to unbend. Baking bread and handling the broom can not perform the office of recreation.

How shall they get this? Taking a ride? Yes. A group of merry girls on horseback, dashing about on their gay chargers, is a beautiful sight; but a sight one rarely sees. One of the unwisest of the *few* unwise things the ladies of this generation have done, was to abandon horseback riding. Of course the girls must follow the example of their seniors. There was a time, within the recollection of many readers of the GUARDIAN, when it was a rare thing to see a lady ride in a carriage. All the country girls would go to church on horseback; often they would ride double. And what graceful riders the ladies of that time were! Riding gave them health, bodily grace, and beauty. Cannot some one prevail on the Empress Eugenie to take an occasional ride on horseback to the Bois de Boulogne, on one of the

many noble steeds of her royal spouse? This would set all the ladies of America ransacking their garrets, in search for the saddles of their grandmothers, and set them a galloping through our streets, and bring us back one of the blessings of by-gone days.

As a substitute, we have all manner of vehicles, which, it is claimed, are a much more convenient and comfortable means of travelling or recreation. True; but any dolt can lazily throw herself back on a carriage seat, whereas horseback riding is an art, and a very fine art. Many a poor girl looks with sadness on her more favored schoolmates, enjoying their rides in coaches, from which her lowly means exclude her. She need not despair for that matter. As a queer old couplet has it:

> "Them what is rich, them rides in chaises;
> Them what is poor; them walks like blazes."

And I am not sure but those that walk have the better plan of the two. They get more bodily exercise, and of a healthier kind, than those who roll listlessly along in chaises. In this respect the women of England and their daughters act more wisely than their American sisters. It is nothing unusual for persons of wealth, with coaches and liveried coachmen at their command, to walk five or ten miles a day. As a consequence they are blessed with an extraordinary measure of health.

Many a time have I met school-girls, on their daily walks, led in formal procession by their teachers. Schools must enforce discipline; but these kind of walks always seem like an unnatural means of recreation. Why not take the girls out in some wood, grove, or orchard, and let them romp, shout and laugh to their heart's content, without restraining them by the rules of severe school discipline. In the winter season, I know of no means of recreation so beneficial and becoming for girls as skating. They learn it readily, and enjoy it greatly. And once they acquire the art, they take to ice as a gosling to the water. And a glorious sight it is, to see a graceful female skater, careering over the ice like a bird tirelessly soaring through the air.

Girlhood is the season to lay the foundation for a religious life. Not that I would force shaker-bonneted piety on the girls. Girl piety is of a peculiar type; and those who try to force upon her the grave, serious piety of later years, mistake their duty. A girl, a pious girl, laughs and sports more mirthfully than other people. She is full of fun; and we ought never to forget that there is a kind of fun which is not sinful. Her religious joys and trials receive a coloring peculiar to her years; and no system of education or religious training is sound which does not make due account of this.

How charming is the pure life and religious character of a devout girl! Although no longer a child, she loves her Sunday-school, classmates and teacher; and is not ashamed to learn well the lessons assigned her; is not ashamed to pray the prayers her mother taught her. Her opening mind and tender heart receive the truth as the opening flowers of spring receive the falling dew. Just as she is approaching womanhood, she diligently studies her catechism, and faithfully attends the instructions of her pastor. Her parents and angels look on with thankful joy, as she kneels before the Confirmation Altar, to give herself entirely to Christ. Girl, though she be, she will have heavy burdens to bear, and severe battles to fight

in coming life; but with sincerest love she has chosen her heavenly Friend for her Protector and Preserver. 'Tis the closing act of girlhood—this assuming of her baptismal vows and voluntary consecration of herself to her Saviour.

This hallowing of the heart by acts and piety of religion gives true worth to the girl that now is and the woman that is to come. Some may be richer than she, others more talented, but none more enduringly honored and happy. No matter how poor, she belongs to the great sisterhood of Christ's band. Her crown in heaven will contain as precious jewels as that of any other. If her heart be pure and prayerful, sprinkled with the blood of Christ, she will one day mingle with angels and arch-angels in the world of glory. By changing a word here and there in one of Robert Burns' poems, it will help me to express what I wish to say:

"Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and all that;
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for all that!
For all that, and all that,
Our toil 's obscure and all that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The girl 's the gold for all that.

"What, tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear humble gray, and all that;
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A girl 's a girl for all that;
For all that, and for all that,
Their tinsel show, and all that;
The pious girl, though e'er so poor,
Is queen of girls for all that.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for all that,
That sense and worth, o'er all the earth,
May bear the crown, and all that.
For all that, and all that,
It's coming yet, for all that,
That girl to girl, the world o'er,
Shall sisters be, for all that."

Usefulness.—It is good to desire to be useful, but it is not necessary to know how much we are so. We often mean by the word, to be instrumental in doing great things. Self likes to do great things, but grace teaches us to do little things with a great spirit—that is, for the Lord's sake. To fill up his appointed post with integrity, submission and thankfulness, is all that an angel could do if he were upon earth.—*J. Newton.*

A GERMAN "DIES IRÆ"—JUDGMENT HYMN.

"Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit," &c.

BY PERKIOMEN.

This venerable Christian Hymn is almost as familiar to the pious German lay as is the widely known "Old Hundred," from long-continued and frequent repetition in their worship. Its authorship is attributed to Bartholomew Ringwaldt, A. D. 1581. The peculiar melody of it, however, Dr. Schaff supposes to be much older, dating perhaps prior to Martin Luther's time. We present an English rendering for those who may be debarred from appreciating it in its own rich original, declaring, at the same time, that the half of its native unction is not conveyed to them, by our apologetical translation.

1. We verily approach the day,*
   Of God's Great Son appearing;
   In His Omnipotent array,
   To judge the bold and fearing.
   Then will the scoffers jeers expire,†
   When all things shall dissolve in fire—
   As Peter's record tells us.†

* Much discussion has already been occasioned by the opening lines:

Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit,
Dass Gottes Sohn wird kommen;

Do they design to feed and support the devotional thought in reference to the *nearness* of Christ's second Advent? Or, is it merely intended, that they should confirm our faith in the *certainty* of His coming? The English rendering, in the Moravian H. B. N. inclines to the latter view, and, accordingly, reads:

"'Tis sure that awful time will come."

We prefer, by far, the former sense, and have designedly preserved it in the body of the opening stanza. We are very partial towards the Apostolic hope and expectation of Christ's early Second Advent. The Gospels and Epistles abound in such comfortable sayings as the following: "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." "Behold I come quickly." "This generation shall not pass away," &c. We love to embody this piously solemn thought, even at the risk of becoming a *Chiliast*. The last verse, furthermore, confirms us in our view. We append another rendering of the first verse, which is based on the latter view:—

We verily await the Day
When God will send Messias!
As Judge, in glorious array,
Of impious and pious.
Who then may in His presence stay,
When all in fire shall pass away?—
As His own Word assures us.

† Dr. Schaff prefers the reading of the *fifth* and *last* lines, as we have rendered them in the appended verse, and believes the common version to have come into use from a spurious altering of the Latin Original, viz.:

Teste *Petro* cum Sibylla,

instead of Teste *David* cum Sibylla.

It is doubtless so. But we have sung: "*Wie Petrus davon schreibet,*" from childhood, and have a mind to continue "on that line!" There is much in educational custom. Not a few older clergymen have resolved to say "Hell," instead of *Hades*, to the end of life—for the same reason.

2. Loud Trumpet-sounds are heard to ring
   Throughout the Earth's dominions;
Deep graves the challenge hear, and bring
   The dead forth as on pinions!
E'en Death shall stand with terror stricken,
To see the Gospel prov'd, as writt'n —
   That life shall reign forever.

3. A volume vast we see unfold,
   In which is strictly noted,
To all that mortals, young and old,
   Themselves on Earth devoted.
As written there, so every one,
Accordingly as he had done,
   Receives for all his doing.

4. Alas! for him, who in his day,
   Had God's good Word neglected!
From Matin until Vesper's lay,
   An earthly bliss expected!
Ah! verily, he may not stay,
But must with Satan haste away
   From Christ, in outer darkness.

5. O Jesus, aid me in that Day —
   With thine own wounds awarded—
That in the "Book of Life," I may
   There find my name recorded.
This boon, I doubt not, Thou'lt bestow,
For Thou hast conquered my fell Foe,
   And paid the debt against me.

6. Then, Advocate, to Thee I look,
   At Thy Great Last Appearing,
To read my name from out that Book —
   The Ranks of thine endearing.
That with my Brethren I may win
That Heav'n of Thine, and enter in —
   It is Thine own blood-purchase.

7. O Jesus Christ, pray hasten near,
   Say, why Thy Day delaying?
To mortals hope sinks down in fear —
   Temptations all arraying!
O come! come quickly, Judge All-wise
And fit us by Thy Grace to rise
   Above all evil! Amen.

If a man takes a tenth or a fifth part from his stock to give to the poor, the remainder will be a weighter seed for producing an increase, than if the whole had been untouched. But then this is a delicate affair. To give chiefly with the expectation of the increase, is *traffic*, and not charity.

YEA AND NAY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The standard words by which we affirm or deny a proposition are "Yea" and "Nay." They constitute the elementary affirmative and negaative terms in the English tongue. They may be regarded as detectors of the genuine and the counterfeit—barometers of what we conceive Truth and Falsehood to be.

Whenever a positive or negative is required, what terms more ready and definite, or at the same time briefer, than "Yea" and "Nay?" We can never say more, nor get beyond their scope. We may declare, affirm, asseverate, sneer; but whilst all this wordy paraphernalia may render the orginal "Yea" or "Nay" more solemn and imposing; whilst it may invest it with a certain grandeur and awe, which, standing by itself, neither the one nor the other possesses, in every-day parlance, yet does all this bolstering not materially affect, or even render a whit more definite, the primary absolute character of those originals. To mistake the one for the other, or even to misplace them, is to make falsehood, and more than that you cannot do by making a false oath. Every such abuse of the "Yea" or "Nay," is perjury before the court of heaven and the court of conscience, whatever the Court of Quarter Sessions may say. To make oath affords us no more truth than the "Yea" or "Nay" already contains. Who does not see that it is quite impossible to swell up or bloat those elementary words with any greater amount of veracity by cramming them with affirmations and asseverations? Under oath, or apart from it, you speak the truth or untruth in both cases. Before a Tribunal of Justice the surroundings may challenge a greater regard and credence. Since mankind has little confidence in man's veracity, save as it is extracted from him, as you would a tooth; and those attending circumstances may aggravate the crime of perjury, or enhance the value of his deposition to the facts existing, still ten thousand oaths do not render the "Yea" or "Nay" more or less than they are in their naked forms. An honest man does not need any such provocation to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," in order to maintain his integrity, even though, for the good of society at large, he may be subjected to making oath. The aim of a Judicial Tribunal, then, is rather to constrain the perverse man to utter the "Yea" or "Nay" *in their proper places*, than to fill them out with any greater quantity, or to clothe them with any superior quality of Truth.

But let us here state, by way of episode, preface, or parenthesis, as the reader chooses, that in pleading for "Yea" and "Nay," we have our ear mainly open to common conversation, social utterance, daily speech, home language, domestic talk. In society, all ordinary intercourse is to be sustained and conducted by those simple and innocent words.

It is thought by many, that profanity, the lie, and vulgarity, whether

taken with a greater or less latitude, are the sole offences to correct speech. If they be made to embrace all intemperance in language, all immoderate expressions, all superfluous and frivolous epithets, all extreme utterances, all verbal departures from the simple, the innocent and the true, then the thought is a correct one and the proposition must stand unrebuked. Otherwise it must be counted among the many stereotyped and petrified errors. Character attaches to conversation as well as to conduct. Words have a style and a moral nature, no less so than acts and deeds. It is possible to be honest in dollars and cents and yet rougish in speech. There are hypocrites in more departments than that of religion. There are other than mere government defaulters. There are those who feign, lie, and deceive with the tongue. There are intemperate eaters and drinkers. The former we call gluttons, the latter, inebriates. But there are men and women of drunken speech as well. They talk too much; they mount their words on stilts; they exaggerate, like the urchin who found a nest with a thousand eggs! They are akin to the brother, who when reprimanded by conference, for habitually magnifying facts, replied: "Brethren, I have wept *hogsheads* of tears over my weakness!" Have we not all known men and women, on whose tongue a simple "Yea" or "Nay" sounds far more authoritative and convincing than the same terms are apt to strike us when uttered by others? Now, an individual confronts us, whose "Yea" is at once convincing. Not the faintest shadow of a doubt floats over your mind. His "Nay" carries, likewise, with itself the weight of a mountain. In either case the bail and security are contained within themselves. But then you meet a different character who dispenses the same customary "Yea" or "Nay," and you mistrust. Why? The man is no liar, and yet you know not whether or no to believe him. He himself seems to feel your want of confidence in his deposition. Hence he adds: "Indeed it's so!" "I declare it's true!" "I'll put my soul and honor at pawn!" "I'll never stir, if it isn't!" *et cetera.* Then, perhaps, you are ready to believe him—not, however, because of his original affirmation or denial; but because of all this swearing *in the third degree*, of which he has been guilty. But why should a simple, naked "Yea" and "Nay" prove so irresistible on one man's tongue and so utterly weak and worthless on the lips of another? The reason is patent. The former had accustomed himself for years, perhaps, to eschew all superfluous words—all beyond the "Yea" and "Nay." It is now his habit of mind and speech, and the people around him know it. It is with him a fixed and fundamental principle. On it he has built a style, known and read of all. You know him as a man of moderate, sober speech.

But the other character is given to exaggeration. It may be that with him, a spade is "a well-known oblong instrument of labor." His home is his "residence." A place is always "a certain locality." He talks on horseback. He seems as though he lived above the clouds, or still higher up—in the "milky way"—eating air continually. You wonder why he should consent to dwell in a house built on the ground, of brick and mortar. You feel as though Prof. Lowe should build a balloon for him to live in. He looks at all earthly objects with opera goggles before his eyes. Anything unpleasant or inconvenient is to him already "perfectly awful!" "Horrid!" "Frightful!" If it be but ordinary, it is to him, "magnificent!" Let him read an interesting book, and he tells you, "it

is intensely absorbing!" A brown-stone house is "a perfect palace!" And a three-storied dwelling is "one of the finest structures in the world!" Now, should that man see an object which is really grand, we see not how he is to give vent to his feelings. The terms, "magnificent," "sublime," "splendid," and kindred words, will not answer. He has long ago exhausted himself by piling these epithets on the most ordinary stuff. He spent his money for trifles, and now lacks wherewith to buy bread or to pay his debts. Let an able and eloquent discourse be styled "a flaming production," and what will you name a *meteor* by? Then comes in the Irishman's remedy, who, when asked whether one man is not as good as another, replied: "Och, an' be shure he is, *and bether!*" And were the Hibernian wit even so near at hand, we might be willing to overlook all embarrassment. But such a verbal imbecile, rendered such by constant over-indulgence, once stood by the Falls of Niagara. Being completely bewildered by the grandeur around himself, he attempted to express his feelings of intoxication. But what words were sufficient for him? He had for many years heaped huge swelling terms on every mill-dam and duck-pond, thus draining his vocabulary of qualifying adjectives. But mark you, now, as he pretended to express himself to a plain old Quaker, standing by: "Sir, this is! I tell you, sir, this is! Why, sir, this is!"—but he could advance no nearer his mark. The old man of placid face, and plain garb, and moderate speech, relieved him very readily, in these words: "Friend, this is *sublime!*" "That's the very word I was hunting for!" cried the inebriate. On his own tongue, however, the term seemed too tame, by far. Thus let a man over-dose his system, when in health, and a little wine, or even much, will not affect and strengthen him when in an invalid state. But it is the very same with him who is forever intemperate in speech; who departs from the "Yea" and "Nay;" who finds it necessary to "indeed," to "pawn soul and honor," to call God to witness every trifle, to declare that he "will never stir," "breathe," or "die at this moment and on the spot, if this or that is or is not so." What bow will not lose its spring if always on the bend? And what speech or style thus constantly over-taxed, will not become unnerved, lame, impotent and worthless? The choicest terms must become cheap and common, yea, contemptible, if bandied about without intermission.

How much better, then, to accustom one's self to a moderate speech—to the utterance of "Yea" and "Nay." It preserves the original force and energy of language. It gives us confidence in our own words. It convinces our companions all the more readily. To depart from the simple and natural, is to lose in clearness, in emphasis, in integrity of meaning and in reputation for ability. Intemperance in speech is as little allowed by the laws of morality, as is intemperance in eating and drinking by the laws of health. And when the highest authority assures us, "that no *drunkard* shall enter into the kingdom of heaven," we have often wondered whether a sound exegesis must not interpret it as embracing more inebriates than those only who have become such through strong drink. When an attempt was made to convert the Japanese ambassadors to Christianity, one of the dusky children exclaimed: "There be many ways to Jeddo!" So we maintain, intemperance comes by more ways than one—and all intemperance is of evil.

The Author of the Book of Genesis, in closing up the Dramatic His-

tory of Creation, says: "And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold, it was very good." There is moderation for us. Yet it was considered sufficiently strong, whereby to express the full satisfaction of an Omniscient and Omnipotent God experienced over a created universe. King James' English version of the Bible is the happiest model for simplicity of style in composition and speech. The great expounder of the American Constitution, Daniel Webster, patterned after it, and Daniel Webster wrote and spoke good English. Yet his speeches were the only productions of great men which his farmer, John, could read without a dictionary. The nearer we are allied to simplicity the closer we are to Nature; and Nature and Truth are twin sisters. To depart from these land-marks is to approach exaggeration; and exaggeration and falsehood are sisters again.

Our language in America is suffering under an exaggerated, high-pressure system. It is not in romance and works of fiction solely, that we detect it; but in social speech, in the drawing-room, on the promenade—in our daily vernacular. Where but with us do we hear of "*high-falutin*" and "*grandiloquence?*" Who but an American reporter speaks of a clergyman's "*eloquent prayer?*" Where but in Washington, the Capital of the American Republic, do we learn to speak of the murderess Harris as *Miss* Harris? A Christian matron is almost tempted to cast aside her title and fall back upon the name her parents gave her at the Font, if the mother of conspirators must still be *Mrs.* Surratt. The American Eagle is in danger of losing his feathers, as well as other birds, but that is no reason why we should attempt to quiver him with Peacock plumes. A wag suggests the steam-engine as a more faithful exponent of our national habit. The high-pressure steam-engine, how it puffs and blows! High prices! High taxes! High living! High spirits! High heads! High heels! High words! Everything is done in *high style!* Even a wedding is performed in a balloon, above the clouds.

But there is another order of speech, perhaps a little nearer allied to common profanity, to which we are very much given. It is what we choose to call *profanity in the second degree*, since it is likewise a departure from the "Yea" and "Nay." It consists in mouthing God's name, the heavens, or mercy, on all occasions of surprise. We must be permitted to illustrate, in order to render our thought intelligible, disavowing, at the same time, all intention of impiety. Here are some specimens: "My God!" "My heavens!" "O Lord!" "Good Lord!" "My gracious!" "O mercy!" These form a few links in the long chain of mongrel oaths. Who does not see that they are all good and pious words, when used at the right time and place? At times they are allowable, advisable and necessary. But the trifling occasions, on which they come to be employed, render them harmful and wicked. It is right to laugh; but it sounds to the ear like the filing of a saw at the funeral of your fellow-man. We are not shocked to see a child dance in its mother's flower garden. Luther says: "be as a child and you may dance too." But who would dance over a grave? So may high, holy and solemn words, names and phrases be profitably employed in the pulpit, in the closet, in earnest discourse and religious conversation. But they become nauseous to a delicate conscience, whenever they are associated with trifling circumstances or frivolous and vulgar occasions. Here the proverb

comes in with emphasis: "*Familiarity breeds contempt.*" The motive may not be one with that of the filthy-mouthed, profane swearer, but it is profanity nevertheless—and an unpardonable departure from the "Yea" and "Nay." With many it is done ignorantly. Much allowance must ever be made, in this world, for ignorance. Yet all might know better, and consequently what is plead in mitigation does not amount to an excuse. Others fall into such a trifling habit, and it becomes to them a second-nature. Still others indulge in it from an impious spirit. From whatever cause it may come, it is impossible to accustom one's self to such phrases without verging nearer and nearer to the bar-room oath. Let it be "My heavens" for a little while, and how easily will it run into "By heavens!"—which He who spake as never man spake, pronounces a sin. Repeat but for two weeks, at short intervals, "My God," and as readily as you learn to drink water will you fall into repeating the by-word on the canal. Remember, too, that "by my soul," is a full-fledged oath in German. With whomsoever such expressions are habitual, the simple, natural and chaste usage of "Yea" and "Nay" is in danger.

Look at it from another position. Such bastard oaths should be discarded because those solemn exclamations lose their primitive, sacred and reverential character, and are thereby shorn from all power to edify. Should you ever feel the need of prayer in your closet on your knees, those phrases may and will roll from your tongue; but alas! they are divested of all energy then. You have bandied them over your yard and kitchen, along the street and in an idle, impious manner, until they are weak and worthless for you. "My God! My God!" in the mouth of our Lord on the Cross had the weight of ten thousand worlds; but on your tongue they are light as a feather. Why? That sacred heart had never belittled and profaned the saying, whilst you have, by reducing it to a daily slang-word.

Every wrong and perverted usage of words and phrases is of evil. In the religious sphere they destroy piety and injure the soul. In the secular limits, they destroy the power and purity of language. Hence our objections to all "slang." It revolutionizes the vernacular of any country or people, by vulgarizing daily speech. As an illustration, notice your political phrases: "Abolitionist," "Copperhead," "War-men," "Peace-men," "Freedom," "Slavery," "Loyal," "Rebel,"—all terms of meaning and weight until they lost their innocency and fell into slang. We hold that we are still within the limits of our caption, and declare that to indulge in such habits is to transgress the "Yea" and "Nay." And begging very many pardons of a certain class of readers, we must be permitted to state that the orders of conversation, now noticed, are most largely indulged in by mothers, wives and daughters. They are greatly prone to *romance* in daily speech. With many of their sex, an ordinarily ugly object is at once perfectly "frightful," or "enrapturing" when it is only nice. In their hands a moderate, temperate and chaste style frequently suffers. They too are apt to indulge in those *piously-profane* words. They contribute more towards corrupting our daily vernacular, through a general offending against the "Yea" and "Nay," than has been effected by all the Novel and Romance-writers of America and Europe combined. What is the influence exerted by a comparatively few popular authors of that class, when compared with the damaging effect wielded by the

mothers, wives and daughters of the civilized world? Have they ever asked themselves why vain men speak contemptuously of what they choose to style "*women's talk?*" Far back in time, and in the far East, good men walked at day-break, and hearing the report of a Risen Saviour, from pious women, it is said: "And their words seemed to them as idle tales; and they believed them not." Now man often wrongs woman; but woman more frequently wrongs herself. We see not, if the "Yea" and "Nay" are made the limits to her communication, why a woman's word should not be as sacred as a woman's oath, which, tradition says, twelve men alone can cancel.

We proceed to lay the cap-stone to our structure, and will merely allude to *Profanity in the first degree*, as the saddest of all departure from the "Yea" and "Nay." Almost every passion pleads a reason or an excuse. The inebriate and glutton pleads his appetite; the thief and burglar, cupidity; the manslayer, revenge. But what tempts to Profanity? We know of nothing. He gratifies no appetite or passion, and gains no advantage. Of all vices this remunerates least. The rule holds good: He who understands the use and power of his native tongue most thoroughly, swears least. A good scholar never swears. A Linguist or Philologist would as soon sprinkle his bread with sand, as his conversation with oaths. No learned man would murder his speech by such death-blows. A French gentleman never swears—nor any other *gentleman.* Of all modern languages that of France is cleanest of oaths. It is the most polite and polished too. Low-born foreigners have their mouths full of this evil. The Pennsylvania German abounds in fearful cursings. The meanest dialect of any language is always most afflicted with this offence to good style, good breeding and good morals. *All Profanity proceeds from a defective knowledge of one's own language.* Hence the best educated are farthest removed from this vice. The "Yea" and "Nay" cover the whole field over which such men's thoughts travel—and their field is the world. The educated mind of Ireland, England, France, Germany, America, Spain, Italy, of any first or second class nation of the world, never feels tempted to go beyond. But the half-educated and the uneducated of every tongue are most fruitful herein. Why? Because they understand not the depth and compass of their vernacular. Does the wise man light a candle at noon-day? Would the artist paint the natural rose with artificial tints? Who would sweeten honey, or carry coal to Pottsville? But just as much wisdom would you show, by committing all such follies, as by piling huge, swelling words of vanity on the already definite "Yea" and "Nay." This is a *masculine* vice—swearing women are comparatively scarce. And let us advance another argument against it, by declaring that *the profane man betrays a want of confidence in his own words.* He is a verbal bankrupt. He feels in need of bail and offers the Almighty's name as a guarantee. He does not believe his own "Yea" and "Nay;" why then should he suppose others to believe it without security?

But what is our *remedy?* The reformation must work from above downward. Ladies and gentleman must discard Profanity in the *second* and *third* degrees—must eschew all beyond "Yea" and "Nay" in the drawing-room, in promenade, in society at large. Then will Profanity in the *first* degree gradually die from want of nourishment, with the rude

and boyish, in the bar-rooms, and in the market. If the better classes are not content with "Yea" and "Nay;" if they must "pawn soul and honor;" if they will constantly belch out semi-sinful ejaculations to the surface of society—so long we must expect rowdies, plebians, vulgar men and women and boys to utter oaths of coarser grain. Tippling never reformed a single drunkard. The Radical is the true Conservative here. Our Lord cuts up all compromise by the roots: "*But let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.*"

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY "JOSEPH HENRY."

How fast the years have sped away, since we were joined together
By marriage vows, for weal or woe, for fair and stormy weather!
We both were young, and on our brows no strand of silver gray
Had found, through locks of chestnut-hue, its melancholy way.

We stood before old Parson Brown,—alas! you well remember,
They laid him in the church-yard mould that bitter cold December,—
How gently, on our wedding-day, he laid your hand in mine,
And whispered, smiling through his tears, "Charles, take her, she is thine."

We called our eldest Thomas Brown, but you would call him *Brownie*,
When, in the twilight-hour, you smoothed his hair so soft and downy;
Ah! even now, I seem to lay my hand upon his head,—
I hardly can persuade myself that Thomas Brown is dead.

But surely, wife, we should not grieve, that God took one in seven
Away from sin and sorrow's blight, to rest with Him in heaven.
The six that stay, of pain and woe must take their several parts;—
Remembrance of the seventh is the Sabbath of our hearts.

We will not mourn, for truly, now, the Lord our God is gracious;
His promise stands forever fast, his blessings still are precious;
We'll raise our Ebenezer high; our troubles all are past,
Since even John, our wayward son, has found the Lord at last.

We're growing old, but what of that? 'Tis said the head that's hoary,
If found in ways of righteousness, may be a crown of glory;
And, as for death, why should we dread the grave which Christ has blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?

Before the sun was up this morn, the girls, on tip-toe treading,
Prepared the gifts so secretly, for this our GOLDEN WEDDING:
Is this the autumn of our lives? Then from her lavish horn
She surely pours her richest gifts, the oil, the wine, the corn.

The children all were here to-day; and oft, with fond caresses,
Grandchildren clambered on my knee, or smoothed your whitening tresses;
Their soft embraces pleased us more than all these shining things;
For loving hearts are better far than golden wedding-rings.

A happy day is past, and now, we pray with voice that falters,
Lord, may our children's children find their home beside Thine altars;
And may we meet, in blessedness, before the great I AM.
To taste as chosen wedding-guests the Supper of the Lamb.

THE GERMAN BURNS.*

When we call Hebel, the Alemanian poet, the German Burns, we give to the English reader at once a very good general idea of the spirit and genius of the man, and the character of his poetry. The similarity of the two men is striking. They were born at nearly the same time—Burns in 1759, Hebel in 1760; and although the former died comparatively young, 1796, and the latter only in a good old age, 1826, as poets they were cotemporary. Both sprang from the bosom of humble life, were in deep sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the lowly, sang of the common objects of every-day life, and in the native dialect of the people. Both were children of nature, kindly, generous, and full of genial humor, and their poetry is *naïve*, artless, natural, simple, and sweet Both are poets of the home-feeling, interpreters of the human heart in its most intensely natural affections and moods, full of the trusting traditional spirit of isolated country life; and both, therefore, whilst they have not failed to interest the most learned and refined by their creations of true genius, have won for their names a fragrant immortality in the hearts of all who, however unlettered, carry with them an intuitive aptitude for the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Resembling each other in the peculiarities and circumstances just enumerated, they differ from each other in some others. Burns was without any of the usual opportunities for intellectual discipline and culture, being entirely self-educated; Hebel enjoyed all the advantages of the gymnasium and the university. Burns, though with strong religious instincts and a deep undercurrent of religious feeling, never submitted his life to the regulating cultus of the Church, but often suffered his passions to run wild, and became the plaything of the stormy irregularities of his impulsive nature; Hebel was a professed and ever consistent Christian, cultivating his religious life by the devout use of the means of grace: regular and temperate in his habits, meek, earnest, and pious in word and life, and, clothed with the graces of the Spirit, he walked in abiding favor and communion with Christ, as in the sweet sunshine of heaven.

In order properly to introduce our German poet to English readers, it

* By the late Rev. Dr. H. Harbaugh, from the "Hours at Home," October, 1866.

is necessary first to introduce them to the *man* by a brief sketch of his life and the scenes of his childhood home.*

About the middle of the last cen ury a weaver and mountaineer from the Hundsrück, left his home in early youth, and after many wanderings came at length to Basel. Here he forsook his loom, which never had any special charm for him, and entered the service of Major Iselin, an officer in the French service, and with him made a number of campaigns, which on one occasion led him as far as Corsica. During this service in the Major's family he became acquainted with a maiden, also of humble origin, who served at the same time in the Major's family, and soon found that his love for her proved able to cure him of his wandering mode of life. He now thought that a single humble room "would henceforth be world enough for him." In 1757 they became husband and wife, and moved to Hausen, a small village near Schopfheim, in Baden. These were the parents of our poet.

In the humble village of Hausen the weaver, in winter, wrought at his old trade, whilst in summer both he and his wife served together in the family of Major Iselin, in Basel, where they had first met and loved. Here, and not in Hausen, as some have it, our poet was born, on the 10th of May, 1760. John Peter was the name he received in baptism. The happy father must have devoted to the boy no small share of attention, for in a record book he has carefully noted how "the little Peter, in the twenty-second week of his age, got his first tooth, at twenty-eight weeks sat alone, and how at the fair of 1760 he could already whistle with a wooden pipe!"

However, the further care and training of the child soon devolved entirely upon the mother. His father died when the boy was scarcely fifteen months old. Hence Hebel, like many other prominent men, is, under God, more indebted to his mother than to his father for what he became. His mother is described as a woman of a strong understanding, excellent spirit, and deep religious life. The blessing of this last trait the poet knew especially how to appreciate. In a sermon written in his sixtieth year, though never delivered, he says: "The blessing of her piety has never forsaken me. She taught me to pray, she taught me to believe in God, to trust in him, and to keep constantly in mind his omnipresence." This grace of his mother's piety early manifested itself in the most beautiful way in his childish plays. He took the chrysalids left by the butterflies, put them in little tiny wooden boxes, dug them in the earth, stuck crosses upon the little graves, and trustingly waited and longed for their resurrection!

From his sixth year Hebel attended alternately the village school at Hausen, and the Münster school in Basel, where his mother continued to serve in the summer in the Iselin family. During winter the boy Hebel had his regular work between school-hours, which was to gather wood in the forest for the fire, or to break stones for the furnace. During the

* In this sketch we shall draw from the following German sources, of which we give the titles in English: Preface to an edition of his poems, 1820. The German Classics, vol. xxv., 1830. Encyclopædia of Ersch and Gruber, art. Hebel, 1828. Encyclopædia of German National Literature, vol. iii. 1838. And a late work by L. Hermann Kahle, entitled Claudius and Hebel; Berlin, 1864. From one and all of these, as it may best suit our purpose, we translate, compile, abridge, transfuse and complement—all with a view to accuracy and completeness.

summer he had easier times in Basel. The good he derived from this alternating between town and country life, he himself, gratefully acknowledges in later life. In the discourse already quoted, he says: "I was born of poor but pious parents, spent the half of my time alternately in a quiet village, and in the excellent houses of a large city. Thus I early learned to be rich and to be poor. Although I have never been rich, I have learned to have nothing and to have all things, to be glad with the happy, and sad with the sorrowful."

In his thirteenth year, young Hebel lost also his mother. She died in Autunn, 1773. During her stay at Basel she took sick, and, according to her own wish, they started to bring her to her home in Hausen; but the wagon on which they placed her sick couch for the journey, became her death-bed. In the presence of her son, who had been called to her side, she died on the way from Basel to Hausen, between the villages of Steinen and Brombach. Often afterward did Hebel again travel this way by night; and in remembrance of the loss suffered here he, at a later period, after such a nightly journey, wrote one of his best poems, entitled, Die Vergänglichkeit—perishableness. To the close of his life he remembers her with the greatest tenderness, and she appears in the way of touching allusions in his poems.

Just about the time young Hebel lost his mother, the orphan had the good fortune to become known to Preuschen, a member of the church council in Karlsruhe, who took a deep interest in him, and sent him to the grammar-school at Lorrach. From here, after some time, he took him to himself in Karlsruhe, where, in the lyceum of that city, from 1775 to 1778, he completed his studies preparatory to the University. In 1778 he entered upon the study of theology in the University of Erlangen.

In 1780, Hebel returned to Karlsruhe, sustaining with honor his examination as a candidate of theology, and parentless and poor as he was, he gladly embraced the opportunity of becoming private teacher in a family, at the same time entering upon a vicarate therewith connected, offered him by pastor Schlottenbeck in Hertingen, a village not far from his native place.

During his years of study in the schools, and in the University, Hebel had manifested a taste for philosophical studies, and made good progress in his department. These acquirements now served him well, securing for him, in 1783, the honorable position of preceptor in the grammar school in Lorrach. Here Hebel lived in the midst of a paradise of nature. A walk of two hours through the midst of most charming scenery led to Basel. Still nearer rolled the Rhine. In the distance rose the hills and crests of the Schwartzwald, and still more remote were seen the Swiss Alps. In the hours of rest and leisure, which came in between the duties of his calling, Hebel lived in the bosom of nature, devoting himself to the enjoyment of intimate friendships and the soothing and refreshing influence of the muses. Here the Alemanian poet first successfully spread his wings, giving form and expression to those harmonies of his soul which had haunted his spirit from the years of his childhood. Of the peculiar character and merits of his poetry, we shall speak farther on in this article.

In 1791, Hebel received a call as teacher in the gymnasium of Karlsruhe; and at the same time became sub deacon of the court church in

that city. He preached with acceptance, and soon found himself contented and happy in his new relations. Especially did his teaching, in which he had now attained to great efficiency, find much favor; and he devoted himself to this part of his work with true enthusiasm. His devotion to his calling did not remain unnoticed or unrewarded; for as early as 1798 Hebel was promoted to the chief professorship in the institution.

At this time the greater portion of his peculiar Alemanian poems had already been published, partly as single poems, and also in a collected form, and were the property and delight of the people. But the watchers on the German Parnassus as yet knew not his name, or at least did not acknowledge this Saul as one of poesy's true prophets. They could not at once perceive that such artlessness in thought and style could be true art. At length, however, Jean Paul Richter, in a letter to the publisher of a paper devoted to elegant literature, which had at that time great influence, gives evidence that he had gotten on the scent of it. Jean Paul, who even from the first glance saw Hebel's great poetical merits, placed him at once by the side of Herder. With full justice and great beauty he says of him: "The soft, golden evening light of a beautiful and peaceful soul lies upon all heights, which he causes to pass before us. He compensates for poetical flowers by poesy itself. With one hand he places to his lips the Swiss Alpine-horn of youthful longing and joy, whilst with the other he points to the gleaming evening glory which lies upon the high glaciers, and begins to pray when the vesper-bells call over to him from the mountains."

From this time forth Hebel's calling as a poet was universally acknowledged; and the princes of the poets, Herder, Goethe, Jacobi, aided in making his fame known, as they were also among the first to discover and appreciate his rare merits.

In 1805, his prince, the excellent Charles Frederick of Bavaria, honored him with the title of member of the church council; and three years later he intrusted to him the conduct of the gymansium as director. Though he stood thus in high official position, and was led by his calling to labor in the higher sphere of literature and philosophy, this man of the people did not suffer the high duties of his new position to alienate his sympathies from the walks of common life, or prevent him from furnishing popular contributions, for the cultivation of the people, to the literary journals of the time. For the carrying out of his earnest wishes in this respect, he found an especially appropriate medium in the pages of the Bavarian County Almanac, known as the Family Friend of the Rhine, for citizens and farmers. Here he published a treasure of the most valuable matter, clothed in the simplest of styles, and in the form of pleasantries, anecdotes, stories, "things old and new, in fun and in earnest." By this kind of writing, for which he possessed peculiar gifts, he accomplished untold good among the common people. He did not look upon those higher institutions, in one of which he stood as the official head, as high Swiss Alps, covered down to the foot with cold and unyielding ice, only to be looked up to in dumb wonder by the dwellers in the humble vale and on the level plains of lowly life; but rather as such Alps, with green slopes and pleasant, shady woods, covered with soft and genial sunshine around the base, from which should issue springs, rills, and rivulets, flowing down and out in all directions to gladden hearts and homes among

"those who toil and groan." The people, ever grateful for what is thus furnished for their improvement in a form suited to their capacities, felt that they were truly blest with a friendly counselor and instructor during their "hours at home." So delighted were they with his writings in this Almanac, that the demand for the numbers of past years ever increased, and the publishers were compelled to print new editions of them; and emigrants who removed from Bavaria and Würtemberg to America, called for it from their far-off homes in the new world, and it had to be regularly furnished to them across the waters. There are still evidences of the good influence exerted by the humble publications of this child-like, learned professor among the early German and Swiss settlers in the quiet valleys of Pennsylvania.

We must not, however, suffer ourselves, by such-like interesting particulars, to be diverted from the remaining part of the story of our poet's life. In 1814, Hebel was made a member of the consistorium; and in 1816 his prince elevated him to the office of prelate and commandant of the Zäring Order of the Lion. To these honors the theological faculty of Heidelberg yet added that of Doctor of Theology. The unabated zeal of the now aged man for the instruction of the people induced him now to undertake the publication of his biblical histories, which were introduced into all the schools of Baden as text-books; and which, like the similar books by Hübner, will continue to prove a blessing to the common people and youth long after Hebel's remains shall have turned to ashes in the grave. These popular and charming works appeared in many editions at Gotha, Stuttgart and Tübingen, and like his almanac writings, were largely circulated and used, in earlier days, among the Germans in America.

Even in old age Hebel enjoyed good health, and gave promise to his friends of yet longer life and many more blessed labors. Yet only too soon was this hope disappointed. In the autumn of 1826 the duties of his calling led him to Mannheim, to attend the school examinations in that place. On the 16th of September he started unwell on his return from Mannheim, and with increasing indisposition stopped on the way with his old friend Zeyher, the Garden Director in Schwetzingen. His attack, which was a disorder in the digestive organs, soon gave signs that it would prove fatal. On the fifth day of his sickness, September 22d, 1826, early in the morning, he fell gently asleep in the arms of his friends, who had gathered there from all parts of the land at the news of his approaching end. In the church-yard at Schwetzingen, not many steps from the eastern walk, is his grave, which by the simple inscription "HEBEL" is readily found by the visitor. In 1855, a cenotaph was erected to his memory in the Palace Garden in Karlsruhe.

Casting our tribute of evergreen and flowers upon his grave, and bidding him rest in peace, we turn away to cast a glance at the quiet country scenes in which lies charmingly embosomed the home of the poet's childhood, where his poetry at least germinated in his youthful years, and flowered around his susceptible spirit like blossoms upon the fruit-trees in early summer—not only as the prophecy, but as the actual first-fruits of the rich poetical harvest ripened in his later life. In his childhood home are the springs, which only in their flowing afterward became rills and

rivers. In their application to Hebel, the words of Goethe are emphatically true:

"Willst den Dichter du verstehen,
Musst in Dichter's Heimath gehen."

(That is: If you would understand the poet, you must visit the poet's home.)

Leaving all general features of scenery to come in gradually, even as they imbedded themselves also by degrees, in the process of his own life, in the poet's own associations and memory, as is evident from the growth of his poetry, we place ourselves at once on the green banks of his best-beloved stream, in the midst of what was the one central sunny spot in his childhood heart. This was the "Wiese," which, with its traditionary associations, he himself best describes in one of his characteristic poems. Could we but give, in a translation, anything of the artless simplicity and beauty of the inimitable original, as it breathes in the peculiar dialect used by the poet!

"Where the scythe-hammering spirit, in the midnight hour,
Upon a silver anvil, sharpens his golden sickle
On wooded Feldberg—Todtnau's lads know it full well;
Where with friendly face the Wiese smiles out
Sweetly between the deeply embosoming clefts,
And leapeth boldly down the vale toward Todtnau,
Hover my cheerful eye and my freshened thoughts.
Feldberg's lovely daughter, O Wiese! thou to me
Art a welcome gift of God! Listen! with my hymns
I now will honor thee; and with my songs
Be your companion on your joyful way."

It is the Wiese, a tributary of the Rhine on its right bank, which the poet wishes to accompany with his songs on its joyful way; and in doing this, he gives us one of his best poems, one of the sweetest idyls which German literature can present, and which at the same time makes us acquainted in a most agreeable manner with the home of the poet. "Feldberg's lovely daughter" he calls the Wiese, because it is born in the "deeply embosoming clefts" of the Feldberg, the king of the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest, where, according to the popular tradition, a noted spirit, in the midnight hour, hammers his golden scythe. From the clifts of the Feldberg the Wiese leaps boldly down into the valley, and pleasures on toward the village of Todtnau.

This valley of the Wiese, with its surrounding hills and mountains, is the home of our poet—"a beautiful spot of earth," which for Hebel contained everything which associates itself in the German heart with the sound of the word home. So lovely is the valley of the Wiese, that the Wiese herself, "nursed in crystal chambers, and rocked in a silver cradle by silent spirits," is made by the poet to express her astonishment at the beautiful sight:

"Ha! not so! out here it's nice,
Much nicer than you thought!"

The sun also, and the evening star, are cheered by it:

"It [the star] talks and asks her [the sun] this and that. She shows
And tells it all as well as she knows.

It says: 'O mother! look downward, do,
How it glitters and shines in the morning dew,
As bright as the dome through which we sail.'
She says: 'Don't you know? that is Wiese's vale!'"

Hastening on over countless little rushing waterfalls, the Wiese, at a distance of from four to five miles, greets the friendly village of Schönau, from which place a deeply-shaded road, winding along the slope under umbrageous pines, leads up to the Belchen, a mountain which, in the child-geography of Hebel, seemed the largest mountain in the world, though not actually as high as the more remote Feldberg, but which commands a better view of the whole valley of the Wiese. From the Belchen one can overlook, in the nearest circle of scenery, the magnificent Breisgau, and farther out the valley of the Rhine, with its multitude of towns and villages, its fruitful plains and sunny slopes, its wonderful wealth of charms in nature and in art. The view here extends to the Münster of Strasburg, and in the opposite direction to the snow-covered Alps.

"Between mountain and mountain in the cool fragrant shade,
And past many a cross, and many a heaven-pointing chapel,"

on, on flows the charming Wiese of the poet, moving more slowly "immersed in deep thought" toward the city of Celle on the Aller.

At Hausen we find ourselves at the more immediate home of Hebel. Hausen is the birth-place of his mother, the place where his parents lived; the world of his youth. Here numerous imposing mountains lie in view all around. Here are the "mountain mines," past which the "prim coquette," the Wiese, "whispers and dances;" here the forge where the poet in his boyhood wrought with his hands to help his mother earn their daily bread, and the Wiese makes "the wheels a little whir and whirl;" here the Husemer meadow, with its wealth of "blooming beauty." Farther down the Wiese flows through "the Schopfheimer parish," and past the "Röttler Schlosse," all of which are honored in the poet's songs, till not far from the city of Basel, with "Gothard's large boy," it unites with the Rhine.

Such were the surroundings of Hebel's childhood. This picture of nature photographed itself in his spirit, and all its fresh life and beauty became the nurturing element of his thoughts, feelings, and affections. All this he carried away with him into all other places where he lived and labored, so that he saw and loved other scenes only as they resembled these. He carried it also up into his intellectual and spiritual development, so that it lay in his thinking as well as in his senses. This, in short, was *his* world forever, and so far as he lived in other places and advanced into higher regions of thought, it was only to glorify this world of his own in his own spirit. He never laid off his childhood, his boyhood, his youth, but took them all with him into the man, and then only idealized them in his own higher experiences.

His poems, therefore, though most of them were written in Karlsruhe, are all natural blossoms, gathered by memory, and transferred by thought and imagination, from the blooming banks of the Wiese. They are begotten of a kind of home-sickness for the times and seasons of his childhood —the fruits of a half cheerful, half plaintive "love and longing." His spirit, that grew first beside the Wiese, never could be transplanted. The

old soil was a necessity to his life. Even in 1805 he writes: "I must make a journey into the Oberland—I must have a drink out of the Wiese —I must visit the spirits in the 'Röttler Schlosse.' If I do not, I shall in a short time sink down to the level of a common, flat spiritlessness" In 1808: "Like a spider have I spun catch-threads across all roads in order to catch a chaise that is driving into Oberland." In the spring of 1821, then sixty-one years of age: "It is now nine years since I have been in the Oberland, a home-sickness for which, especially at this season of the year, powerfully seizes and holds me." Thus expatriated by the duties of his calling, what could he do but poetize the old home and the old times into the new?

The task of exhibiting the character and of making known the rich merits of Hebel as a poet, to English readers, is one difficult to perform. He is a *sui generis*. By the editor of the German Classics, it is truly said of our poet: "On the German Parnassus stands Hebel, as upon a separate rock, exalted but alone. His Alemanian poems have so much that is peculiar to themselves, that they form a particular order of poetry. Other poets found their forms of poetry prepared for them; Hebel created his own." Whoever reads Hebel's Alemanian poems will never forget them. The first thing that strikes the reader is, of course, the peculiar dialect in which they are written. The Alemanian dialect, as Hebel himself informs us in the preface of his poems, prevails among the peasantry in the bend of the Rhine between Frickthal and what was formerly Sundgau, and farther out, in many modifications, to the Vosges Mountains and the Alps, and beyond the Schwartzwald in the greater portion of Swabia. This dialect has a peculiar simplicity, tenderness, naturalness, and withal a direct, graphic nervousness which fits it in a high degree to be the vehicle of poetry. When we call Hebel the German Burns, we wish thereby also to indicate that the dialect in which his poems are written bears the same relation to classic German as the Scotch dialect does to the classic English.

The Alemanian dialect also reminds one very forcibly of what is known in the Middle States of America as "Pennsylvania German." Though most of its peculiar words are not known in our Pennsylvania German dialect, still it bears a striking similarity to it in its simplicity, heartiness, and adaptedness to express the droll and humorous, as well as the tender, touching, and sacred.

Hebel has successfully illustrated by his poems how well the peculiar life, thoughts, and feelings of the rural population can be expressed in the dialect which they use in every-day life; and we very much doubt whether this can be done at all in an effectual way by the use of the perfect and polished language which has been created by that kind of literature which is the result of scientific reflection. There is such an intimate and apparently necessary connection between life and language, between thought and expression, that the first will only live, feel at home, and take natural and free form in the forms of the last, which is its true correlative.

The creation of such poetry, moreover, in its own natural forms, does not necessarily make it a lower order of poetry. Poetry, as the idealization and glorification of the natural, will, if it be true to itself in this form, present the same charm to the educated as it does to the unlettered.

So Hebel himself believed. "This kind of poetry, its contents and character," he writes in his preface, "is adapted to those who love rural nature and country habits. If readers of higher cultivation shall not lay them aside without some satisfaction, and if the good and the pure shall, in a more living and effective way, enter the spirits of the common people through the medium of these homely and peculiar pictures, the wish of the author will be realized." Whoever reads these poems will feel that the truest poetry is there to be found where the highest and purest supernatural touches and joins with what is least artificial and most intensely natural; where the presence of the higher world of the true, beautiful, and good, sanctifies, lifts up, and illumines from above, with its pure mellow glows, everything in the natural that has aptitude for such glorification. Thus poetry, in proportion as it realizes its own proper idea, is also a true prophecy of divine inspiration and revelation itself, which attains its highest form in the person of the Incarnate Lord, in whose mysterious nature and life the supernatural and natural are sweetly and naturally conjoined, so that in Him the natural may rise to its own proper meaning in union with the spiritual.

Thus Hebel as a poet, while in fidelity to nature he stands head and shoulder above all other German poets, falls behind none in his power to make his poems at the same time glorified, idealized, spiritualized pictures of nature and every day life. Everywhere do we meet the life and toils, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the pains and pleasures of the Alemanian peasantry. "If the ancients or any others," says Goethe in a review of Hebel's poems, "taught and led by artistic taste and cultivated poets, animate the so-called lifeless by means of idealistic figures, and put higher, godlike natures—as, for instance, nymphs, dryads, and hamadryads—in the place of rocks, fountains, and trees, Hebel transforms these natural objects into country people, and in the *naïvest* and most pleasing manner rusticizes the universe throughout, so that the country landscape, in which at any rate we always see the countryman, appears in our elevated and enlivened fancy to form together with him but one object." A true child of nature Hebel remains—is not made less such by either science or Christianity. Highly educated in the school, deeply imbued with the true life of piety in the Church, our poet comes back, not *from* all these but *with* all these, casts himself down as a half weary and half playful child upon the warm, bright, genial bosom of nature, and being in such deep sympathy with it, feels the beating of its softest and most refined pulse, hears its most subdued and hidden harmonies, understands its most occult language, and sees its most enchanting forms of beauty moving in his dreams, lit up by the sunlight of his own serene spirit.

We cannot quote specimens to illustrate the naturalness, the artless simplicity, and the touching beauty of his poetry, because we fear to attempt the rendering of these pictures into English forms. We must, however, satisfy the curiosity of the reader, by quoting a few stanzas of one of his poems in the original dialect; and then, to give some idea of the nice fancies of the poet, give an unmetrical translation of the whole poem. We select for this purpose one entitled, The Summer Evening:

DER SOMMERABEND.

O, lueg doch, wie isch d'Sunn so müed,
Lueg, wie sie d'Heimeth abezieht!

O lueg, wie Stral um Stral verglimmt,
Und wie sie's Fazenetli nimmt,
E Wülkli, blau mit roth vermüscht,
Und wie sie an der Stirne wüscht.

'S isch wohr, sie het au übel Zit,
Im Summer gar, der Weg isch wit,
Und Arbet findt sie überal
In Hus und Feld, in Berg und Thal.
'S will alles Liecht und Warmi ha,
Und spricht sie um e Segen a.

Meng Blümli het sie usstaffirt,
Und mit scharmante Farbe ziert,
Und mengem Immli z'trinke ge,
Und gseit: Hesch gnug und witt no meh?
Und 's Chäferli het hinte no
Doch au si Tröpfli übercho.

THE SUMMER EVENING.

Oh! only look, how tired the sun is! look, how one beam after the other vanishes away, and how he takes his kerchief—a little cloud mingled with red—and wipes his forehead with it.

'Tis true, he has also had a bad time of it. It is even summer, and the way is long; and he finds work enough in house and field, on mountains and in valleys. Everything wants light and warmth, and asks him for his blessing.

Many a flower has he dressed and adorned with charming colors. To many a bee has he given sweet drink, and then said, Hast enough? or, Dost want more? And the little beetle, which comes after, finds still a drop left for itself.

Many a seed bud has he opened, and the ripe seed he has made to fall out. Did not the birds to the very last have to beg, and whet their bills? Now not one goes to bed hungry; every one has his share in his craw.

And where a cherry smiles on the tree, he has made red cheeks for it; and where a head of grain swings in the field, or vine climbs round a pole, he has reached down and hung them all around with blossoms and leaves.

And in the bleach yard he has been busy to-day and even before with all his powers. The bleacher has himself rejoiced to look on, though he did not say, God be praised! And where a woman has had wash out, he dried it through and through.

'Tis true as true can be, throughout the whole valley, where the mowers have cut down the grass, he has been making hay in glee and gladness. This is something to wonder at, I do say—in the morning grass, and in the evening hay!

This is the reason why he is now so very tired and needs no evening song to make him go to sleep. No wonder that he pants and sweats. Oh! look, how he sits there on the mountain! Now he smiles for the last time. Now he says, I hope you will all have a good sleep.

And gone he is! The Lord protect him! The weather-cock that stands on the church-steeple has not enough yet; he still looks at him.

You curious fellow, why do you gape at him so? Never mind, he puts an end to your staring by drawing out his red curtains.

She is said to be pitied, the good wife.* She has also her particular house-cross. She certainly does not live happily with her husband. As she comes home, he takes his hat, I do say, she will soon come. There she already sits in the forest.

It takes her long; what is she doing? It seems as if she did not trust rightly to come out. Only come on; he is not here any more. It is a chance if he is not sleeping already. Now she rises up. She looks down into the valley, and the May-frogs greet her from every direction.

I think it best for us to go to bed also; and he who has no thorn in his conscience, will also need no song to rock him to sleep. One gets tired enough from work itself, and we have just made our haycocks in the meadow. Then may God give us a good-night!

This serves only to give some idea of the conception and plan of the poem; but fails altogether of giving the sweet charm furnished in the original by the dialect, the rhyme, and the *naïve* and the artless handling of the thought itself.

A word in regard to Hebel's personal appearance and characteristics. In bodily presence he was well formed, not large, but strong and symmetrical. His face was not at all beautiful, but animated and interesting. His dark, fiery eyes, lofty forehead, bent nose, and face lying in folds of skin, gave his countenance a peculiar appearance, which marked him at once as no ordinary man.

The main features of his character were the childlike, the serene, associated with a deep inward love of his race. Every one who met him, and especially those who associated even for a short time with him, felt themselves irresistibly drawn toward him. Wherever he was, the happy social man was the charm of the circle. His wit, his humor, his originalities, his droll narratives, his fascinating conversations, rich in all manner of instruction, though presented in an unpretending form, charmed all his hearers. His honesty, the transparent goodness of his heart, the correctness of his life, were matchless; and the promptness with which he attended to his duties in all the relations of life, as a scholar, professor, and friend, secured him the confidence and e-teem of all. True, childlike piety, without any studied or vain pretensions, was the crowning glory of his beautiful life.

Hebel was never married. It would be strange, however, if a nature like his should have escaped altogether the fascinations of the female heart. He did not. His own valley of the Wiese produced the flower that charmed him. At Lorrach, in the house of one of his most intimate friends, the principal of the gymnasium there, he met the beloved of his whole life, Gustave Fecht, a lady distinguished "for beauty and nobility of soul." Why he did not marry her must remain an inexplicable enigma. In 1790, he says in a letter: "My conscience and my peace forbid me to marry so long as I am not secure from an early death, or a miserable life." Who can tell what that means? Gustave, like Hebel, remained unmarried all her life, and died two years after the poet. They

* The moon. The poet sees her coming up in the east just as the sun, her husband, goes off in the west, and fancies that they do not live well together.

continued a pleasant and affectionate correspondence with each other by means of letters, to the time of Hebel's death.

We reluctantly dismiss our Alemanian poet. The regret still haunts us that we are not able to transfer with these thoughts his portrait as it lies before us, facing the title-page of a brief selection of his poems in the German classics. Never was a homely face so charming and beautiful as this. A lovely spirit is transparent in it. A contemplation of it creates an almost unconquerable desire to see the genial old man, and hear him talk. Nobody's grandfather ever looked so childlike and pleasant. He looks as if he loved all things; and his face seems to mirror forth the beautiful, the true, the good, and the charming in nature, human life, and Christianity. His eyes, his cheeks, and the friendly set of his mouth look as if he were just about to say: "I am glad that I am looking at you; are not you glad that you are looking at me? Let us now be good friends forever!"

"THEY HAVE CALLED ME BACK FROM THE GOLDEN GATES."

Lines suggested by the closing paragraph of the memorial article on Dr. H. Harbaugh in the April number of the "Mercersburg Review."

BY "C."

They have called me back from the golden gates,
  From the verge of my heavenly home;
Like a bird imprisoned, my spirit waits,
  Till the hour of release shall come.

I had almost joined the white-robed band,
  In the realms of eternal bliss;
I had well-nigh entered the better land,
  And now must I linger in this?

Oh, I trode the brink of the narrow stream,
  Where the waves of Jordon roll;
But you say, 'tis only a pleasant dream
  Of my weary and home-sick soul.

It shall soon be more than a dream, O friends!
  I shall enter the land of rest,
As the sun at even in glory descends
  To its bed, in the golden West.

And it came to pass, as the good man said,
  When the Saturday eve came on,
And the sun went down to its golden bed,
  He departed—his work was done.

Nevermore he'll come from the golden gates,
  At the call of the loved below;
In the mansions of glory his spirit waits,
  While it beckons them heavenward too.

Now he knows the part of the sainted dead,
  When their works shall have followed them;
What the seer of Patmos in vision said
  Of the upper Jerusalem.

Oh! he looks not darkly, as once he did,
At the City of God on high;
For the Lamb, whose blood was so freely shed,
Hath unveiled the spirit's eye.

And he feels no sting of remaining sin,
Since he passed from beneath the rod;
For he drinks the rivers of pleasure in,
As they flow from the throne of God.

He has fought the fight, and the battle won—
Oh! the scenes that his eyes behold,
Where he needs no light of the moon or sun.
Since he entered the gates of gold.

With the loved and good, who have gone before,
He has ended his weary way;
And he basks in bliss on the shining shore,
In the realms of eternal day.

And he called us up to the golden gates,—
To the rest of our Heavenly Home;
As a bird imprisoned, our spirit waits,
Till the hour of release shall come.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

"THEY HAVE CALLED ME BACK FROM THE GOLDEN GATES."

Under this caption our readers will find a little poem, of no inconsiderable merit, from the pen of our gifted contributor "C". The April number of the Mercersburg Review contains an interesting article on Dr. H. Harbaugh, from the pen of Dr. T. G. Apple. The following are a few sentences of the closing part of the article, among which is found the beautiful and characteristic utterance of our sainted brother's home-sick spirit, longing for the Land of the Blest. "He greeted his friends who approached his bed-side, with the old familiar names, generally using the Christian name, as he gave the warm grasp of his hand. Amidst all the wanderings of his mind, his deep, German life and piety showed themselves to the last. By reason of the shadow that gradually gathered over his consciousness, through the affection of his brain, he could not clearly enunciate his feelings and convictions as he approached through much suffering the rest and peace of the heavenly world. His only desire to recover was that he might continue here to labor for the Church. Beyond this he had no wish to live. 'No wonder,' said he, on awaking once from what seemed an unconscious stupor, 'that the early Church saw the blood of the atonement even on the leaves of the trees.' At another time, when roused from such a state, he said to a friend: '*They have called me back from the golden gates.*' During intervals of consciousness he spoke with calmness of his approaching end. Not many days before his death he remarked to the young friend who nursed him: 'Some of these afternoons I will take my departure.' When asked what he meant, he explained, that he would depart to the other world. His words were fulfilled. On an afternoon, the last of the week, as the day began to merge into the shades of evening, he peacefully slept in Jesus. It was the good man's Saturday night. The weary work of life was done, the toil was ended, and he rested rom his labors to enter upon the enjoyment of the eternal Sabbath."

SEEING SMALL THINGS.

It is said that every drop of water is inhabited by myriads of minute animals, invisible to the naked eye. And that if you examine these infusoria, as they are called, by means of a Microscope of sufficiently magnifying power, these animals appear to you in the various shapes of lions, lizards, leopards, and the dear knows what all. How one could relish his cooling glass of water, in this beautiful summer season, if he could microscopically behold these ravenous wild beasts, rushing into his mouth as a set of howling wolves rush into their cave when pursued by their enemy. They seem to be a well-behaved race. Their invisibility is a fortunate circumstance for the water-needing children of men. By the way, may not the snakes and lizards which torment the victim of delirium tremens, be a species of infusoria, inhabiting rum, which, by its excessive use, photograph themselves on the brain of the sufferer?

Many a time, when a boy, and after we ceased to be a boy, did we watch the flies walking along the ceiling, wondering why flies and not men should be able thus to walk with their feet heavenward. To be sure they have feet, but they seem to have no claws wherewith to hold fast. Besides, the ceiling presents no holding surface. Indeed, so small are these flies' feet, that one wonders how they can walk at all. We have just examined a fly's foot with one of Craig's Microscopes. It is as large as the tail of a gray squirrel, covered with tufts of long hair. What an awkward, long-legged thing a fly becomes under the power of this instrument!

Few incidents of childhood we remember so vividly as the sting of bees. Did we not rage and rush to and fro, booh-boohing with boisterous wrath, rubbing the painful red spot which the malicious little animal had wounded. And such pain! Man as we are, we dread the sting of a bee to this day. The knife, needle, or whatever else the bee stung us with, was so small and thread-like, that we could never understand its pain-giving power. Under yonder glass we have often looked at it for a few days past. A beautiful, harmless looking weapon is this sting. The whole about six inches in length. The sharp end is lance-shaped, three or four inches in length, gradually tapering to a point, and that not a very sharp one. The other end terminates in three or four brown-yellow tufts. The middle part extends into the thickness of a little boy's wrist. The whole covered with fine hair.

Human hair is as thick as a wheat head, with a smooth surface, having here and there a dark spot. The particles on the wing of a butterfly look like a variety of blue violets. Here is a dot on a piece of glass, as large as a pin's head. Under the Microscope it expands into a beautiful copy of the Lord's Prayer, in letters larger than those in our largest English Bibles. Just think, the chapter and numbers of the verses, and 268 large letters, with all the dots of punctuation, and a broad black line around the boarder of it, and the whole to the naked eye no larger than a pin's head!

Verily, there are more things in this beautiful world of ours than are dreamed of in our philosophy. We scarcely know which is most surprising to us: the marvelous revelations which this Microscope makes in the world of small objects, invisible to the naked eye, or the cheapness of the instrument. For $2.75 it will be sent by mail, postage paid; for $3.50, with six beautiful mounted objects; for $5.75, with 24 objects; for $8.25, with 48 objects. Address, George Meade, Racine, Wisconsin.

EDUCATIONAL.

The young are the hope of the Church—the hope of the country. Among the school children of America are future Governors and Presidents. Many a boy of humble mien and manners will one day have his name flash across the wires between this country and Europe, whose word will thrill nations with terror or inspire them with hope. It is difficult to form an idea of the vast educational machinery of the United States. It is said that the schools of this country number 5,000,000 scholars; and that they need 20,000,000 books at an expense

of $18,750,000. What an immense undeveloped power is lodged in these millions of souls! Under the influence of the Church they will become a great power of good; without it, a power of evil.

PAGAN KINDNESS.

Travelers tell many a story of kindly sympathy which they have received from untutored Pagans. Even in their benighted condition one can often discover traits, which are a sort of dim reflection of the graces of the Gospel. M. Chaillu writes the following on African women, in his work on the gorilla:

"I shall never forget the kindness of those native women to me while I was sick. Poor souls! they are sadly abused by their task-masters. They are the merest slaves. They have to do all the drudgery. They receive blows and ill-usage. And yet, at the sight of suffering their hearts soften, just as women's hearts soften in our more civilized lands. No sooner did sickness attack me than those kind souls came to nurse and take care of me. They sat by me to fan me; they brought more mats for my bed; they bathed my burning head with cold water; they got me refreshing fruits from the woods. At night, when I woke from a feverish dream, I used to hear their voices, as they sat around in the darkness, pitying me, and contriving ways to cure me. When I think of these things, I cannot help thanking God for them; that wherever I have gone, he has made human hearts tender and kind to me; that even under the black skin of the benighted and savage African, he has planted something of his own compassionate love."

COLLEGIATE GASTRONOMY.

Our Academy and College-bred readers possibly have a faint recollection of Academic boarding houses. Many are the croakings which such give rise to. For as a rule students are a class of beings gifted with voracious appetites, and often with fastidious tastes. Not content with their honestly-gotten fare, not a few rogues, in the fall of the year, strip the orchards and corn-fields of neighboring farms. Such greedy disciples of Horace and Homer are not confined to our age or country. The students of the last century were given to like complaints. Some of the schools in England had funds for the support of students without means. While these poor fellows got their share of tuition, they had to content themselves with worse fare than their wealthier comrades received. Ferguson was a charity student at one of these schools. Their constant diet of rabbits. Now, while a roasted rabbit is very palatable and nourishing food, too much of it is not good. Although the students often grumbled, none had the courage to complain openly. At table each student had to say grace in turn. On a certain day, when Ferguson's turn came, he reverentially rose and gravely spoke the following stanza, before the presiding professor:

"For rabbits young, and for rabbits old,
For rabbits hot, and for rabbits cold,
For rabbits tender, and for rabbits tough,
Our thanks we render—for we've enough!"

This proved an effectual means of procuring a greater variety of dishes.

A BEECHERISM.

Henry Ward Beecher says, if he were Pope he would promulge the following articles. Whilst we doubt whether he would make a better Pope than Pius IX., his articles are not without good sense:

First.—Every man shall be married by the age of twenty-five, or show good cause for neglect of duty.

Second.—Every man shall annually tax himself one-tenth of his income until the sum reaches the amount of ——, to procure books, journals, and papers.

Third.—Wedding gifts shall never consist of luxuries—jewels, plate, etc.—but of books; and with the birth of every child, ten volumes shall be put into the library in his name.

Fourth.—It shall be the duty of every young married man to read aloud to his wife at least one hour a day, for the first ten years after his marriage. But this shall not be construed to the prejudice of the wife's right to read, speak, lecture, etc.

Fifth.—All men who lie by their books in a self-indulgent and hidden manner, absorbing knowledge without benefit to their fellows, shall be treated as bees are that hide their nests—smoked out and their nests broken up!

THE FOLLY OF PASSION.

Anger is a species of madness. It dethrones Reason, and leads us to make fools of ourselves. How silly and mean a passionate man feels after a fit of rage, when his sober, calm reason returns! Take the following story of the poet Campbell, taken from Traits and Stories of the Scottish People:

One day Campbell was walking down Regent Street, in company with the poet Southey. A poor woman, with a child in her arms and another half-clad little creature by her side, came up and asked for relief. Now Campbell was one of the most tender-hearted men in the world, who could never turn a poor person away empty. Southey had no money with him, and Campbell had nothing less than a sovereign ($5.00). He hastened into a dry-goods store, or a mercers, as they are called in Scotland, and presented the sovereign, abruptly asking for change. The shopman was attending to a customer; but Campbell, unmindful of the fact in his desire to relieve the poor woman, insisted in his demand being complied with at once. His excited manner so alarmed the master of the shop that, after some angry words on both sides, he leaped over the counter and seized the poet by the collar. "You have come, both of you," said the shopman, "to make a disturbance for a dishonest purpose, and both of you shall go out at once." "Thrash the fellow, thrash him," roared Campbell. "You will not go out then?" asked the shopman. "Never till you apologize," said the angry poet. The shopman sent his boy for the police. Two constables soon arrived, and confronted the two poets. Campbell was so angry that he could not utter a word. Southey calmly explained the case, and added: "This is Mr. Thomas Campbell, the distinguished poet, who would not hurt a fly, much less act with dishonesty." "Goodness, man!" said one of the policemen, in surprise, "is this Maister Cammell, the Lord Rector o' Glasgow?" "Yes, he is," added Southey, "there is Mr. Campbell's card." The shopkeeper was satisfied at once, and said: "Had I known the gentleman, I would have changed fifty sovereigns for him." "My dear fellow," said Campbell, whose wrath instantly evaporated, "I am not at all offended." They shook hands all round, and parted good friends.

THE FIRST AMERICAN POEM.

It is said that soon after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, some of the young people strolled out into the fields, where Indian women were picking strawberries. These women had hung several cradles upon the boughs of trees, with their infants tied into them—a novel sight to a European. A gentle breeze waved the cradles to and fro. A young man of the party peeled a piece of birch bark off a tree, and wrote the following lines upon the spot, with which thousands of American mothers have since then sung their babies to sleep:

"Lullaby baby, upon the tree-top;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
And down comes lullaby, baby, and all."

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

We need a considerable number of new subscribers to give "The Guardian" that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865. '66, and '67, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the Guardian, and send us the result?

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable,—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.,** Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers,

No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

JULY,

1868.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
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The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—JULY, 1868.—No. 7.

THE FAIRS OF THE FATHERLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Germans have ever been an industrious, hardworking people. And ever, too, a feast-loving race. But their festivals, like their work, rarely run into excess. The true German eats and drinks, works, plays and prays according to the dictates of reason. His seasons of toil are interspersed with gala-days—with civic and religious festivals. He celebrates the birth-days of parents and children, of his nation's king and of the King of kings; and they are days of mirth and recreation. On them his muscles and joints, stiff with work, unbend, and for a brief season he forgets his burdens and frisks in youthful sports.

When wildly roving in barbaric freedom through the forests of Northern Europe, our German ancestors had their games and sports. And when the Chrsitian Church had tamed their wild nature, this taste and need of social amusements was partly gratified in a higher form, by the festivals of the Church. In addition to these, they held and still observe a certain annual feast-day, called Kirmes. This is held in every village, and in many parishes of larger cities. It is the anniversary of the dedication of the parish church. In a country where church edifices get to be five hundred or one thousand years old, this memorial service is invested with many historical and traditional reminiscences. It does not happen on the identical day of the original dedication of the church. It is commonly held in autumn, after the harvest has been safely housed into barns, and the juice of the luscious grape gathered into barrels. It thus becomes a sort of a "harvest home," when the people praise God for the bread of life as secured to them through the founding of their church; and for the bread that perisheth, just gathered into barns. German villages are usually close neighbors. Sometimes you find a dozen in a few square miles. All have Kirmes in the same season of the year, but no two of the same neighborhood at the same time. This makes the fall of the year in some districts a time of continuous festivity. Kirmes is a regular fixed institution. When men and women hire out, or apprentices are in-

dentured, the Kirmes days are always reserved. On them no work is done.

A great day is Kirmes to the people of a German village. Remote from large cities, they and their children learn but little of the refinements and follies found in these centres of Germanic life. Here and there one pays a chance visit to the market town. But, save on market days, this is not a whit in advance of his native Dorf. City folks have their social gatherings, concerts and theatres. Country people—and all country people live in villages—have fewer wants and fewer enjoyments. But such enjoyments as they have, accord with their simple rural habits

Once a year the quiet current of their village life overflows its accustomed. channel. For weeks before, busy hands turn their simple peasant homes upside-down. All female hands are set to scrubbing and sweeping every nook and corner from garret to cellar—points which in most houses are not very far a part. Wardrobes are renewed; old clothes are whipped, brushed and mended; new clothes are brought from the milliners and tailors. As the time approaches, laboring people save all their spare earnings for pocket-money. For this day some new thing must be bought; if not a bonnet, at least a new ribbon; if not a coat and pantaloons, at least a tidy cap.

In the German Dorf, working people cannot all find employment at home. Many young men and maidens must go to service or the learning of a trade, ten and twenty miles from home. And many cannot visit home save on Kirmes. Indeed, all home-comings of children date from and to this day. When apprentice boys leave home to learn a trade with some unknown and perhaps unfeeling master, with visions of hard work and the cruel rod before their minds, a ray of hope dispels their inner gloom; it is that "next Kirmes I shall visit home." When Ludwig Baltzers Lisbet left home the last time, to serve at Mansfeld, fifteen miles off, she and her mother embraced each other at the garden gate, weeping. And as Lisbet walked sadly away, her mother, holding her apron before her sobbing face, called after her: "Auf Wiedersehen bis Kirmes, mein Herzchen." (Till Kirmes, my darling; we shall meet again.) And now, as the affectionate girl toils at her daily task, many a dreary thought is dispelled with the hope: "Next Kirmes I shall visit home." And as the old people sit under their nut-trees before the door, in the cool of the evening, speaking tenderly of one and another of their children—children whose industry and piety convert their old age into a season of daily peace—they say to each other: "Till Kirmes we shall see them all." Is it a wonder that a clean house, the best wine, and the choicest dish at their command, welcome them home? For one day parents and children enjoy themselves with the best their frugal means afford.

Go with me to a Kirmes in Liebesheim. "Nicht wahr," says a newly made village acquaintance, "to-morrow you will go with us to Kirmes? I want to show you how we people in the Germanland enjoy ourselves. I will call for you in the morning." "Thank you; I have a great desire to go, and you are just the man to guide me." An hour after sunrise my friend pulls up his ox-team before the tavern—a fine yoke of smooth yellow animals, hitched to a heavy wagon, with hay-ladders on it. Board seats are arranged on these, tightly packed with wife, children, brothers and sisters, and their families, all enduring their close quarters with the greatest good cheer. "Guten Morgen, Herr Amerikaner," says my good-

natured friend, lifting his cap, "I have reserved the seat of honor for you, right aside of me, the captain of this ship. Should a storm arise, you will at least be near the helm, even if you cannot hold it." His son, a young man of eighteen, dressed in gray home-made woolen clothes, steers the ship. The lash of his whip is two yards long, and evidently plaited for this day. With studied skill he sweeps it over our heads, now and then cracking it with a noise which sets all the dogs on the street barking after us. For six miles we leisurely ride over the smooth level road—excellent road-makers these Germans have been for the last 1000 years; making roads, too, in the world of thought, paths grown old by the treading of thirty generations. Nearly the whole length of this road is lined with tall nut and shade trees, on both sides. As far as the eye can reach merry groups are wending their way towards Liebesheim. Spry maidens, with flourish skirts and aprons of spotless purity, some with gay-ribboned bonnets, and others unbonnetted; men with heavy hob nail boots and great cloth coats, with high collars and skirts reaching to their ankles, all the more valuable from age and long use; others coatless, in white home-made linen shirt sleeves and snug little caps, all in such Sunday-suits as they can command.

The party on our wagon keeps up an incessant chattering, like swallows on a barn roof. Fritz can hardly make the oxen hear his boisterous orders. Occasionally a sweet morning hymn is sung, mingling its notes with the early chant of the sky-lark, flapping upward until its song dies away in the blue depths above. Even the oxen swing the red and blue ribbons tied on their great horns, with a seeming conscious pleasure. Instead of the heavy drudging tread of their race, they trip along with nimble step. As we near the village, the road becomes more crowded. Along every by-road the people come streaming; and all in groups or families. For the Germans engage in their faith and fun, their religion and recreation, in households. They go to the beer house, to baptisms and burials, in family groups. The wealthier few ride with horse-teams; others with ox-teams; others with cow-teams; and others travel afoot. "Guten Morgen, Fräulein Morgenrotte," said the flaxenheaded Fritz, as he lifted his cap to a blushing girl. "We-wo, Rapp," cried the father. "See, see, Fritz, the wagon is turning against the fence." The poor fellow's girl made him forget his oxen. "Allez Rapp, forwarts du Canallie."

All the streets in the village are alive with people, insomuch that Fritz can with difficulty work his team through the crowd. The tavern, where we alight, is literally packed, where few find room to sit down and a multitude is hanging around the front door, like the bees around the door of their hive in swarming time. At the time appointed for church my friend takes me to the sanctuary. Holding his hat before his face he pauses a few moments, standing in his pew to pray for God's blessing upon the service. Although not accustomed to this posture at the opening prayer at home, I, too, hide my face in my travel-worn hat in prayer. I notice all the men reverently praying this way e'er they take their seats; and all the women in like manner fold their hands around their hymn books, tied in a white kerchief, bow their heads in silent prayer before they sit down. And when seated, nearly all turn to some hymn in the book, and devoutly read or pray it, till the regular services begin.

At the side of the church a narrow pulpit is perched high up on a pedestal. In front of it is a small altar, with a railing round it. On the altar

stand three vases with flowers, whose fragrance fills the church with sweet incense; a large vase between two smaller ones. And back of the large vase is a cross, ornamented with flowers and evergreens. The pulpit is hung with garlands, and the doors, windows and organs are wreathed with tufts of pine At ten o'clock the bells begun to ring. Ah, there's music in the church-going bell, as heard 3,000 miles from home. It rekindles the purer and holier feelings, the loves and faiths of one's earlier life. And for six hundred years past this bell has called the people to church on every Lord's Day, and to the Kirmes in the autumn of every year. This gives earnest people much to think about; and inspires them with devotion.

Aside of the pulpit hangs a black board, about a foot square. On it are written with chalk two numbers—the numbers of the hymns to be sung. While the organist is preluding, all the people turn to the first hymn indicated on the board. And when he starts the first line, the pent-up praise of the congregation abruptly bursts forth like the first blast of a brass band. I cannot help but look at these simple people, in their odd costumes, with and without coats, old women with petticoats and jackets of twenty years' wear—the toiling burghers with horny hands, and the gayer young people, all looking reverently at their books, singing mightily with throats wide-open, as if trying to roll an infinite burden off their hearts. Many an unmusical and screeching voice is there, but they sound like the flats and sharps in the Creation, enhancing the harmony. My friend holds his book before me, to aid my singing. But somehow, I break down before I reach the end of the first verse, which weakness I try my utmost to hide, as we foolish men usually do. The gentler sex weeps outright, and cares not who knows it; but, we silly men, considering tears unmanly, are ashamed to have others see them. Here I sat sobbing, my heart-strings trembling under the mighty song of praise as trembled the strings of David's harp, under the touch of his royal hand.

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleas'd
> With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave,
> Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
> Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

As the congregation sang the last verse a pale, middle-aged man, a flowing robe hanging around his slender frame, with a closely shaven face and hairs just turning grey, stepped out of a side door into the chancel. After reading a passage of Scripture, and a suitable prayer from the Liturgy, he ascended the pulpit, and kneeling, with his face on the Bible board, he prayed for the divine help and blessing. Meanwhile the congregation sang another verse. After reading his text, he preached half an hour, about the piety and love their ancestors displayed in the building of their church and worshipping in it; and about the love of God, who had thitherto watched over and greatly blessed their village and congregation, and who had continued to them the fruits of the earth and the blessings of religion. Every eye was turned to him with unflagging attention; even the crowd standing with uncovered heads around the windows and doors, devoutly joined in the service to its close.

Liebesheim gave the preacher no historical incidents wherewith to intersperse his sermon. Had he preached at Ober-Ingelheim, he would have reminded the people that their town had the honor of being the birth-place

of Charlemagne. If at Eisenach, he would have dwelt on the Denkwürdigkeiten of that famous town. For did not the Minnesänger hold a grand Contest of Song on the neighboring Wartburg, in 1205? There Luther found refuge from his cruel enemies; and in this town Sebastian Bach was born, the greatest musician of his age, perhaps of all ages. Excellent material for a Kirmes sermon would these facts furnish. As a truthful preacher, our Liebesheimer man of God confined himself to the meagre stock of historical material which his quiet village afforded. His sermon was pointed and impressive, as the moist eyes of his hearers showed.

After church the people disperse in various directions. The more fortunate go home, to spend the day with their parents. Others dine with their god-fathers, who held and stood for them at their baptism. Some visit their relatives. Many seek refreshment at some bakery or beer-house. The most go to the tavern. In the house and garden tables are spread. The premises are perfumed with the incense of soup, sausages, and sour krout. But few find sitting-room. For these Dorf-Wirthshäuser are but small buildings. Save at Kirmes, they have ample room to accommodate their guests. Their whole arrangement is in the simplest style. Instead of being carpeted, the floors are strewn with white sand. Chairs and a long table adorn the principal room,

> "Where village statesmen talk with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale goes round."

Their beds are narrow boxes on legs, boarded at the side, with high, heavy feather beds. The sheets are white as the driven snow. Everything, in the smallest detail, is arranged with an eye to the useful. Nothing superfluous.

> "The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
> The varnish'd clock that clicks behind the door,"

each and all have their mission to perform, without any superfluous ornament.

When dinner is over, young and old stroll beneath the shade trees of the village forest, or visit some friend or family. Many pair off old-fashionedly, and fall in love; and thus it happens that many a betrothal dates from Kirmes. Not a few enter the gate of the God's Acre, back of the church, to drop a tear or a flower on some grassy mound, which covers all that was mortal of some dear one.

At four in the afternoon, and no sooner, a small band prepares to tune its instruments. As old war-steeds chafe with uncontrollable fire at the sound of the drum, so the sound of music at the Kirmes sets all heels a-leaping. Usually a board floor is laid under the trees, whereon musical feet trip away at their clattering tunes. Sometimes a large frame shed is erected for this purpose, with windowless holes to admit the light. Or possibly the village landlord starts a second set in his parlor. All dance. Parents and children, young men and blushing maidens, and their grandpapas and grandmammas, skip over the floor with marvellous grace. Old men, worn-out by hard work, who trudge after their daily tasks with limping gait, bound into the ring at the sound of merry music, and gracefully whirl around in the waltz, with the sweethearts of their sons, forgetting the burdens of declining life. All seem young again—all goes "merry as a marriage bell."

"Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grand-sire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of three-score."

Mind you, kind reader, I am not writing in praise of dancing, but simply a scrap of its history. It is a mysterious habit, hard to be accounted for. Some one calls it "the music of the feet, and the gladness of young legs, and the poetry of motion." We might ask: Why is music, seeking and finding vent through the feet, more simple than that finding utterance through the voice or hands? Wholly free from the dancing impulse no musical being can possibly be. A certain grave clerical brother, whose piety no one disputes, has preached earnestly and ably against the sin of dancing. Seated by his side in a certain parlor, where fair hands discoursed sweet and cheerful music on a piano, I have seen his heels following the time and tune with emphatic motion. Possibly they did it without his orders or knowledge. Still that does not excuse his sinning feet.

But we are getting away from our Kirmes. In the evening the older folks return home, as I return on the hay-ladders with my friend and his family. The younger keep up their merry making through the greater part of the night. Usually these festivities continue for several days. After the first day, no religious services are held. Although many abuses are connected with these anniversaries, much can be said, too, in their favor. This is the only social festival where the toiling millions of Germany mingle in merry, pleasing intercourse with their masters; the only season in which religion, with its sacred recollections, and recreation with its health-giving enjoyments, walk hand in hand. Alas! that what originally was enjoyed with innocent glee, should so often be turned into a means of excessive convivial indulgence. "The trail of the serpent is over them all."

It is not at all strange that multitudes of German emigrants coming to our shores, should bring along with them a love for social amusements. Of late years they have held their Schützen-feste and Sänger-feste in this country, the same as are held in Europe. These, however, were unknown to the German emigrants of the last century. At an early day, others were founded to afford them the necessary play and recreation. Fairs in part supplied this want. In the two oldest representative German towns of Eastern Pennsylvania, Lancaster and Reading, these fairs used to be attended by great crowds of people. Reading held two annual Fairs, one in June and the other in October. The Spring Fair was always held on June 4th—the birth-day of George III. This would seem to indicate that the festival was started during the earlier part of this sovereign's reign. Not that these founders of Reading had any extraordinary affection for the third George. Obedient to the powers that be they certainly were, until those powers transcended the bounds of endurance. And when it came to throwing off the cruel yoke of the British Sovereign, not a few of the brave sons of Reading laid down their lives to achieve their country's independence. Albeit, though holding the British tyrant in sovereign contempt, till far into the present century the Reading Spring Fair continued to be held on the 4th of June.

While these American Fairs arose from a native want of the Germans or some popular holiday, they were by no means a faithful copy of the

Kirmes in the Fatherland. At that time a literal Kirmes was out of the question. The few churches in this country had been recently built; the most of them were remote from towns. The circumstances of the country, the condition of the churches in America, and the spirit of our civil institutions were unfavorable to such festivals.

The two Fairs in these Pennsylvania German towns entirely lacked the religious element. No one ever thought of going to church on Fair days. A dim, dreamy recollection of the Lancaster Fair I still retain. A thousand objects of interest met my boyish eyes as I trudged through the crowded streets to school on Fair days. Buggies then were not yet in vogue. Old people rode in gigs or carriages. Farmers' girls all rode a-horseback. They were trained to it from girlhood. It was a glorious sight to see hundreds of them dashing townward on their gay ponies. Although nearly all rode to town singly, few returned in the evening without a mounted plough-boy at their side—that is to say they returned in pairs. Usually this class of Fair people were well-behaved. They put up at the better class of hotels, and a rare sight it was at that time to see a drunken farmer's boy. Such a one would fill the whole neighborhood with talk for months after. All day long these country people thronged the streets, exchanging visits with their friends at different hotels, forming acquaintances and, in many cases, "matches." A lower class gathered at groggeries and dancing-houses; crowded the tents of the Negro Minstrels, and as they had no horses of their own, they bought a ride on the "flying horses."

Passing the King of Prussia, in West King Street, I was many a time tempted to peep through the open window. In the far corner sat "Johnnie ——," an aged fiddler, on an elevated chair, his face indicating the deadly interior heat of whisky, waging a constant warfare with his besotted eyes, which refused to keep open. Drunk as he was his bow frisked over the strings with tireless skill. Well do I remember how ardently I then wished to become as great a fiddler as Johnnie F. Hour after hour he sawed away, showing the effects of his frequent "grogs," and his head growing heavier as evening approached; yet mechanically fiddling away. Poor "Johnnie!" he has long since gone to his reward—and I fear it is a sad one. All day long the floor was crowded, leaving scarcely room enough for the dancers to whirl around. Some of these worked and sweated like "hands" in the harvest fields. Rude, untrained boors they were, yet nimble dancers, and not without grace of motion. Sometimes trying who could keep the floor the longest.

> "Dancing pairs that simply sought renown,
> By holding out to tire each other down."

The fumes of foul air arising from human breath rushed through the windows like smoke from a chimney. Towards evening, as drunkenness increased, fights, black eyes and bleeding faces were multiplied.

The Fairs at Reading were of a similar character. A venerable friend, whose memory runs back to the last century, has kindly furnished me with incidents from that remote period. At that time Reading was but a country village. Grass-grown streets invited cows to pasture. Many a town lot now valued at $5,000 or $10,000 was then an open common, the resort of gabbling geese, and the theatre of vulgar mountebanks and noisy showmen. Though a country town, few of its sturdy burghers then

dreamed that it would ever become the second inland city of Pennsylvania. Three times a year the monotonous life of this quiet village was aroused to unwonted excitement. Once a year came "battalion" day, as it came in other American towns, when all male citizens from the country round about, between twenty-one and forty-five years of age, had to meet at Reading for military drill and parade. A vast army, more picturesque than formidable, armed with muskets, canes, and some, it is alleged, with cornstalks, took possession of the town on that day. Plumed officers on gay steeds, in gorgeous uniform, rode the streets, the observed of all observers. In a neighboring field the grand gathering of the militia took place. Flags proudly flaunted in the breeze. The drum and fife inspired man and beast with the spirit of '76; the latter, untrained in these boisterous battalion tactics, sometimes endangered the neck of his valiant rider. At length, drawn up in long columns, the "Brigade Inspector," chief of this grand army, with uncovered head, rode along the lines to review the country's defenders. He was by far the greatest man in all the great crowd. Happy were the children, if they could catch a glimpse of him as he passed along the street. Ah! my countrymen, that was a golden age, wherein our forefathers achieved their bloodless glory, untarnished by the memories of Bull Run or Andersonville. Since then cornstalk militia parades have been displaced by minnie rifles, hot shell and "Monitors."

My friend tells me that the people usually came to the Reading Fair, a distance of from ten to twenty miles. Many came afoot. Country girls from beyond the Schuylkill, carried their shoes and stockings till they reached the river banks. There they performed their ablutions, made their toilette, then entered the town in their best apparel. Every hotel of the place was crowded. The better class took up their quarters in the more respectable houses, where they could enjoy themselves in a quiet rational way. Crowds walked the streets, munching pretzels and gingercakes. Beer-houses—not lager or bairisch, but small beer—dealt out their harmless beverage in great quantities. The rabble and scum collected in low taverns, where drinking and dancing were the order of the day. Towards evening the streets abounded with drunken and fighting people.

Smaller villages in eastern Pennsylvania still hold an annual frolic, and call it a Fair. But these are chiefly gotten up by tavern-keepers, with a view of tapping the pockets of rum-loving people. The old style of Fairs has become extinct. In their stead, Whit-Monday is observed in Lancaster as a sort of holiday for the country folks. A great crowd assembles on these days. Around the principal hotels, both sides of the streets for many squares, are lined with "buggies," and the city swarms with the youth and beauty of this great county. In many respects this holiday is less objectionable than the old Fairs. It produces less drunkenness and more innocent social enjoyment.

Both these cities, although once the types of American-German life, are rapidly losing their original character. Lancaster, with the exception of its German immigrants, has become almost wholly an English-speaking city. And Reading is rapidly undergoing the same change. As the current of immigration is turning westward, and of late southward, some of the continental means of amusement will take root there. The Fairs and popular festivals of Germany, like its philosophy and theology, will im-

press their type upon the social life of America. The tide of German immigration is annually increasing. It reminds one of the völker wanderung of the ancients. More than half of the population in Wisconsin is composed of foreign Germans. Their fondness for social amusements, and the means to gratify it, they bring with them. Their festivals of various kinds will endure but for a season. For their descendants in their turn will become English. And with their language many of their social customs will disappear, in form at least. But their life will pass into the texture of our social fabric. The world cannot be amused into habits of piety and faith. Yet amusements, in some form, human nature needs and demands. If you will not give it rational, healthful amusements, it will make unto itself such as are evil. There is a kind of natural pleasure which is not sinful, whatever a grim-visaged miscalled piety may say to the contrary. We need Christian amusements, where pure-minded Christian people can enjoy themselves, without being molested by the fumes of liquor, the temptations of vice, and the voice of profanity. In former ages the Church has tried to furnish harmless popular amusements. But in every instance her well-meant efforts were partly thwarted by the deceitful arts of the world. God grant that she may succeed better in time to come.

OUR FINAL END.

A myst'ry strange to comprehend,
  A problem yet unsolved;
Is what shall be our final end
  In darkness deep involved?

Will God, who gave us godly form,
  And image like his own,
Leave us to fight against the storm
  Of Satan's hate alone?

Will he, whose goodness day by day
  In mercy is renewed,
Forget that we are made of clay,
  And justly wroth, exclude

Us from his holy presence, doomed
  To live in darkness sore;
In hell and hellish torments doomed
  To live forevermore?

Is this the fate by mercy writ
  In Bible's sacred lore?
Does God in justice sternly sit,
  Forget the love he bore?

Must wretched sinners cry in vain?
  And pleading, still be lost?

Can sin-sick souls no rescue gain,
  By raging storm-winds tossed?

No, sinning, sorrowing, anxious soul,
  Not such thy dreary fate;
There is a balm to make thee whole,
  Thy cry is not too late.

The storms that wage around thy head.
  And gather dark above,
Are by the hand of mercy led,
  And by the hand of love.

The heart will soften in the storm,
  And for the seed arrange;
And soon the sun's unclouded form
  Will cause a happy change.

Think not that God, although displeased,
  Has ceased to care for you;
For Jesus justice has appeased,
  And paid the ransom too.

The grief, that now assails the soul,
  Is only sent to show
That temp'ral joys are not the goal,
  That nobler fountains flow.

The coin, if lost or once mislaid,
  Is covered soon with dust;
Its image bright begins to fade,
  Its substance turn to rust.

The soul, that precious coin, was lost,
  Its image faded quite;
To joy, to goodness, virtue lost—
  Was held by Satan's might.

But God has found it out at last,—
  The straying, anxious soul,—
'Tis in his hand, the danger's past,
  And soon he'll make it whole.

He's probing now the wounded heart,
  He's cleaning off the dust;
In love he plies the healing art,
  He's rubbing off the rust.

He'll lead you on the happy road,
  Past Jordan's dusky ford,
To realms of joy, the sweet abode
  Of those who love the Lord.

No myst'ry now to comprehend;
  This problem solved by love
Is what shall be our final end—
  'Tis happiness above.

P. O. L.

HILDEGARD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUPT.

BY L. H. S.

The name of Hildegard transports us to those most enchanting regions of the fatherland, where the Nahe espouses itself to the Rhine. But Hildegard herself—Abbess of Rupertsberg at Bingen—shines down to us still more gloriously out of the darkness of past centuries.

In the romantic valley of Nahe in Bockelheim, Hildegard the daughter of Hildebert a noble follower of the Count von Sponheim—was born in the year 1098, and, having been educated along with the Count's daughter Hildrudis in the neighboring Cloister of Dissibodenberg, was set apart for Heaven by her loving parents. Her delicate physical conformation, extraordinary spiritual gifts and enthusiastic longing after Heaven must have suggested this to her parents, and she felt herself more at home in heaven than upon earth, on account of the wonderful visions which were almost constantly present with her from her third year upwards. She soon became so much the object of general love and admiration in the Cloister, that she was chosen as Abbess in 1136, after the death of the Abbess Jutta, the sister of the Count von Sponheim.

The daughters of the most illustrious families from far and near were entrusted to her care, that they might be educated, under her direction and after her pattern, in German modesty and piety, for the quiet happiness of the family, the struggles and the joys of life. Their number was so great that she was induced to connect another Cloister (Eubingen near Rüdesheim) with her own in order to meet the increasing demands. She was in the habit of giving garlands and rings to her best and most beloved pupils as marks of distinction and stimulating pledges of affection. But all this only brought her the reputation of peaceful activity within her cloister-walls. That, which attracted the eyes of almost all christendom to her, and brought her into most intimate relations with four Popes, the two Emperors Conrad and Frederick I., as well as with untold Bishops, Abbots, Princes and Counts and indeed with the most distinguished men of learning of that age among whom might be mentioned the Abbott Bernard of Clairvaux,—that depended upon something else, viz., the mysterious relation in which she stood to the upper world, being generally considered as a New Testament prophet and a messenger of God to Christendom.

It may be granted to our age, equally removed as it is from the fanatical superstition of past centuries and from skepticism of the rationalistic period which has just closed, to make an impartial examination of the disclosures of this wonderful woman, which were generally revered by the

most distinguished spirits of the twelfth century as divine revelations. She herself has furnished, with most astonishing clearness, descriptions of her ecstatic spiritual life. She was of the most delicate bodily constitution, almost constantly sick from her childhood up, and thoroughly unsettled as regards her nervous system. In her third year she saw herself surrounded one day, with such a sea of light that her whole soul trembled. Being brought to the cloister when she was eight years old, such manifestations were repeated so often that she did not dare to speak of them. She was surprised that no one else saw or heard those things which she was accustomed to hear and see so plainly. She became terrified and from that time with shame concealed everything which she perceived from the upper world, not through the enfeebled bodily senses but through the inner sense. But this silence, preserved until she had attained her fiftieth year, nearly cost her her life. There was an inner voice, which she believed was that of God, constantly calling upon her to reveal to men that which the Lord had permitted her to see. But her mouth was closed, partly through fear of being thought soul-sick and crazed, and partly on account of the peculiar nature of her visions, which were full of threatenings of divine punishment against persons, whom she had been accustomed to look upon with reverence. This struggle at last brought her to the sick bed and nigh even to death. For thirty days she lay in the most fearful struggles with death. "A consuming fire," so she relates it, "raged in my veins. Whether my soul was in the body or out of it, I knew not. I lay immovable in a state of stupor. My superiors, my daughters (scholars and nuns), and relations surrounded my bed weeping aloud; they thought me dead. But during those days I saw the heavenly hosts, and heard a joyous sound proceeding from their ranks: "Thy time is not yet come; maiden arise!" And her eyes were opened and she came to herself. Now she felt strong enough to overcome all scruples; she confessed her inner feelings to her confessor. He, full of astonishment and doubt, wrote down her communications as she dictated them, (she was only imperfectly acquainted with the Latin language) and laid them before the Abbot, who communicated them to the Archbishop of Mayence, and, as Pope Eugenius III. was then (1148) holding a Church Council in Treves, the whole subject was brought before the Pope and the Council for examination. The Abbot *Bernard*—the bright ecclesiastical light of the twelfth century—went with several Bishops to Rupertsberg; there they read the book of her revelations, entitled Scivius, examined her mental and moral condition, and then they (and after them the Pope and the Church Council) published to all the world their testimony, that the recitations were literally from God, *through the same gift of prophecy by which the old prophets prophesied.* The Pope himself wrote her a congratulatory epistle, and when her writings were laid before the university of Paris at a later day, the Professors unanimously declared that they were not the discourses of man but revelations from God.

Let us now hear from her own lips how such revelations were received:

In the year 1160 of the incarnation of Christ (these are her words) when I was 62 years and 7 months old, it happened that I saw the heavens opening and a fiery light streaming down, which poured in upon my brain, heart and breast as if it were a flame, not burning but warming like the mild light of the sun. And suddenly I became conscious of the power of

comprehending the Psalter, the Gospels and the other Books, both of the Old and New Testament, although I had no knowledge of the separate words, syllables and grammatical forms." She writes to the Abbot Bernard in a similar strain: "I have a profound inner comprehension of the Psalter, the Gospel and other Scriptures which was shown me directly in the vision, that entered my breast and my soul like a brilliant flame, opening up all depths of knowledge to me, although these might be expressed in a language that I am not able to read." Of this heavenly flame she only gives the following description: "As long as I meditate under the influence of this light, all sadness and pain disappears; I then have the feeling of being a young maiden, and not an old woman well stricken in years. This light I perceive with my very weak senses. It is not confined to any particular place; it is more luminous than the firmament when lighted by the natural sun; still I can neither perceive in it length, nor height nor breadth. I call it the *shadow of the living light;* and as the sun, moon, and stars are mirrored forth in the water, so there is mirrored forth from it to me words and sayings, and even the virtues and actions of men. Whatever I see or have learned in such a manifestation, its remembrance remains a long time with me. Seeing, hearing, knowing and learning are all the work of an instant. Whatever I say or write, I give all in the exact words which I hear in the light. And yet I hear no words, as they sound from the mouths of men, but I hear them as tongues of flame, as little clouds swimming in a pure ether. This light is at no time absent from my soul."

We can only give the following extract from her visions:

To the clerical association at Kirchheim she writes: "When I lay in bed sick in the year 1170, and my eyes, both those of the spirit and the body, were weak, I saw a female figure,—a most beautiful picture, so lovely and attractive and joyous, that the human understanding can have no conception of it. The figure was so large, that it seemed to extend from earth to heaven; her countenance shone as the purest light, and her eyes were directed heavenwards; her robe was of white silk, over which hung a mantle decorated with emeralds, sapphires, and the most beautiful pearls and precious stones; her shoes shone as the onyx. On a sudden I noticed that her countenance was disfigured with dust, her robe torn on the right side, her mantle deprived of its beauty, and her shoes covered with black. She raised a cry of lamentation towards heaven, and shrieked aloud: 'Hear O Heaven, that my countenance has beenbe stained; mourn O earth, that my robe has been torn; and tremble O ye depths, that my shoes have been defiled. The foxes have holes, the birds of the air nests, but I have no assistance, no comforter, no staff, upon which I may support myself or which can aid me.' And she cried again: 'I lay concealed in the heart of the Father until the Son of Man, who was conceived and born of the Virgin, had shed His blood and espoused me to Himself through that same blood and enriched me with the most precious bridal gift, wherewith through spirit and water I brought forth as new men those whom the poison of the serpent had made prone to evil and averse to good. My ministers, the *priests*, who should have made my countenance as beautiful as the morning, my robe as luminous as the lightning, my mantle all glorious as precious stones, and my shoes to shine like snow, have disfigured my face with dust, torn my robe, soiled my mantle and defiled my shoes,

in that they have profaned the body and blood of my Bridegroom by sensuality and impurity of all kinds, by debauchery and adultery, by avarice and robbery, by bargain and sale. The depths must tremble, a cloud will cover the whole earth and make its verdure barren and its beauty deformity, while vengeance and woe shall come from the righteous hand of God and move heaven and earth. Wherefore Princes and an indignant people shall rise against you, ye Priests, who have heretofore given one no hearing, and shall seize your possessions and say: Come, let us cast these adulterers and robbers out of the Church. * * And I heard a voice from Heaven saying: This picture represents the Church. * * And lo! I saw this figure of the woman hanging a naked two-edged sword in the air, one edge of which was turned towards heaven and the other towards the earth. And this sword was drawn against the clergy. And I saw that this sword cut off some portions of the clergy just as Jerusalem was formerly cut off after the death of Christ. * * The inextinguishable fire of its Holy Spirit will be poured upon you, in order that you may be converted to that which is better."

This may answer as a specimen. One may be edified with the pious spirit that pervades it, but scarcely any one would look upon it, at the present day, as a divine revelation. We stand here before a phenomenon, such as is sufficiently abundant in the somnambulists of our time, or which appeared in a very remarkable form in the preaching epidemic that affected the Swedish common people in 1846. Futhermore, what compels us to accept these as divine revelations? What new thing had Hildegard communicated? What doctrine, which did not stand much clearer and more definite in the Bible, or in the doctrines of the Church? And the language also is nothing more than a simple, weak imitation of the biblical style. Nevertheless, it is perfectly intelligible to us, how an age, in which a love of the mysterious and magical was a prominent characteristic, with very imperfect means of scientific investigation, should have bowed down to Hildegard as a prophetess.

If nothing more were to be related of Hildegard, she would always remain as a remarkable phenomenon in the history of the human soul, although in the history of the Christian Church she would have no claim to a special place of honor. We have now to present to our readers that which entitles her to such a position.

It was a characteristic mark of that age, that while the people sought out sacred places with a superstitious love in order to assure themselves of a reconciliation with a Deity, they also experienced a deep necessity to seek out men highly esteemed for their holiness in order to secure for themselves their propitiatory mediation between God and their own painfully acknowledged unworthiness. The expiatory power of the death of Christ, and His all-sufficient merits were eclipsed by ecclesiastical dogmas. Hence the fervent worship of Mary; hence the superstitious respect, with which they sought to attach themselves to a person so highly gifted, so luminous in the radiant crown of prophetic glorification, as Hildegard. With justice a historian remarks, that the strongest proof of the preëminence of her spirit, of her wise circumspection and perseverance, of an activity which satisfied the deepest necessity of the heart, consisted in this, that she always enjoyed even to the end of her long life alike the love and veneration of the most distinguished of her contemporaries. Her corres-

pondence fills us with astonishment and admiration, on account of its extensiveness and, still more, on account of its manifestation of the depth and versatility of her activity. She was the comforter of all the distressed, the counsellor of the oppressed, the reconciler of those who had quarrelled, the punisher of the sins of individuals as well as of whole states and peoples. Here she exhorts a Bishop to gentleness with his clergy,—there, monks to moderation and submission,—and both to harmony and love of Christ. She warns young women, who are visited by inner temptations despite the severest exercise of penance, that what is necessary to avoid tendency to new temptations, is to serve the Lord by faithful performance of duty and active usefulness, rather than by excessive fastings. Thousands of the persecuted and oppressed from every part of Germany and France applied to her personally, and for each she had suitable advice and effective consolation, so that no one left her without being comforted.

We have already seen with what earnestness she attacked the shortcomings of the clergy. But we will show by a few extracts from her letters to the higher authorities, what a delicate feeling she showed in guarding the boundaries of reverence and piety.

She writes to the Emperor Barbarossa :

"The supreme Judge has these words for thee. Give ear! it is wonderful that a being like thou, O king, is so necessary to mankind. A king once stood upon a high mountain ; he looked down upon the valleys and observed the deeds of mankind. He held a staff in his right hand and ordered all things well. That which had been barren, became green ; that which had slumbered awoke. But when this man, once upon a time, closed his eyes, lo! there came a black cloud and rested over the valleys ; ravens came in flocks and destroyed the riches lying around. O king, be watchful. Look carefully about thee. Lo! thy lands are surrounded by a cloud of evil-doers. Robbers and riotous spirits lay waste the path of the Lord. Thou hast a glorious name, thou art a king in Israel. Consider also how the eyes of the King of kings rest upon thee, so that thou mayest not come to shame. Flee the path of lust, be a warrior of Christ. Forswear avarice and chose moderation. Be circumspect in all thy deeds. I saw thee in a vision surrounded by obscure entanglements. Thou hast but a little while to reign here. The Lord will call thee to account. So live that the grace of God may never depart from thee."

She writes to Pope Eugenius III.:

"The Eye that keepeth watch over all, that seeth all, that awaketh those that slumber, sendeth this message to thee : The valleys complain of the mountains and the mountains fall upon the valleys. What is the meaning of this? The subjects have lost the fear of God, the spirit of insurrection incites them to the tops of the mountains so that they may complain of their rulers ; 'ye know not your own sins.' Every one says : 'If I were ruler everything would get along better.' These are black clouds, which hang over you. You leave your fields uncultivated because they will not bend themselves to the work. The stars are obscured by many clouds and they cry aloud : 'The moon torments us, the sun oppresses us.' Wherefore, great Shepherd in the place of Christ, send light to the mountains, order to the valleys. Instruct the teachers of the people, restore discipline and order. May the Anointer's oil flow down from above, and may it's sweet odor be extended below. Teach all to live up-

rightly, so that they may stand before the Son of righteousness. The poor worm trembles while it speaks to so great a teacher. But it is not I, but the great Hero, the almighty Warrior, who says this to thee, oh good father. Exterminate godless tyranny: but be also compassionate wherever there is grief. Lo! the mighty king sits in his palace; around him there are great halls surrounded with gold and adorned with precious stones. But the king touches a weak feather, and the feather flies with wondrous beauty, and a strong wind bears it thence so that it may not sink with the earth."

Hildegard, in spite of the weakness of her body, travelled much around, preached publicly before all people, coöperating powerfully in the general uprising for the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre. Her words as well as her appearance were very attractive: Princes, knights and the common people served her as a saint. Her confession, during this period of extraordinary triumph for her, is very affecting: "I, a poor, trembling woman, have endured a great deal during these two years, since I have been obliged to appear at all large places in the presence of the rulers and the men of learning." There is no cause for wonder that many cures of diseases were effected by her through prayer and the laying on of hands.

She died September 17, 1179, having attained the age of 82 years. The Catholic Church has never canonized her. But our later time looks back, with love and admiration, upon this rare phenomenon of past centuries.

RATIONAL DEDUCTIONS.

A little Miss, just entering her teens last summer, in the western part of Pennsylvania, took twelve saucers of ice-cream, and died in a few hours;—then it would be better not to take twelve saucers of ice-cream at a time.

Within a month, D. G. P., a student of Brown University, lost his life by an abscess, induced by excessive exercise in a matched game of ball between the students of Harvard and Brown;—then let all young persons take exercise in great moderation in the heats of summer.

A young lady in Milwaukee having heard that arsenic eaten in small and increasing quantities was a great beautifier, determined to try the experiment, but not knowing what was a small dose, a fatal result was only averted by the promptitude of the family physician;—then it follows that young ladies ought not to eat rank poison for the purpose of improving their looks.

A gentleman after active exercise lay down on an ice-chest and fell asleep, waking up with a chill, ending with death by consumption after three years of great suffering;—it is very clear that he ought not to have fallen asleep on an ice-chest soon after being over-heated.

Some time since a man went down into a well and fell dead. A brother seeing this, hastened to descend and relieve him, and he was seen to fall dead; a third brother followed, and he fell dead. It would have been

better if the brothers had stopped going into a deadly well sooner, and to have let down a hook at the end of a rope.

One of the most respected and loved of all the Princesses of the House of Hapsburg, set her clothes on fire by treading on a match on the floor; she died in great agony, some hours afterward;—then lucifer matches ought not to be thrown loosely around.

A French general having greatly exerted himself in bringing some artillery to the top of a mountain, drank greedily of snow-water, and dropped dead;—then persons ought not to drink snow-water greedily when overheated.

A man took refuge from a summer shower under a solitary tree in an old field; the lightning came down the tree through his body into his boot, spoiling the boot and killing the man;—then people who don't want their boots bursted in summer showers, thus preventing them from getting home without wetting their feet—in fact, without getting home at all—ought to lie down on the ground flat on the open field if they would make it certain that the lightning should not strike them.

An editor of a magazine, after riding all day without eating, ate a hearty meal late at night, retired early, went to sleep and never awaked any more;—then don't eat heartily late at night; and better still don't eat at all after sun-down if you want to be sure of rising in the morning full of health and life.—*Hall's Journal.*

THE DYING SOLDIER.

(TO J. AND R.)

BY P. O. L.

My pains subside,
My heart is beating low,
Yes, beating, beating slow,
The drops in crimson flow
At every pulsing go
A deadening tide.

My course is run,
My youthful hopes are gone,
Alluring dreams have flown,
A last, a painful groan,
A low despairing moan,
And I'll be done.

Don't cheer me now,
For hope is all in vain,
I cannot live again.
But let me speak out plain,
While yet my weary brain
And death allow.

Here on my side,
Above this bloody wound,
A package, neatly bound,
You'll find, with ribbon bound,
My Mary wound it round,
My 'trothed bride.

She placed it there,
And spoke in accents clear,
In accents tuned to cheer,
And still her voice I hear
Around me floating near,
In darkening air.

This to my bride,
Tell her, and mother too,
That I, her boy in blue,
To her and country true,
Have fought along with you,
And fighting died.

And tell my love,
Though I am dying now,
With death damps on my brow,
I'm thinking, thinking how,
In bond of faithful vow,
We sealed our love.

Before my eye,
In vision clear I see,
The old familiar tree;
The winging birds I see,
All joyous, happy, free,
In evening sky.

I see the lawn,
A gently sloping grade.
In frolic there arrayed,
We boys and gentler maid,
Full oft at evening played,
And early dawn.

What can this be?
Is death, is dying near?
Is this the phantom fear?
Oh! mother, mother, dear,
An aching longing here,
Calls loud for thee;

Thy soothing touch,
Thy calming hand,
Thy touching low command,
To bid my faith to stand,
While treading Jordan's strand,
In Jesus' love.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

BY W. M. R.

The miracles of our blessed Saviour can only be rightly understood and appreciated, when they are viewed in their living relation to that kingdom, which was established upon the earth when the Word was made flesh. They are the fruits of its presence. As transcending the laws of the natural world, they declare the power and reality of a supernatural order of existence; but more than this, the character of this kingdom is stamped upon them, and accordingly we see reflected in them its nature, its tendency and the principles according to which it is governed. Just as they throw light upon all *else* that our Saviour did and all that He *said*, whilst here on earth, He was laying the foundation of His Church, so do they help us to understand the nature of that heavenly activity of His, whereby He advances it from one degree of perfection to another until it reaches its consummation of glory in His visible coming again.

From the times of the early fathers the miracle before us has been connected with that of the loaves and fishes, as prophetical and indicatory of the manner, in which our Saviour acts in the Sacrament of His body and of His blood. In both miracles there is not only a correspondence of the activity of Christ with that by which He imparts to our souls spiritual food and drink, but also a correspondence in regard to the conditions with which our Lord requires compliance on the part of the recipient before the blessings at hand can be enjoyed. In the case of the feeding of the multitude, the divine command goes forth: "Make the men sit down." The men, conscious of their need and their helplessness, put confidence in Him who tells them to sit down. In an act of faith they obey, and the result is they are fed.

A similar act of faith or of confiding obedience is required at the wedding feast. We have here no unconditional furnishing of wine. The miracle was "for the manifesting forth of our Saviour's glory;" but it was not performed at random and regardless of the state of mind of those for whose benefit it was mainly intended. Our Saviour's voice is heard, and the significant command is given, "*Draw out now.*"

Of course in giving this command our Lord intends that *something* is to be drawn. But the question is: What? There are those who would say, that before this can be properly answered, we must find out what had beforehand been put into the vessels from which it is to be drawn. According to the narrative, six water-pots of stone were standing in or near the house in which the bridal festivities were going forward, and at the command of Christ they were filled to the brim by the servants with water—such, likely, as was used by the family for ordinary purposes. Now the unbelieving bystander would have been ready to say that of

course nothing could be gotten out of the vessels but that element which alone had been put in, and that it were folly to expect anything more. But the servants looked at the matter in a different light. They were painfully aware of the fact that wine was needed. To supply their guests with this beverage, at that period and in that country, was a usage on such an occasion as this, so obligatory as almost to amount to a religious duty. As soon as the wine was exhausted the honor of the family was in jeopardy. Whence was help to come! There are those among them who look to the wonder-worker alone for relief. For they remember well the admonition given to them by His mother: "Whatsoever He saith unto you do it." At last He does *say* something with reference to the great object of their concern. They "do it," and that with alacrity. They wait not to ask why or how, but taking the Master at His word they *draw*, and bear to the governor of the feast, believing that what was thus drawn and borne, was not merely water, but wine. It is not necessary for us to add that their faith did not lead them astray.

In being here taught that our Saviour is able to give us wine, where, in the ordinary course of nature, only water could be expected, are we not reminded that He can give us something still higher where, according to natural laws, nothing but wine could be looked for. It is wine with the bread that believers are seen to consume at the sacramental altar. And unbelieving spectators, inasmuch as they regard these elements as simply the things that the deacons place there, look upon it as weakness and superstition to expect more here than what is intended for the body alone. But believers come with higher desires. They come seeking nourishment for the soul. Their Saviour invites them thither, and they know that He is abundantly able and willing to impart to them when they come exactly what they need. What this is He knows far better than they. He says: "Take eat, this is my body, broken for you; this cup is the New Testament in my blood." He gives us the assurance that unless we eat His flesh and drink His blood we have no life in us; whilst His Apostle, St. Paul, tells us that "the cup of blessing which we bless is the communion of the blood of Christ." We take our Saviour at His word. And just as the servants believed that in drawing from the water-tanks they received more than water, so we believe that in drinking from the sacred wine-cup we receive, through the powerful grace of the Master, more than wine; that spiritual drink which slakes the thirst of our souls, keeps us from fainting by the way, quickens the energies of our renewed nature, and feeds the well of water within us, which springeth up into everlasting life.

Having inquired *what* is drawn, let us proceed to give a little attention to the last word in the command: "Draw out *now;* in other words, to inquire *when* those bidden are to draw. Surely there is significance in that little adverb of time. Suppose these servants, in their eagerness to have the guests furnished with the needed luxury, had undertaken to draw immediately after pouring the water in. Surely we have to believe that they would have obtained no wine. A change was to take place in the contents of the vessels, and that not by any power inherent in the element, nor as the result of anything that the servants did; it was to be brought about by an act of will of the Son of God. Who was it that created the world out of nothing? Who was it that formed man out of the dust of the

earth? He it was who alone can say: "Let it be," and it stands fast. The fiat goes forth from Him who is the eternal Word. His blessing descends, and the work is done.

Without the creative word and gracious benediction of our Saviour, there is nothing truly sacramental in the Lord's Supper. Upon this is absolutely suspended that efficacy which Christ attaches to participation in the emblem of His shed blood. We do not pretend to explain the nature of our Saviour's activity here, any more than we would attempt to show how He worked in performing the miracle we are considering. There is room, however, for a latitude of opinion in regard to what is comprehended in what our Saviour did at Cana. From the large variety of views expressed by believing commentators we select only three, which, however, will serve to represent the different shades of construction put upon the narrative. The one most commonly received is, that there was an immediate and absolute transformation into wine of the entire contents of the vessels. Others maintain that there is no ground for supposing that there was more wine produced than was needed for the occasion. Among these there are those who say that exactly this quantity was created in the vessels, and was there to be drawn by the first person who might happen to draw; and again those who think that through the exertion of the divine power upon the water, it became wine only in the act of drawing, and that too when the drawing was done by those who were in the proper state of mind. This last view has this in its favor, that the miracles of Christ were always conditioned by the faith of those for whom they were intended. For whom, now, was this miracle mainly designed? We may be alone in the opinion, but we feel pretty well satisfied, that it was chiefly for the servants, to the end that they might be led to trust His power to meet their spiritual necessities, and to transform and elevate their nature just as He transformed and elevated the water into wine. Accordingly we find the point of analogy with the sacrament, not in the drinking of the wine, but in the drawing.

Notwithstanding this variety of conflicting views among Christian interpreters, all agree in regarding the work performed as transcending the order of nature. So, we may say, all believing theologians look upon the sacrament as a mystery, whilst they differ as to what it is precisely that Christ does in connection with the ordinance. This may be said to be the point on which the Church at the time of the Reformation divided into its three main branches, viz.: Roman Catholic, Lutheran and Reformed. The first insisted upon an absolute changing of so much of the elements as was consecrated. The wine, according to their view, was transmuted into the veritable substance that flowed from our Saviour's wounds on the cross. The Lutheran theologians would not accept the doctrine of transubstantiation, as it was termed, but yet maintained that that veritable blood was received, in, with and under the wine, into our mouths, and became united with our blood, and that it was received, not by believers alone, but by all persons who partook of the consecrated elements. The Reformed Church does not believe that Christ puts His blood here, either in the place of or in connection with the wine, in a local or material way, but that Christ, by His Word and through His Spirit, so blesses the contents of the cup that in drinking of it, believers receive not merely wine, but are made partakers spiritually, yet none the

less truly and really, of His blood, according to the teaching of our Saviour Himself and that of St. Paul, which has been already quoted.

The officers of the congregation bring the element to the sanctuary and place it upon the altar. The minister, in the act of consecration, as the organ of Christ, sets it apart from a common to a sacred and mystical use. The congregation then unite with officers and minister in invoking upon what is thus set apart the powerful benediction of the Master, who, in so far as we believe, graciously hears and answers our prayer. It is not what man does that makes the sacrament efficacious. It is not in the power of the minister, independent of Christ, to put virtue into these elements; nor is it in the power of the people to draw spiritual nourishment from them, until Christ does his work, viz., renders them the fit vehicles of that which they are intended to exhibit and convey. Only this when we have done our part, as the servants did theirs in filling the vessels and looking to Christ for the communication of His benediction, and when Christ has done what His exhortation as well as his promise gives us ground for expecting He will do; then, and not before, does the word go forth: "Draw out now."

Let us now look a little more closely at the persons to whom these words were addressed, and see, if possible, who they are and what their thoughts and feelings were at the time referred to. They are called servants in the narrative; but it would be a great mistake if we were to suppose them to be menials or slaves. The corresponding word in the Greek Testament is the one of which our word *deacon* is but a slight modification, and with perfect propriety might be rendered waiter or attendant. In all probability they were, in many respects, just such waiters or attendants as now are usually present on bridal occasions. It is likely the "ruler of the feast" was one of them. They were intimate friends of the bridegroom, and of course had a concern for all that pertained to his honor and welfare. But his credit was now at stake; for it will be remembered that the festivities are taking place in his house. The attendants themselves are brought into an exceedingly embarrassing situation; for doubtless the duty devolved upon them of seeing that everything requisite for the entertainment was at hand. It is easy for us to imagine how earnestly they would desire that the deficiency might be made up, and that this would be with them the all-absorbing thought and wish. It was persons then who sincerely desired that wine might be obtained, who here are commanded to draw.

Our Saviour invites to the sacrament of His Supper only those who are aware that they need such blessings as through it He designs to impart. There is presupposed, on the part of the recipient, some insight into Christ's mediatorial mission and work. The understanding must be developed in so far as in some sense to be able to "discern the Lord's body." There must be some knowledge of God and our alienation from Him, and connected with this a sense of misery and of guilt. Those sins must be perceived, and our ill desert on account of them felt, for the remission of which Christ's blood was shed. Only those can come to any purpose who long for restoration to the favor of God, for advancement in the divine life and strengthening of that hope which looks into the unseen world.

Further, these persons were fully convinced that it lay beyond their

unaided power to supply the want under which they were laboring. For we know that it was an unalterable rule of our Lord never to interpose miraculously except in cases where all other remedies were of no avail, and all other resources closed up. Buying or borrowing was, we know not for what reason, out of the question on this occasion. *The attendants could in no other way procure what was so much needed,* else our Saviour would not have come as he did to their relief.

The sacrament of the Supper was instituted for those alone who not only are aware of their need, but are conscious of their helplessness. It is in vain for us to come to it, if we imagine that the longed-for blessings can be obtained in some way or another by our own unaided efforts. Here, as in no other act of worship, is required of us that pure and absolute receptivity for divine and supernatural influences, which does not admit of the least adding to on our part. The slightest shade of self-dependence is hindersome to the full and proper participation in the blessings here to be enjoyed.

Finally, these men trusted in Christ's willingness and ability to relieve them. They doubtless knew something of His character. This Cana of Galilee was the birth-place of Nathaniel, to whom, according to the narrative of the preceding chapter, our Lord had made that disclosure of Himself which led him to exclaim: "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel!" Besides this there is an ancient tradition, and according to the modern commentators, there is that in the record before us which renders it probable that the author of this fourth Gospel was present at the feast. May he himself not have been one of the attendants? The mother of Christ we know was present, and we remember what she said to them. She had also interceded in their behalf, and they could hardly think that she had done so in vain. They heard Him say: "Mine hour is not yet come;" and likely from the manner in which He spoke, apprehended His meaning more accurately than we are apt to. They beheld love beaming from His countenance, wisdom characterizing every word, holiness manifesting itself in every action, and a sublime and imposing self-confidence reflecting itself in his entire demeanor. How could they but feel that in their extremity He was worthy of their reliance, and how unnatural if they had not hopefully looked to Him for relief. Such are the persons whom, after showing their faith by filling the vessels at His command with water up to the brim, He now bids to draw.

Who is it at the present time who has not heard of our Saviour's power and love? Who is it that does not behold the displays of His grace which are continually repeating themselves in and through His Church? Those who truly feel their need and helplessness will not fail to see his trustworthiness, and only those are blind to it who voluntarily close their eyes. To those who feel themselves shut up unto the faith, and can truthfully employ the language of St. Peter: "To whom, Lord, shall we go?" Christ says: "Take, eat." And surely such will not refuse, nor will they doubt that something here is really to be enjoyed. Trusting in His faithfulness and power, they comply. In an act of confiding obedience they approach, they take, they eat and drink; and when they believe that in so doing they receive what our Saviour calls the true meat and the true drink, surely we cannot suppose that their faith is leading them astray.

THE MILL AND THE MILLER.

AN IDYL.

BY PERKIOMEN.

We prize the old mill of the rough stone wall,
  And of the weather-worn gable;
Over your castle with tower and hall—
  Immortal in song and fable.

We joy to gaze through the mist-hung plain,
  Even down to the mill-dam hollow;
Nor tires the water-wheel's lazy train
  The eye, delighting to follow.

As busy by night as the live-long day,
  It works like a priest on Sunday;
But ever as blithe as a school at play,
  Early by morning of Monday.

Men visit the mill at a farmer's gait,
  And carry great burdens gladly;
But steed, the physician, at liveli'r rate,
  Though laden'd at heart, and sadly.

There was peace in the realm in by-gone times,
  When lock'd stood the Janus portals;
But if drought in the weir hush the mill's chimes,
  Then famine stalks among mortals!

'Tis a weird house by the running stream;
  The ghostly man, like a spectre,
In "breaking of bread" is furtively seen,
  As for his parish, the Rector.

Ne'er does he a "service," lest surpliced o'er,
  From mitre down to sandal;
And as pure as the high priest's robe of yore,
  Its *touch* is already scandal!

Thus he oft appears in the door-way high,
  As one on a "watchman's" tower:
Then offers a "mass" of wheat pure and rye,
  With dusty incense of flour.

He is proud alone of his "shew-bread" rare,
  Once handled by priest-hands solely;
But now it is relished as household fare
  The "blessing" renders it holy.

He draws his supplies from the well-stored barn—
The bank of our thriving acres—
And honors the drafts of workshop and farm,
To favor his kindred bakers.

But idle's the mill and the miller's time,
'Till christen'd by water from heaven;
The baptism of God must move and refine,
As in "measures of meal," the leaven.

Still, man lives not only by mill-ground bread,
Said Christ in the Lenten mountain;—
The Word of the Lord is life to the dead—
Both living bread and a fountain.

ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast."

A certain great and good man being asked what a Christian needed to succeed in his pious efforts to lead a holy life, replied: "Three things. Prayer, *Prayer*, PRAYER." Without prayer it is impossible to live purely, progressively and permanently for Christ. As the body cannot live without breathing—breathing a pure, healthful atmosphere—so the life of Christ in the soul must expire without prayer. For

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air."

Prayer is the daughter of faith. But the daughter must nourish the mother. Even pagan nations feel the need of it. The ancients prayed much to their gods. And many of their scholars began their works of learning by calling upon their deities. The followers of Confucius grope blindly after their gods in a multitude of prayers, vainly seeking rest for their weary souls. The Indian addresses the Great Spirit in joy and sorrow, in supplication and in giving of thanks. The phlegmatic Turk, with his score of wives and an army of slaves; whose sole aim is to gratify his animal desires, seems to have little left to ally him to the image of the great Supreme, in which his race originally was created. Yet, despite his sensual stupor, he prays five times every day. Twice during the night he rises from his couch to bend, bow, and prostrate himself in prayer. No occurrence, however serious, can prevent him from performing this act. In this respect, professing Christians who allow the merest trifles to interfere with their acts of worship in church and at home, might learn a lesson from the Turk. Luther says: "A Christian's best employment is prayer." "What further do you need for your journey," said a father to

his son, who was starting out on the usual apprentice tour, which the young men of Germany must make to perfect themselves in the learning of their trades. "I have everything," replied the son, "save my traveling diary." "A traveling diary," replied the father, "will help you to journey the world over." With that the father took a prayer book from the shelf and handed it to him.

Dr. John Brown says, in his "Spare Hours:" "Some weeks ago I was taken out to see the mother of a little child. She was very dangerously ill, and the nurse had left the child, in another room, to come and help me. I went to the nursery, where the child was, to get some hot water, and in the child's bed I saw something raised up. This was the little fellow kneeling under the bed clothes. I said: 'What are you doing?' 'I am praying to God to make mamma better,' said he." Dr. Brown further remarks: "God likes these little prayers, and these little people—for of such is the kingdom of heaven. These are His little ones, His lambs, and He hears their cry; and it is enough if they only lisp their prayers. 'Abba, Father,' is all He needs; and our prayers are never so truly prayers as when they are most like children's in simplicity, in directness, in perfect fulness of reliance."

Bene orasse est bene studisse, (to pray well is to study well), was Luther's advice to his students. It applies to all other kinds of labor, no less than to that of studying. During one of the many bloody wars which have desolated Germany, one of the rulers, whose Duchy was in imminent peril, called his friends around him at a feast. Thinking that he would be driven from his dominions, he asked them what they would do if deprived of their living which they enjoyed under his provident government. One said: "I can fight." Another: "I can knit nets." Another: "I can turn woodwork." Another: "I can play the harp." At length the pious Otto von Grünrad being asked, replied: "*I can pray.* And from this hour I shall make prayer my chief business." Otto's was the best answer.

When Dr. Johnson was about to begin the writing of one of his most celebrated works, he composed and offered the following prayer: "Almighty God, the Giver of all good things, without whose help all labor is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech Thee, that in this undertaking thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I promote Thy glory and the salvation of myself and others. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen." Washington made it the daily habit of his life, to retire to some concealed spot or room, where he engaged in prayer, on his knees. Colonel Gardner spent two hours every morning with God in prayer. When his regiment was to march at four, he would rise at two, so as to have his full time for prayer. Bishop Burnet says: "In the days of our fathers, when a person came early to the door of his neighbor, and desired to speak with the master of the house, it was as common a thing for the servants to tell him with freedom: 'My master is at prayer,' as it is now to say, 'My master is not up.'" Sir Thomas Abney kept up regular prayer in his family during all the time he was Lord Mayor of London. On the evening of the day he entered upon his office, he quietly withdrew from the public assembly at Guildhall, after supper, went to his house, performed family worship, and then returned to the company.

Spener, the father of German Pietism, had a son, very talented and very wicked. The father tried every possible means to reform his wayward son. At length he could do nothing more for him but pray. A dangerous illness brought the son to the verge of the grave. When seemingly near his death he raised his feeble hands and cried from the depth of his burdened heart: "The prayers of my father surround me like mountains." Shortly after his conflict and disease passed away, and his father, who soon departed into rest, saw his son changed into a calm and meek child of God.

A pious shoemaker took an apprentice, who at first pleased him very much. In the course of time, however, the boy became very wicked, and his master threatened to dismiss him. "Every day I call to the boy's mind the rewards of heaven and the punishment of hell," said the master to the apprentice's father. "In vain I try to show him the importance of faith in Christ. He remains the same wicked boy in spite of my well-meant efforts." "My dear friend," said the father to the master, "have you spoken as often to Christ about the boy, as you have spoken to the boy about Christ?" "Very well," said the master; "I will take your advice, and keep him a little while longer." Not long after the apprentice became a model young man.

When Franke founded his famous Orphan House at Halle, he had but little money to support the poor children. Sometimes he did not know one day where he should get the needed bread for the next. Once he was in great need, and prayed fervently for help. He says: "When prayer was over and I was just sitting down at the table, I heard somebody knock at the door, which when I opened, there was an acquaintance of mine holding in his hand a letter, and a parcel of money wrapt up, which he presented to me. I found therein fifty crowns, which was sent a great way, and which was soon followed with twenty crowns more." At another time all his provision had been spent, and with a sad heart he paid out the last few cents he had, praying as he did so: "Lord look upon my necessity!" Going out of his room to attend the lecture in the college, he found a student waiting for him at his house-door, who handed him seventy crowns, which had been sent from a place above two hundred miles distant. At another time all their provision and money had been exhausted. He tried to pray the Lord's prayer, and when he came to the petition, GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, he began to weep bitterly. While his mind kept running over the words *this day*, in the prayer, the carriage of a friend stopped before his house, which brought him four hundred crowns.

CAN YOU PRAY THAT.—So queried a Christian gentleman, as an acquaintance of his was affirming doubtful sentiments,—"Can you pray that?" The question was significant and pertinent. It is one thing to assert a sentiment or an opinion to a fellow-mortal, or even to one's self, but it may be quite another thing to assert the same sentiment or opinion directly to God, and in the immediate and conscious presence of the Searcher of hearts. Men will often say that to each other which they would scarcely dare to say to God. Actions, too, have a voice; they may even "speak louder than words;" and of the "speaking" of much of our conduct it may be well to ask, "Can we pray that?"

IN MEMORIAM.

BY REQUEST.

BY A CLASSMATE.

"God, in His loving kindness, granted to CECIL NEVIN the calm death he had hoped for * * * *. On the stormy equinoctial night of March the 21st, when the hail beat without and the high winds blew, we stood beside his bed, and watched him die."—*German Reformed Messenger*, May 8, 1867.

'Twas a fit contrast that his spirit
Should go forth on such a night,
Amid the March wind's wildest revel,
Faint emblem of the power of evil,
That often, at the heavenly portal,
Dims the faith of dying mortal,
Passing through it to inherit
The glorious land of life and light.
Yet fell no fear on CECIL's soul,
The "rod and staff" led to the goal.

Thus whilst the bare March boughs were tossing,
Their fitful soughings to the blast,
He, aweary on his pillow,
His spirit out on Jordan's billow,
Was passing through the fearful swelling,
With peace, and hope, and joy indwelling,
Soon to say, beyond the crossing,
"The weary night is o'er at last."
So soon to have this fevered strife
Merged into never-ending life.

So calmly o'er Time's ebbing river,
He glided to the farther side,
So gently the last heart-throb given,
And the silver cord so riven.
The here with the hereafter blended,
Scarce was known where time had ended,
And for him the vast forever
Had begun beyond the tide.
And his crown of life was won,
Heard the approving words "well done."

Called soon, his life was but beginning
To show the promise of its loveliness,
When death's shadow o'er it stealing,
Robbed us of its full revealing;
Yet a boon more blest was granted,
For the budding powers transplanted,

In that purer air new springing
Shall unfold in perfect bliss.
And, though his brief course is o'er,
They shall bloom to fade no more.

"Death loves a shining mark;" so he was taken
To gem the sable coronet.
And though his love was e'er the warmest,
His hopes the brightest, faith the firmest,
Our selfish hearts, in selfish sorrow,
Often nor peace nor comfort borrow.
And we feel ourselves forsaken,
Though we hope to see him yet.
Speed we then to worlds of bliss;
He will ne'er return to this.

THE CONTENTED PEASANT.

In Prussia, far away from the streets, houses, palaces, churches, and noise of hurrying crowds, with the horse's tramp and the rattling of wheels, a peasant lad once lived in the humble home of his father and mother, who, though poor, still cared for him, doing the best they could, considering their scant means. Carl, for so the peasant lad was named, had two sisters, and with these he passed his childhood and boyhood, hearing but little, and caring less, about the honors and riches which excite the ambitious in royal cities; while he revelled in the romantic scenery of his native village, whose upland slopes were covered with the luxurious vine, thriving under the influences of genial showers, warm sunbeams, and the pure breezes that swept over the hills and forests, that encircled Carl's dwelling.

The peasant lad grew, became a man, a husband, and a father. More than this Carl became a Christian. How the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, led him to Jesus for mercy, gave him peace through believing, and purified his heart by faith, does not appear; but if, when you see the branches laden with rich and mellow fruit, you have a right to conclude the root of that tree must be good, so, from the character of Carl, we are obliged to admit that he was one with Jesus in sympathy and heart, and in peace of mind.

What a sweet thought is that: *God cares for us.* As He cares for the lilies, to clothe them; or as He cares for the ravens to feed them; even so, only much more, he cares for us. Or as you care for the apple of your eye, or your money, or your reputation, or your health, or those dear little ones gambolling about your knees, so the Lord cares, interests himself, and thinks about us. All this is fact, whether we believe it or not. My believing it does not make it a fact. My belief will give the heart rest. Carl had seen the wild flower in the hedge and the trees of the old forest cared for by God, and he believed God cared for him. He heard the birds singing, as day by day they fed on the stray grain, or the or-

chard's fruit; and Carl said, "Why should not I be as light-hearted as they? God careth for me; does He not? Is not this reason enough why I should cast all my care upon Him without making myself miserable with thoughts about to-morrow?" But Carl was not miserable, He lived by the day; and he had learned, in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content.

The throne of Prussia was at this time occupied by Frederick, surnamed "Old Fritz." A man cannot be always working hard; he must have some leisure and recreation; and, perhaps, of all working-men, kings work the hardest. Perhaps it was with a heart depressed by the anxieties and cares of royalty, or with a mind wearied with the sound and sight of court and city life, that the monarch, leaving the smoky city behind, rode into the country in search of quiet amidst the green hedges, flowing streams, and cultivated land, that environed the city. It was on this occasion that Frederick espied an old peasant by the wayside, cheerfully singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king; "does this acre belong to you, in which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the peasant, who did not know that it was the king; "I am not so rich as that; I plough for wages."

"How much do you get a-day?"

"Eight groschen," replied the peasant.

"That is not much," replied the king. "Can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled, and said, "Well, if I must tell you: two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the peasant. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; I keep them—this is my old debt toward which I pay two groschen a day; the third, which I lend away, I spend for the children that they may receive Christian instruction. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters. This I give for the Lord's sake."

"Bravely spoken, old man! Now, have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the peasant.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses." Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with the royal likeness, he said to the astonished peasant, "The coin also is genuine; for it comes from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster."

Have you an old father or mother? Pay your debts Have you children? Remember training them well is a good investment of money; you may need their support. Have you poor sisters? Don't neglect them. This is the religion of love.

May you and I, dear reader, live the sunny, hoping, and cheerful life of Carl, the contented German peasant.

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS.

(CICADÆ SEPTENDECIM.)

BY PERKIOMEN.

We well remember with what a superstitious dread we regarded the advent of the misnamed Locusts, after the long and stated intervals of seventeen years, in certain localities. Having been born in a district, east of the summit of the Alleghany mountains, A. D. 1830, four years prior to their first appearance in our life time, we are consequently too young to appreciate their ominous character and were therefore obliged to await the year of our Lord, 1851, in order intelligently to realize any knowledge concerning them in any practical way. Those were seventeen long years, for us to wait through. How did not our heart oscillate between hope and fear—for were we not taught that the coming brood were none other than the real African or Asiatic Locusts, of whose devastating character we read in Holy Writ and elsewhere? Every home-made naturalist, whose entire store of entomological lore consisted of a few clumsily impaled butterflies and a "snake-doctor" or two, against the wall, assured us that the letter P was deeply engraved and fairly to be discerned on their wings. This character—so ran the commentary—stood without the least shadow of a doubt, as the initial letter to the name of the Egyptian monarch who would not let Israel go. And, furthermore, could not the fool understand and he running, read in that mysterious mark, the word PLAGUE? Surely—since God had chosen Locusts as the eighth rod by which to lash the cruel oppressor and his hosts.

Their never-ceasing chorus still further, was said to be most plainly:—"PHA-RA-OH!"—"PHA-RA-OH!"—"PHA-RA-OH!" Whoever could not discern this melancholy burden in their song, was pronounced dull of ear, yea stone deaf to all musical sounds.

After all this, need any one wonder that their advent caused us some considerable degree of anxiety? Indeed, we fear three things most—cross dogs, "Belz-nickles" and Locusts.

But the year 1851 came, and with it the so-called *Locusts.* We listened attentively in the distance though, to their plaintive notes, but—truth to tell—we could as little recognize any "PHA-RA-OH" in them, as we can even at this late day, discern any divinity in Plymouth Rock, in spite of all the blarney uttered over it. Taking courage more and more, we actually chased, caught and handled scores of them, but after the closest scrutiny, could see about as much of a P on their silken wings, as we can see "the man in the moon." The reader may well guess, that such a shocking disappointment at once generated doubt and unbelief in our mind, in reference to the whole Locust theory—from first to last. Still

being of the *honest* skeptical class, we determined to investigate and explore the mysterious subject as far as practicable, before we would openly deny and make war against it. From 1851, clear down to 1868—the season of their return in our territory—a period of seventeen years, the reader will observe—we were in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, in this particular direction. All will admit, we think, that the time was sufficiently extended, in order to sound this subject, as well as many, if not all others, to the lowest depth, and to entitle our opinion to some little respect.

And what is now the sum of our knowledge, or the conclusion at which we have arrived? Why—plainly be it spoken—that those insects which have incorrectly received the name of "Seventeen year Locusts," are no *Locusts* at all, but belong to an entirely distinct order, as every well-informed entomologist will admit; that their nature and character are similar to the "Leaf-Hopper," "Tree-Hopper," "Frog-Hopper," *et id genus omne*—differing only in the note-worthy circumstance, that they appear statedly after an interval of seventeen years; and that their technical and proper name is not *Locusta*, but *Cicadæ*, or more narrowly defined, "*The Seventeen-year Cicadæ.*"

We are not unconscious of the amazing buzz of opposition which our iconoclastic declaration will excite—not among the *Cicadæ* indeed; for we seem almost to hear them chirping their votes of thanks into our ears, for endeavoring to deliver their entire race from the Egyptian ignominy, under which they have all along felt themselves to be loaded down. They are actually piping their merry notes of emancipation, "after two hundred years bondage" as Frederick Douglass would say. The opposition we anticipate, will emanate from the masses, who have been born, bred and educated to believe this petrified error. Still, let it come. We repeat it, let it come! We have considered our ground; we have measured the distance and are prepared for battle. In the face of whatever "hue and cry" that may be raised against us, with Galileo of old—even if in a far less weighty cause and against a far less august opponent—we stamp our foot and exclaim: "*They are still Cicadæ.*"

But, to unhorse an opinion, which may be said to have rooted itself in the saddle and rides like a victorious knight, haughtily and more than confident of being master of the situation—to do successful battle against it, we say it is necessary to be well armored and equipped. Let us see then, what arrows we may draw from our quiver.

☞ *We are very reluctantly obliged to divide this interesting article. The remaining portion of it will be published in the next number.*—PUBLISHERS.

LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

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J. Heilman, Heilman's Dale, Pa.,	1	50	19	Mrs. S. B. Ault, Mech'nicsb'g, Pa.,	1 50	19
J. Cort, Irwin's Station, Pa.,	3	00	18&19	John C. Wanner, Phila., Pa.,	1 50	19
M. E. Kline, Sugar Valley, Pa.,	1	50	19			

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HEROIC CHARITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Outside the wall of the present Bethlehem, near one of its ancient gates, is a well. Whether there is a fountain at the bottom of it, or whether it gets its water from one of the aqueducts, connected with the Pools of Solomon, a number of miles distant from here, I am unable to tell. The latter theory is not very probable. If it is a distinct real fountain in itself, it is most likely associated with the history of David. When a shepherd boy, he must have often brought his sheep to this fountain, in the heat of the summer, and he himself had many a time been refreshed by a cup of living water from its limpid stream.

In that ancient country, wells are the most durable and the most reliable landmarks of the olden time. The wells of Isaac, in Beersheba, have outlived the decay and ruin of three thousand years, and are to this day the undoubted monuments of the undying works of this man of God. The well of Jacob not only marks the spot where the patriarch bought a parcel of ground, his first real estate in Canaan, but enables us to locate an interesting interview of the world's Redeemer with a certain woman of Samaria. And that the Son of God when athirst on a hot day, asked for a drink of water from this well, gives it a singular sacredness.

At one time the Philistines invaded Canaan. As is the Bedouin custom to this day, they came in the harvest season, a sort of marauding expedition to carry off the crops. David was then still a persecuted outlaw, the captain "of every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented." Hid in one of the caves in the hill country south of Palestine, he suffered keenly from thirst. He remembered the fountain of his boyhood, at Bethlehem. Knowing that a garrison of the Philistines had possession of the gate near it, with a considerable force, it was next to impossible to get him a drink from his favorite well. "And David longed, and said, Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." Three mighty men, prompted by love to their chief, brake through the host of the Philistines, at the peril of their lives, and brought him water

from the well by the gate.—2 Samuel xxiii. 15–17. Much as he suffered, he refused to assuage his burning thirst with water secured at such a risk and sacrifice. "Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives. Therefore he would not drink it" More refreshing than the sweetest, freshest water to the thirsty traveller in the burning desert is the true and trustworthy friendship, which can endure such a test; itself a fountain of strength and abiding glory.

Dessau, the capital of Anhalt—Dessau in Germany—is not without note in European history. Among the many interesting incidents which its industrious, thrifty burghers relate, the following is not the least. The town stands on the banks of the Elbe. In former years a certain great bridge spanned this stream. The ends of the bridge were much lower than the middle. On the highest part, in the middle of it, stood the tollman's house. There dwelt an honest man with his wife and children, in peace and peril, from year to year, watching the bridge, and receiving toll. Every Spring brought a freshet, and with it came much fear and trembling to the tollman's wife and children. At length a freshet came on an unusual scale. A terrific storm arose. The ice broke, and large pieces were borne down on the roaring current. Soon the ends of the bridge were carried away, leaving only the middle arch on which the tollman's house stood With trembling, prayerful hearts he and his little ones looked towards what they expected to be their watery grave. He and his wife and children cried aloud for help to the crowd of people assembled on the river bank. All pitied the poor family. But the roaring torrent filled them with fear. No one ventured to take the boat and attempt their rescue. A rich count, standing by, held a large purse of gold in his hand, which he offered to any one who would save the imperilled family.

At length a poor laboring man passed along that way in a wagon. No sooner had he seen the danger in which the tollman's little flock were placed, on the last arch in mid-river, than he set off in the little boat, in defiance of the danger. Three times he had to row his boat through the masses of tumbling ice to the toll house, to bring the whole family ashore. Just as he landed the last time, the arch gave way, and the house was borne down the stream. The poor family, safe ashore, could not speak for joy and gratitude to their deliverer. "Here, take this purse of gold, as a reward for your heroic act," said the count. "No," said the poor man, "my life was worth more than money, and I do not wish to be paid for doing right." The count still pressing him, he said: "I wish you would give it to the poor toll-man, who has lost all his clothes and furniture, and who has so many little children to feed."

Once upon a time two Italian boys took passage in a certain ship in the Mediterranean. Not long after an Algerian pirate hove in sight, and gave chase. The pirates boarded the vessel, and carried the crew and passengers to Algeria; among others, too, the two boys whom they sold into slavery. To them it was to be a life-long bondage wherein they were liable to be treated like brutes, and to be sundered from home and friends for life. They had a kind mother, a poor widow, without the friends or money needed to ransom her boys. She wept like Rachel, refusing to be comforted, because her children to her were doomed to a fate worse than death. For a while the children groaned under the lash of cruel tyrants. The sorrowing widowed mother had an excellent pastor, a man of God in

the true sense of the term. Seeing her tears he resolved to sacrifice his country, home, friends and freedom to redeem the two boys, and comfort their mother. He sailed for Algiers. Before the palace-gate wherein they were held captives, he presented himself and told his touching story. "I will become your slave for life instead of these boys, provided you send them home to their weeping mother." The heroic proposal touched the heart of the barbarians. The pastor became a slave, and the boys were sent home. Thus came the chief Shepherd, and gave himself a ransom for our sins. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

LOT'S WIFE.

BY REV U. H. HEILMAN.

There is on the plain of the Dead Sea, in the vale of Siddim, a certain mass in the form of a pillar of solid salt. This, like the ancient pyramids in the land of the Nile, has been the occasion of a considerable amount of amazement. There it was that the wife of Lot, in her flight from the city of Sodom to the little mountain village of Zoar, as a punishment for her disobedience, while loitering and looking back, was overtaken by destruction and transformed into a pillar of salt.

Thus the words of our Saviour, in consequence of this strange event, have a solemn significance for all time. They indicate the suddenness with which divine judgments proceed against all those who halt between two opinions. We must examine them in the light of the circumstances of the strange event which they refresh in our memories. Our Saviour, in His endeavor to teach the obdurate Pharisees, the kingdom of God, in regard to the time of whose appearing they inquired of Him, ends His sermon with these words: "Remember Lot's wife."

Lot was the son of Haran and the nephew of Abraham. For this reason the Lord tarried with Abraham on His way down to punish the cities in the plain. Abraham and Lot were the owners of large herds of cattle. A famine occurring in Canaan both went down to Egypt to seek pastures for their extensive flocks. Pharoah endeavors to ensnare Abraham, until he is forced to return to Canaan, in order that he may serve the Lord without hindrance. Thus far his kinsman Lot accompanies him and their intercourse is harmonious.

The number of their flocks increasing, contentions arose among their respective herdsmen and a separation was the natural result. Abraham who had been schooled in self-denial, resigned the choice of the country to his kinsman Lot, and the latter, consulting his material and temporal interests, chose that part of the plain of the Jordan known as the vale of Siddim. This was a well-watered region even as the garden of the Lord. Lot moved toward Sodom regardless of the wickedness of its inhabitants and of the destruction threatening them.

The man Lot, in selecting the rich vale of Siddim as a pasture ground, sacrificed his spiritual welfare to gain a temporal and material advantage. On one occasion he was taken a captive by the king of some five cities in

this plain. After a time the wickedness of the cities became so great, that the Lord resolved to go down and see whether they had done altogether according to the cry of it which had come unto Him. After examining into the truth of the report, He prepared the way for their destruction.

The words of Christ, which remind us of the destruction of this woman, must be taken in a figurative sense. Through her unlawful looking back she has become the type of that worldly-mindedness and selfishness, which seeks to preserve the material and the temporal at the sacrifice of the spiritual and the eternal. The lesson which our Saviour desires to inculcate as flowing from the untimely end of this woman is this, "Whosoever shall seek to save his life, shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it!"

The relations which we sustain to our fellow men and the material world, and our associations with these, have a lasting influence in favor either of our weal or woe. Sometimes these associations and their influences are the sources of our spiritual degradation and destruction of our spiritual prospects. This will enable us to realize the force of the old maxim of the apostle, when he declares that "evil communications corrupt good manners."

Lot and his spouse did not seem to have a cognizance of this truth, or if they had, they did not render allegiance to it. After an examination into their condition and habits, we cannot forego the conclusion that their unfavorable position and associations were the occasion of her sad misfortune and sudden destruction. This must assume the character of a self-evident fact, when we come to consider the significance of their residence in Sodom.

Her separation from the society of good men was the first step in her downward course. For the sake of attaining a temporal advantage, she sacrificed her communion with those solemn and elevating associations which no believer can afford to lose, and without the aid of which he cannot maintain his integrity in the face of the ungodly influences of this present evil world. Thus her separation from her kinsmen in the flesh and in the faith opened the way to her degradation and final destruction.

The reasons for this separation were insufficient. The pastures had become scant. This brought the herdsmen of the numerous and rapidly increasing flocks into collision. For the sake of restoring peace, she is moved to erect an altar in a heathen land and among a strange nation. The love of peace, falsely so called, the love of the material, and her desire to gain and to hold it, were the entering wedges to her subsequent misfortunes.

An investigation into the spirit of the occasion shows, that it was not so much the love of the material world, as the disagreements and contentions which had arisen between the *herdsmen* of Abraham and Lot, which led her to make this choice. There can be no doubt, that it was her desire to escape these contentions and seek a refuge where she might repose in peace. In this desire she labored under improper influences, and in the end failed in the realization of her expectations.

She labored under that strange but common impression, that whenever some disagreement arises among the people of God, a separation must ensue in order to a reconciliation. Now no position is more dangerous than

a life apart from the Church of Christ and beyond the reach and influence of her sacramental graces and forces. Such a line of conduct is worse than madness, and must end in destruction. How much better and nobler to suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season! In their unfavorable position Lot and his wife soon discovered their imprudence and endured their first chastisement. The kings of five cities in the vale of Siddim had united in rebellion, after a subjection of twelve years, against Chedorlaomer, the king of Elam. This king succeeded in defeating the rebels, and carried away many captives, and with them Lot. Abraham, having received tidings of his capture, went out with his three hundred and eighteen trained servants, smote the conquerors, and brought back the captives and his kinsman Lot.

This episode demonstrates the fact, that their choice was unfortunate, and that they did not attain that freedom from contention, nor the peace which they had sought. Thus matters stood for a season. The next information which reaches us, is, that the cities in the plain had increased in wickedness to such a degree, that rumors of it had reached the ear of the Lord, and He is on His way down, halting with and announcing his intention to Abraham, to examine into the truth of the report which had come unto Him.

The choice which Lot and his wife had made and the dangerous condition into which it served to bring them, continued for some time. Now the case began to assume a new aspect. After the Lord had gone down and satisfied Himself in reference to the rumors which had reached Him, He determined upon the overthrow of those wicked and riotous cities. This determination was followed by an almost immediate and a most terrible destruction.

At this point Abraham appears as an intercessor in their behalf. The Lord had revealed His mission and intention to him, and this emboldens him to make that fearless and marvellous intercession. There can be no doubt that this had its intended effect, and that it influenced the Lord to save Lot and his household. For this reason it seems measures are inaugurated and carried into execution for their deliverance.

Abraham continued his intercession and the men, who had accompanied the Lord, turned their faces thence and went to Sodom. They arrived at the gate at even, and Lot seeing them rose up, and after pressing them conducted them to his house, and they tarried there. The cordial reception which they received at his hands and the solicitude he manifested in the rescue of his kinsmen, were additional incentives to render him all the assistance in their power in order to his escape from the fate so near at hand.

The gathering of a riotous gang around Lot's house, satisfied his visitors concerning the rumors and opened the way for announcing the object of their visit. Lot is instructed to seek out his kinsmen, and to bring them out of that place. The destruction is at hand. Thus the Lord comes, investigates, judges, pronounces and carries the sentence into execution; in the meantime stretching out His arm to save those willing to abandon their sinful associations and companions.

The Lord himself arranges the preliminaries and then dispatches His agents and messengers. These proclaim His determination, and are willing to assist in the flight those who believe His gracious word. In a general sense, we may regard this as a shadow of one, who came in a later

age and joined our nature to his own, in order to our redemption and salvation. Everything is in Lot's favor and he can have no excuse if he fails to escape.

In a state of nature we are in the same dangerous condition. Our relations and associations are sinful and material in their character. Our kinsmen in the flesh cannot become our saviours. To Lot and to Sodom, but one messenger came. To us the Lord comes in His Church, in His word and Spirit. Our sinfulness grows with our growth, so that there is no health nor soundness in us.

But the Lord has come down in the incarnation of His Son and united our nature to His own. He is willing to render assistance to all who receive and believe His Word. But we must renounce the Siddims of this world and the associations and companions of Sodom. This involves the assumption of the place provided for us in the kingdom and Church of His Son. This prepares the way for another consideration.

The morn of destruction dawned upon Sodom. Then the angels hastened Lot, saying, "Arise, take thy wife and thy two daughters which are here; lest they be consumed in the iniquity of the city." Lot lingered and the men lain hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters: the Lord being merciful unto him; and they brought them forth, and set him without the city. But the dangers are not yet passed.

Lot did not seem to comprehend his perilous situation. For this reason he is again commanded to escape for his life, not to look behind, neither to stay in all the plain, and to escape to the mountain lest he be consumed. But again his courage fails him, and he bids the angel to allow him to seek refuge in a city nearer at hand. This too is granted and Lot and his household once more move forward.

From this narrative we are led to draw the inference, that Lot was forced to abandon his flocks in order to save his person. This is corroborated in part in view of the fact, that he planted a vineyard at a later day and thus changed his occupation. In the present he must secure his personal safety. In this he is finally successful, and he enters Zoar when the sun was risen upon the earth.

Some distance from the eastern shores of the Dead Sea, which covers the ancient plain of Sodom, there is a long chain of hills running down from the mountains in the north of Palestine. About midway between these hills and an arm of the Dead Sea is the supposed site of Zoar. The name signifies, small, and was given to it, because Lot had insisted on the smallness of the town as a place of refuge.

When we come to consider the various circumstances attending this strange event, we are strongly inclined to arrive at the conclusion, that the Lord would have us regard this city as a figure of His Church. It served Lot as a refuge for the time being. Thus all, who are threatened with destruction and who desire that their souls should live, may seek a refuge and find a shelter in the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ.

There is one remarkable fact in connection with the location of this town. It is situated on the peninsula which divides the Dead Sea into two unequal portions, and which resembles a tract of land that has escaped the violent convulsion, to which the entire region had been exposed. This is significant. The Lord provides a refuge for us in the midst of dangers and preserves us in His refuge.

The Church is our true home. There are numerous scriptures in which this fact is brought to our attention. The Church is the place in which, and the sacraments the means through which, the Lord delivers men from destruction and defends them in the salvation which He has purchased for them. Lot had to share the doom of Sodom or flee to the place commanded by the Lord. There was no medium position remaining for him to occupy.

And there is none for us. We may persuade ourselves that there is salvation for us out of the Church, but there is none. The Lord will save those in whom He discovers a disposition to use His means of grace. There can then be no alternative for us. We must share the destruction which is certain in its advent, or seek a shelter and a home in the household of our adorable Lord and Master.

The wife of Lot was unfortunate in the highest degree. Her husband continued in his flight and entered Zoar when the sun had risen. His wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt. There are those, who shudder at the bare thought of such a sudden and terrible doom; and yet, forsooth, are in the same condemnation. Unless they move forward they will be overtaken by a more terrible destruction.

This women made a start to reach Zoar, but she did not continue in her flight. This was the cause of her misfortunes. Men oftentimes start out for the kingdom of heaven, and they come so far as to enter the pale of the Church through the initial sacrament, and afterwards obtain a confirmation of the grace there bestowed upon them—and then stand still and look back! Now the fault is not in the Church, but in the failure to move forward of those in the Church.

Lot and his wife had separated from their kinsman, Abraham, and chosen the vale of Siddim, in order to advance their material interests and to attain freedom from contentions. We have reasons to suppose, that Lot has suffered the loss of his flocks in the rebellion of the five cities against their king. The fact of his residence in Sodom indicates, that he had abandoned the nomadic life. The pleasures and the follies of city life turned their heads and hearts from the Lord.

This accounts for their reluctance in the flight. The men of the Lord were compelled to use physical force, in order to transport them beyond the reach of danger. All this shows how much they were under the influences of worldly inclinations and desires. The messengers of the Lord understood this and warned them not to look back. Lot's wife, unable to resist her natural impu'ses, turned and involved herself in terrible destruction.

She failed in realizing the necessity of exercising confidence in the wisdom and love of the Lord. The immediate future was dark and uncertain. She was unable to grasp the import and the issues of the strange events, which followed one another in such rapid succession. She had forgotten, that, in order to her redemption, she must move forward and run in the race set before her. Covetousness must then end in infidelity. This is an hard saying, who can hear it. Covetousness elevates material and temporal objects to an equality with God. Covetousness enervates our Christian character and blunts our spiritual desires. This present evil world is one of the instruments in the hands of our adversary in order to our destruction. How true that we cannot serve God and the mammon of this world!

She was one of a large class who halt between two opinions. She had not fallen from grace so far as her sons-in-law, to whom Lot seemed as one that mocked. She foresaw the dangers of such a course, and hence she was prepared to sacrifice the pleasures of the world for a season, in order to save her person from the threatened doom. As soon, however, as she was beyond the reach of immediate danger, she turned and looked back.

Thus she has become the emblem for all ages of a numerous class *in* the Church of Christ. There are those who have come out of the world and enlisted under the banner of the cross. These are in the Church with their bodies and their hearts remain in the world. These are the barren fig trees that cumber the ground. These are the persons for whose benefit the monument of imperishable salt has been erected in the ancient vale of Siddim, and upon whom our Saviour calls to remember Lot's wife.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

(CICADÆ SEPTENDECIM.)

BY PERKIOMEN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 268.

TOWNSEND GLOVER, in an article on Insects (1855), says "It may however, be observed, that the true Locust is not the insect generally known by that name in the United States, which is in reality a "Harvest Fly" (*Cicada*) usually inhabiting trees, where it makes an incessant burring noise, which may be heard at a great distance during the summer and autumnal evenings. The shape of the Harvest-Fly is much clumsier and broader than that of the real Locust, and the under wings are not folded up like a fan, under a wing-case, but transparent, stiff, and veined. The real Locust is similar to the Grasshopper in shape, but the body is more robust, the antennæ shorter, and its flight much longer and more vigorous." This is some authority, at all events. No one will charge upon us, after this, that we have only covered ourselves up and over in mere high-sounding assertions. Still, some may ask: "Who is Townsend Glover?" This is our answer: He is an entomologist of no mean repute. From a report on the entomological exhibition in Paris, in 1865, we extract the following key to the man: "The grand gold medal of the Emperor yet remained to be decreed, and the jury sought to ascertain to whom the high award was due; when, at a late hour, a stranger, an American—M. Townsend Glover—attached to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, presented himself with a Work on Practical Entomology, applicable to Agriculture. This work, comprising, on 130 copper plates, the useful and noxious insects of North America, belonging to all the orders, established by Naturalists, Coleoptera, &c., is designed and executed by the exhibitor himself from Nature, and presents them in the three forms of Larva, Pupa and Perfect Insects. In brief, this work which cost the

author ten years of research and observation, and for which he well merits the high position he occupies in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, was judged by an eminently scientific jury to be original in its style and character, and deserving to be copied by entomologist of France as a *desideratum* in the application of their science to agriculture."

Our sole design in transcribing this morsel is, to assure the reader, that Townsend Glover, with a gold medal put upon him by His Majesty the Emperor of France, is worthy of being believed in the matter now before us. We feel like trusting him, not on account of the medal, but because of his scientific knowledge of the insect-world, which brought him the medal. Let us hear him further:—"A short description of the natural habits of the Seventeen-Year Locusts will elucidate their general habits.

The eggs of the Seventeen-Year Locusts are deposited in longitudinal slits or fissures, made by the ovipositor, or egg-depositor of the female in the branches of trees and shrubs. The larvæ, when hatched, fall to the ground bury themselves in the earth and feed on the roots of plants and trees; finally, when about to change, the pupa, which resembles the larva and possesses rudimentary ring-cases, emerges from the ground, crawls up some tree, shrub or fence, and the skin of the back splitting open, the perfect insect comes forth, furnished with perfect wings and capable of continuing its species. Fruit and forest trees and shrubs are sometimes injured by the attack of these locusts, the wounded branches, where the eggs have been deposited, falling off or withering away. Mr. Yardley Taylor says, that the larvæ remain under ground, feeding upon roots, and that the perfect insect appears in the same locality only once in every seventeen years. Miss Morris attributes the decline of the pear tree and the failure of its fruit to the depredations of the young *Cicadæ* on its roots; but we could never find any such larvæ at the roots of our own diseased pear trees; and this season, Mr. Pierce, of Washington, brought several Cicadæ larvæ, which he dug up from his orchards, while the trees there were in a perfectly healthy condition."

Evidently then, he and we are speaking of the same insect, and not of different ones. The characteristics of this remarkable creature, as described by those who have made it an object of study, prove the identity. It will be noticed, too, that the *data* are but few, and slim at that, on which account surmises must supply the place of facts. Many additional questions are propounded with reference to this insect, which are partly answered, now in this way and now in that, and partly not at all. Some maintain, that the larvæ of the Cicadæ, after falling to the earth, continue to sink lower and deeper down, during a period of eight years and six months, and then ascend for the same length of time—their descending and ascending covering the seventeen years. Others are inclined to say, that they merely abide low enough under the surface, not to be reached and injured by the frost. Whatever theory we may adopt, it is surmise, at last, no familiarity or intimacy can be hoped to be had with an insect that appears so rarely, only for a little while and then vanishing away. European naturalists know but little if anything, concerning it. Goldsmith in his "Animated Nature" is wholly silent over it. We may diligently search through the extended entomological treatises of the most celebrated students of nature, and not even meet with any reference to it. It is put down as a thoroughly American insect, indigenous to our own country. This is denied by some, however.

Whatever may then be collected concerning our miscalled Locusts must be of interest, especially as the current year is one of their advent seasons again. Mr. S. S. RATHVON, of Lancaster, Pa., says: "Another division of the family of the Saltatorial *Orthoptera* is that which includes the *Locusts*, the most voracious and destructive insects belonging to this or any other order; but more destructive in foreign countries than they have been thus far in the United States. In speaking of these Orthopterous Insects, by that name, it is hardly necessary to admonish the reader, that I do not, even the most remotely, allude to those insects which have incorrectly received the name of *Locusts* in the United States—such, for instance, as the "Summer Locusts," the "Seventeen-Year Locusts," &c. In no country has a similar blunder been made in this vulgar nomenclature of this insect, and the correction may as well be made first as last." He then goes on to prove, that under the already named section all the *Jumpers* or *Leapers* are included, such as the various species of "Grasshoppers," "Crickets," "Locusts," &c. "Our *Locusts*," says he, after having wholly excluded the *Cicadæ*, "agree in their forms, their habits, their economies and their modes of propagation, with the Locusts of Africa, Asia, Europe and especially with the Egyptian Locusts, of whose destructive qualities we read in Holy Writ and elsewhere. If priority of nomenclature is entitled to precedence in speaking and writing of any object of natural history, it is the same, whether the name is a common or a technical one; and when we know that an insect indigenous to our own country has the form of one belonging to a foreign country, and also agrees with it in all other respects, then, in common language at least, it ought to be called by the same name, where a name has been previously given. This is precisely the case with a family of our "grasshoppers"—so called without distinguishing between them and the *true* Grasshoppers—but which are *Locusts* in all the essentials which constitute that family of destructive insects." Hence, if we understand the writer, a family of insects, which we group with the Grasshopper division, are properly Locusts—a name which he derives from *locus* and *ustus*, a "burnt place." Famine and great distress, as well as pestilence, have followed the appearance of those insects. If one turns to the German Bibles, the term "*Heu Schrecken*," will be found instead of the English term *Locusts*. That an order of Grasshoppers are akin to Locusts is no longer to be disputed. The names are used interchangeably. John the Baptist ate "Locusts," according to the English rendering, and *Grasshoppers*, according to the German. "The celebrated *migrating* Locusts of the East, as described by Linnæus, it may well be remarked, are not to be found in the States. Taken narrowly, whatever features of similarity we may trace, all of them seem to have referred to different genera. But these again are in no wise related to the *Cicadæ*, or *Seventeen-Year Locusts*," which are of an wholly different order and of a different organization and form. "This insect appears only at long intervals, only remains for a limited period and is entirely without masticatory organs, nor is it absolutely known to take food at all, while it remains with us." The ancients styled these creatures: "All-dewy." But whether we can ever accustom ourselves to think of and regard the insects commonly called "Grasshoppers," as possessing all the possibilities to become as destructive as the *real* African or Asiatic Locusts; and whether we can accustom ourselves to regard the advent of the "Seventeen-year Cicadæ"

with indifference, or with that absence of superstitious dread, which still attaches to them in certain localities and certain minds—that remains to be seen.

Here we close our epitome of our Lancaster entomologist.

A Johnstown correspondent writes, in reference to the "Seventeen-Year Cicadæ," after this manner:—"In a certain district east of the summit of the Alleghany mountains, the Seventeen-Year Locusts appeared in 1834 and in 1851, and consequently may be expected again in 1868. In another district, west of the summit of the Laurel Hill, they were up in 1849, and again this season, 1866. In 1849 they appeared about the middle of May, but this year, not until the first of June. Their period of open-air existence is about forty-two days, during which time their eggs are deposited. They inflict great injury on trees by depositing their eggs in the young and growing branches, which they pierce for that purpose. The branches thus injured always die. A very remarkable circumstance connected with their appearance is, that the valley between the summit of the Alleghany mountains and the Laurel Hill is free from their visitation."

There are a few conclusions, which may serve as contributions to our stock of knowledge, in reference to this order of insects. 1. The *true* Grasshoppers are known by their green color, the length and slenderness of their limbs, the long and thin antennæ "feelers." In brief, if we except "Crickets," the race is readily known. Who could mistake the well-known "Katydid" and her immediate relatives? 2. The commonly-called "Grasshoppers" are *Locusts*, of one kind or another. 3. Those which are Locusts *indeed*, or such as belong to the restricted genus *Locusta* have not been known to exist in the United States. 4. All insects, which *are styled* Locusts with us are *Cicadæ*. Of these the *Cicadæ Septendecim* are the most remarkable—the *Seventeen-Year Locusts.*

All insects are of some use in the economy of creation. Some are of the noxious kind and serve as food and sustenance to more innocent orders. Thus they too render an equivalent for the harm they may commit in other ways. Others are veritable scavengers, purifying the earth, air, water, and serve likewise, as food to birds and fishes. Still others are charged with the delicate mission of rendering plants fruitful, by conveying pollen. Another class furnish us with honey, wax and medicinal substances. Dye and coloring matter is often an insect production. Think of the silk worms when a fair lady rustles along. Ah! those little creatures are not pestiferous. Arabs and our Western Indians still eat Grasshoppers, as well as the Precursor of Jesus almost two thousand years ago.

"*But what purpose do the so-called Seventeen-Year Locusts serve?*"

If we were to ask the Christian mind, what significance the "rainbow" has for him—lying closely but still lightly against an airy back-ground of cloud, more vividly delineated than ever could the pencil of a Dennar, a Rembrandt or a Titian—would he not readily answer: "It is the pledge and guarantee, that the wrathful *firmament* above me shall never again be permitted to cause mankind to perish from the earth?"

But are there not signs and wonders beneath, as well? May we not see in the departure of the plaintive *Cicadæ;* in their long absence and in their mirthful return, as well as in their higher metamorphosis, a pledge, that neither shall the *earth* beneath ever eternally swallow us up? We see not why a sign of promise might not just as well be placed under

foot as over head. Yea, we need it more, since above are the stars, the sun, angels, spirits, Jesus, God, whilst below are darkness, worms, Hell. We are given the bow in the clouds, serving the purpose of a temporary stay to our often times sinking Faith, even as the anvil does at times permit the blacksmith to steady and rest his tired arm upon. Faith in the resurrection from the dead is one of the severest exercises even for the spiritual man, and every crutch and help by which he may maintain and preserve it uprightly, he gladly welcomes and embraces. Nature is full of unconscious prophecies, even of this great fact, were we but clear-sighted enough to read and interpret. He who cannot read the Gospel in Nature, after the Sun of Righteousness has illuminated it, even down unto the damp and sombre caverns of the earth—he, we fear, cannot read it understandingly, or, still better, believingly in Genesis, either. We can, if we choose, see the temporary departure of mortals; the interval of our absence from the earth; our return in newness of life, and our own arraying in glorious grace, in the exodus and advent of the humble *Cicadæ*, after the lapse of years. Without the least straining do those words of the crucified, Dead and Buried, but also Risen and Ascended One, dispense to us a still larger measure of sweetest truth and comfort;—"Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." Surely then, "of more value" than myriads of insects too, with emphasis.

If then we are obliged to *un*learn touching the nature of the *Cicadæ*, that they are not creatures of evil omen, presaging famine and death, there still remains the lesson of life to be learned from them. Surely this is a more pleasing task.

A DAY AT VALLEY FORGE.

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

The 18th of June was the ninetieth anniversary of the departure of Washington and his army from their encampment at Valley Forge. On that day two intimate friends, the pastor and chorister of a congregation somewhere in the Schuylkill valley, paid a visit to these classic grounds of the American Revolution.

Our chorister is a noble fellow, brimful of music and good-nature. Sincerely devoted to the faith and worship of his Church, he leads our singing as a labor of love, and is his pastor's constant assistant and most trusted friend. Though of a peaceful disposition, he is also patriotic; and therefore faithfully served his country during the recent civil war. Here his proficiency on the bugle earned him the sobriquet of Ned Kendall, after the eminent musician of that name, and by this *nom de guerre* he is still familiarly known. Happy is the congregation that has a chorister like our Ned!

The morning of our excursion was the most beautiful of the season. As the cars sped on their way the odor of innumerable flowers was wafted through the open windows. The shrill notes of the locust sounded loudly from the trees, and the little birds, too familiar with the cars to dread them, twittered on every branch.

Sooner than we had expected a hoarse voice shouted, "Valley Forge!" and in a twinkling we were landed on the platform of a rustic station. We saw before us a narrow valley, stretching away from the river between high, wooded hills, through which a mountain stream brings its tribute to the Schuylkill. Near the mouth of the creek a little village nestles around a tall factory, which gives employment to the inhabitants of the neighboring cottages.

We had no difficulty in finding the house which had served as Washington's head-quarters during his memorable encampment at Valley Forge. It is a substantial stone mansion, ornamented by a portico with a peculiar arched roof At one side of the main building there is a modern wing, covered with stucco, which occupies the position of the log cabin built by Washington, to serve as a dining-room, on the occasion of a visit from his wife. At that time the house was owned by Isaac Potts, a near relative of the founder of Pottstown, in Montgomery county. It is now the property of an aged maiden lady, who boards in the family of her tenant, a Mr. Fronefield.

The lady of the house received us kindly, and at once proceeded to show us the interior of the building. The house is in excellent repair, but the owner is careful not to change its appearance. The double doors, the tiny window-panes, the high wainscoting, the huge closets, and the broad window-seats are all still there as they were in the days of the Revolution. In the sill of the deep east window there is a cavity, covered by a trap-door, in which, it is said, the commander-in-chief kept his private papers. It was admirably suited to its purpose, for even now the casual visitor would hardly suppose that the sill might be lifted, and disclose a capacious chest. We gazed reverently into the recess, thinking of the immense importance of the correspondence that had once been hidden there. How glad we would have been, if we could have found a few of those precious autographs still lurking in their ancient repository!

The present occupants of Washington's head-quarters are sometimes greatly annoyed by thoughtless and uncourteous visitors. Pic-nic parties occasionally take the house by storm, and literally turn everything upside down. Ignorant of history, they seem to take it for granted that they have come to see a show, and that everything in the house is a proper subject of scrutiny. Hence they spend their time criticising the furniture, or passing invidious remarks on the dress and manners of the inmates. Under such circumstances it is hardly surprising, that the resident family, though friendly and hospitable, have often felt tempted to close their doors against visitors altogether.

When we heard this shameful recital we felt almost ashamed of our countrymen. Can it be possible, we thought, that there should be persons in this country, so barbarous as to repay courtesy with rudeness, in so sacred a place as this? Yet some of these half-civilized beings are, we fear, members of Christian Sunday-schools. Have they never been taught the Golden Rule? Are they not aware that "politeness is a Christian duty?".

On our departure from the ancient mansion, we passed the site of an old flour-mill, whose clicking was heard before the Revolution, and did not cease until a few years ago. Its historical associations are well detailed by Lossing, and we venture, therefore, to transfer a passage from his celebrated Field-Book:

"Immediately after the battle of Brandywine, and previous to the encampment here, the Americans had made a considerable deposit of stores at this mill. Howe sent a detachment of British troops to seize them; but Washington, anticipating this attempt, had sent Lieutenant Colonel (afterwards General) Hamilton, and Captain (afterwards General) Henry Lee, with a small troop of horse, for the purpose of destroying these stores. Hamilton, with proper precaution, stationed two videttes upon the southern hill overlooking the valley, and also secured a flat bottomed boat in which to cross the Schuylkill in the event of the sudden appearance of the enemy. The troops had crossed the mill-race, and were about to commence the work of demolition, when the alarm-guns of the videttes were heard, and they were seen sweeping down the hill, closely pursued by some British dragoons. Four of the American horsemen, with Hamilton, took to the boat, while Lee, with the other four and the videttes, crossed the bridge and escaped, amid a shower of bullets from the enemy. Hamilton and his party were also fired upon, but were unharmed. Lee was fearful that his comrades, with Hamilton, were killed or made prisoners; for he heard volley after volley fired from the carbines of the enemy, while there was only an occasional response from his friends. Lee dispatched a dragoon to the commander-in-chief, describing what had occurred, and expressing his anxious fears for the safety of Hamilton and his men. While Washington was reading Lee's letter, Hamilton rode up, and, with quite as much distress depicted in his *face* as the former had exhibited in his *note*, expressed his fears that his friend Lee was cut off. Washington quieted his apprehensions by handing him Lee's letter."

A short walk brought us to a once magnificent mansion, that has been for years deserted and going to decay. It is surrounded by a spacious lawn, dotted with summer-houses, Chinese temples, and bowling alleys, all in an almost ruinous condition. Though the house is of modern origin, it is not uninteresting. It was built by a gentleman of princely fortune and of princely tastes, who seems to have labored under the delusion that his wealth was inexhaustible.

> "He said: 'O, soul, make merry and carouse,
> Dear soul, for all is well.'"

His neighbors elected him a justice of the peace, and he built himself an office larger than many a church. He was, however, a good citizen, and built a beautiful observatory on the adjacent hill, where Washington's marquee once had stood. For this attempt to designate an important historical locality, the country owes him thanks. After living some time in great splendor, our reputed millionaire discovered that the longest purse has an end. He then left Valley Forge with his family, it is supposed, for the purpose of recruiting his shattered fortunes. As no one desired to purchase so expensive an estate, the mansion was deserted, and rapidly went to ruin. It has, however, lately been purchased for a mere song, by a lady who, it is said, expects to transform it into a place of summer resort; for which purpose it is eminently suitable.

This is a warning to young men of wealth. It may be difficult to avoid both extremes, but it should not be forgotten, that avarice and prodigality are alike transgressions of God's commandment. Christian benevolence, however, is not prodigality. Our fathers often said, and the saying has been verified by abundant experience: "Alms-giving makes no man poor."

After resting awhile, we proceeded to ascend the hill on which the greater part of the army was encamped. It had, however, become excessively warm, and we found it a more difficult task than we had anticipated. After much puffing and blowing, we at last reached the site of Washington's marquee, but how great was our disappointment when we found that the observatory had disappeared! A circular foundation of massive masonry alone remained to mark the spot where lately stood a graceful structure, more than forty feet in height, from the summit of which the greater part of the camping-ground could be seen at a single glance. We were afterwards informed, that a late owner had demolished it because it had become rather unsafe, though a few hours' labor would have sufficed to put it in excellent repair. We cannot resist the conclusion, that the destruction of the observatory was pure vandalism; nor would we like to stand in the shoes of the man, who has drawn down on himself the execration of posterity by the wanton destruction of a historical monument.

Let us rest awhile under this old chestnut tree, while we spread out our map on the green sward, and open our ancient chronicle for the purpose of learning a few additional facts with reference to the history of Valley Forge. Here were spent the darkest days of the American Revolution. It was after the disastrous battle of Brandywine, when the British were in undisturbed possession of Philadelphia, that Washington determined to establish his winter quarters at this place, for the purpose of watching the enemy, and protecting the surrounding country from their ravages. The army arrived here on the 16th of December, 1777, and very properly devoted the first day after their arrival to religious services. Then they spread out over the surrounding hills, cast up entrenchments, and built a city of log cabins for their accommodation. It was not till all this was accomplished that the commander-in-chief left his cheerless marquee, and took up his quarters at the house of Isaac Potts.

It is hardly necessary to relate at length the oft-told story of the sufferings of our army at Valley Forge. Thither the soldiers had come almost naked and with bleeding feet, and now hunger and disease assailed them in their dreary winter camp. As the winter advanced their sufferings increased. Though the army numbered eleven thousand and ninety-eight men, the returns for the 1st of February exhibit the astonishing number of three thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine soldiers unfit for duty for want of clothes. The prevalence of toryism in the vicinity, the tardiness of Congress, and the presence of a powerful enemy, rendered it almost impossible to secure provisions without a resort to force. It was at this time that Washington wrote to Governor Clinton: "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starved as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and desertion."

The darkest hour is just before the dawn. In February Baron Steuben arrived, and by the establishment of strict military discipline, greatly increased the efficiency of the army. On the 1st of May it became known in camp that the French government had acknowledged our national independence. The soldiers now became cheerful, and looked to the future with bright anticipations. The army rapidly increased, and by the beginning of June it numbered fifteen thousand men fit for service. Then

came the joyful news of the evacuation of Philadelphia, and the consequent rapid march to West Jersey, where the battle of Monmouth was fought.

The word *march* must have sounded like a military command, for at the word we entered the woods and began to seek for the entrenchments. They were, however, more distant than we had anticipated, and the forest was so full of underbrush that, at times, we found it almost impossible to proceed. Finally we lost our way, and were, for a while, almost as helpless as the babes in the wood. It was comforting to remember, that we were not the first travellers who lost their way in this forest. It is recorded in Buck's "History of Montgomery County," that Wm. Penn once lost his way on an adjoining hill, and could not find it until he arrived on the hill where the observatory was afterwards built; "hence he named the former hill Mount Misery and the latter Mount Pleasant, which names they respectively bear to this day." Ned and the minister took an opposite route: they lost their way on Mount Pleasant and found it on Mount Misery. Had they been proprietaries of Pennsylvania, it is probable they would have transposed the names of the hills at once and forever.

At last we found the entrenchments, though concealed by thickets that were almost as close as palisades. They consist of embankments some four or five feet high, forming an irregular line from the Schuylkill to the Valley Creek, a distance of several miles. At intervals there are triangular or quadrangular redoubts, which are more prominent than the other fortifications. As the greater part of the camp grounds is covered by thick woods, these earth-works have remained unmolested, and bid fair to remain visible for centuries to come.

By following the line of entrenchments we at last debouched at the creek, weary and foot-sore. In a beautiful nook on the bank of the stream, near a pellucid fountain, we spread our frugal lunch, and enjoyed it more than many a costly banquet. It must have been near this place that an incident occurred which illustrates the sincere and unobtrusive piety of the "father of his country." It is thus given in our ancient chronicle: "Isaac Potts, at whose house Washington was quartered, relates that one day, while the Americans were encamped at Valley Forge, he strolled up the creek, when, not far from his dam, he heard a solemn voice. He walked quietly in the direction of it, and saw Washington's horse tied to a sapling. In a thicket near by was the beloved chief, upon his knees, in prayer, his cheeks suffused with tears. Like Moses at the bush, Isaac felt that he was upon holy ground, and withdrew unobserved. He was much agitated, and, on entering the room where his wife was, he burst into tears. On her inquiring the cause he informed her of what he had seen, and added, "If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington; and I feel a presentiment that under such a commander there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence, and that God in His providence has willed it so." Let us thank God daily that the prayer of Washington was granted!

Having disposed of our repast, we determined to return to the railroad station. On the way we saw a number of fishermen busily engaged in plying their ancient art. As we have a strong *penchant* for the hook and line, we would gladly have tried our luck; but being without the requisite tackle, we had to be satisfied with beholding the success of others. When

we arrived at the station we were informed, that we must still wait a full hour before the arrival of the train. Not every one can use such a dreary interval to as good advantage as Tennyson, who wrote one of his best poems while "waiting for the train at Coventry." For the ignoble purpose, therefore, of whiling away the time, we entered a neighboring factory, whose door stood widely open, as if inviting visitors. To our great disgust we found it to be a shoddy factory. Great bales of woolen rags are here torn into shreds by great machines, and finally transformed into a kind of short wool, which is generally known as shoddy. This material may be woven into a kind of cloth, which looks well but goes to pieces almost immediately. Such were the garments which were furnished by unprincipled contractors to our soldiers at the beginning of the late war, and those who enriched themselves by this foul deception are even now popularly called our *shoddy aristocracy*. A gentleman, who seemed to be the proprietor of the mill, informed us, that, on account of its cheapness, shoddy was now almost universally mixed with the wool in the manufacture of woolen cloth. "A small quantity," he said, "will not materially injure the texture of the fabric, but there is certainly a great temptation to use the article too freely." We would not like to be engaged in such a business, for, though now considered respectable, it certainly thrives by dishonesty and deceit. We even felt sorry, that we had visited the factory; it seemed so utterly out of place amid such historic surroundings. It was, however, pleasant to remember that, ninety years ago, shoddy was unknown; for if Washington's army had been clad in this infamous material, the defenders of our liberty would soon have been entirely naked.

A prolonged whistle from the locomotive now announced the approaching train. In a few moments we were again seated in the cars and rapidly travelling homewards, very weary, but nevertheless well pleased with our day at Valley Forge.

A SISTER'S LAMENT.

BY DANIEL O. LANTZ.

Brother! tossed upon the deep,
  Struggling 'neath the dark waves' roll,
Where the awful billows sweep
  O'er your tempest-beaten soul,
Where, oh! where are vows once spoken?
  Vows you signed with ready hand;
Ah! the silver cord is broken,
  And our hopes in ruin stand.

Oh, how sad this heart is! ever
  Since my only brother fell;
Lo! he stands where proud waves sever,
  Sporting on the brink of hell.
Yes, he's falling deeper, deeper
  In that gulf—the drunkard's woe;
Soon he'll lie beyond the breaker,
  Where so many brothers go.

Oh, my brother! must he perish?
  Is there not one hand to save?
Could I him but fondly cherish,
  Ere he fills a drunkard's grave.
But why mourn, why daily languish?
  For the tempter's grasp is nigh.
Soon he'll writhe in deadly anguish,
  Where no light e'er gilds the sky.

Brother! when the spark of life
  From me has forever fled,
When done with earth's repeated strife,
  When numbered with the dead;
When o'er my tomb bright flowerets wave
  When demons haunt for thee,
Remember then my lonely grave,
  Oh! then remember me.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

BY FREDERIC WM. FABER.

O, it is hard to work for God,
  To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
  And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides himself so wondrously,
  As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
  Of ill are most abroad;

Or He deserts us at the hour
  The fight is all but lost,
And seems to leave us to ourselves
  Just when we need Him most.

O, there is less to try our faith
  In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
  In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
  To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
  Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
  Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
  We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks,
  And we lose courage then,
And doubts will come if God hath kept
  His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
  His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
  Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways,
  Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
  When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
  Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
  In her simplicity.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
  But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
  Thou shalt know where to strike.

O bless'd is he to whom is given
  The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
  Is most invisible!

And bless'd is he who can divine
  Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
  Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

O learn to scorn the praise of men!
  O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
  And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
  Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
  What men agree to praise.

As he can endless glory weave
  From time's misjudging shame,
In His own word He is content
  To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
  Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
  Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
  Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
  Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
  And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
  To falter would be sin!

RAYMOND LULLY.

From the German of G. E. Schmieder.

BY L. H. S.

James I. the Conqueror, King of Aragon, set sail in the year 1229, from the south coast of Spain with a hostile fleet, for the purpose of wresting the Balearic Islands, Majorca and Minorca, and the small island of Ivica from the Moors, and succeeded in getting possession of Majorca in the beginning of the following year. He continued the campaign and conquered Minorca in 1232, Ivica in 1234, and finally the city and kingdom of Valencia in 1238. Among his warriors there was found a bold knight from Aragon, *Raymond Lully*, a native of Barcelona, who had married a Catalonian countess of the family of *Herili*. His king rewarded him with estates on the conquered island of Majorca, and, after quiet had been restored, he brought his wife to live there about the year 1233.

From this marriage there was born in 1235, a son with the same name as the father, who became celebrated in the history of learning and the Christian Church under the Latinized name of *Raimundus Lullus*, (or Lullius). The young nobleman grew up in the delights of luxury, in the atmosphere of the Court, amid knightly exercises and the pious influences of the Christian religion. The principal element of his early training was, however, not religion or learning, but the knightly spirit of Provençal poetry which reigned in its home (Catalonia) and thence spread through the Balearic islands, where gradually Gothic architecture, combined with Moorish elements, erected magnificent churches, whose remains demand admiration down to the present time. The young knight when thirty years of age, was the King's seneschal, an office known as steward in Germany, was married and had children, but employed himself principally with the poetry of the Catalonien Minne songs, to which he devoted the beautiful cool evenings on the charming island. The love of the crucified Saviour, which Francis of Assisi had aroused, by his words and practises, in Italian and all the western maritime countries, still slumbered in his heart.

His hour, however, came. One night in the year 1265, while engaged writing poetry full of images of earthly love, suddenly the image of the Crucified was presented to his spirit and a divine warning made an ineffaceable impression on him. Still he did not yield immediately to the holy influence, which threatened his inclinations and habits. He endeavored for some time during his nocturnal studies to complete his Minne song, but the image of the Crucified was always present before him. When this had been repeated four or five times, his conscience came off victorious and he became satisfied that the Lord would say to him, that he must relinquish the vanity of the world and devote himself entirely to the service of Christ. Amid mighty struggles of spirit a great resolution was the result of his discussion of the question, what might be the work of love which would most please the Lord. He found nothing better, than to devote body and life to convince the Saracens, and principally the Moors in the neighboring portions of Africa, of the error of Islamism, and of the truth of the Christian religion, so that they might be compelled heartily to confess Christ. To accomplish this seemed to him the most fitting mode

in which he could glorify Christ. The sacrifice which the execution of so bold a resolution demanded of him, was by no means small; three months elapsed before he took the decisive step. But when, on the day of St. Francis of Assisi, October 4th, 1265, a Bishop eulogized, in a Franciscan church in Majorca, with ravishing eloquence, the love of the Saint, who had given up all to follow Christ, Raymond resolved to imitate his example. He sold all his property, excepting a moderate estate, which he set apart for the support of his wife and children, exchanged his costly clothes for the simple robe of coarse cloth, and left his home. He had resolved to attempt three things for the honor of God: first, to secure a knowledge of the Arabic, not only for the conversion of the Saracens, but for its communication throughout Christendom; second to write a book for the defence and glorification of Christian truth; and lastly, to offer up his life as a confessor of Christ. He visited the shrine of St. James at Compostetta, and other holy places in Spain, to secure in particular the intercession of the saints in heaven and the pious on earth, for his great design, which harmonized so perfectly with the popular Christian spirit of his nation in that age.

He devoted nine years (until the year 1274) of uninterrupted labor to studies preparatory to the undertaking, which he considered as a divine commission for the remainder of his life. In order that he might master a knowledge of the Arabic language and literature, he took a slave, by birth a Saracen, as his instructor. It happened, at the end of his pupilage, that the Saracen during the absence of his master, blasphemed the name of Christ, whence Raymond, having been informed of it, in holy zeal chastised him severely. The slave meditated revenge, and taking him unawares, stabbed him in the breast, crying at the same time, "you are a dead man!" Raymond, thanks to the mercy of God, received only a slight wound, overpowered the murderer and bound him with cords. He did not know what to do with the criminal: he did not wish to kill him, because he had been his teacher; he dared not release him, because fresh murderous attacks might be expected from his vindictive spirit. Thrice he betook himself to a neighboring abbey in order to beg directions from God; but in vain. When he returned in sadness home the third time, he found that the man had used the cord, with which he was bound, to strangle himself, and Raymond saw in this, how God answered his request that his enemy might be made harmless to him without it being necessary for him to stain his hands with his blood.

After the completion of his preparatory studies, Raymond was anxious to enter upon the execution of his plans, but now he lacked a scientific foundation, upon which in his struggle with Islamism he could build an effective victory. This was the age when mediæval scientific Theology, built upon Aristotle, had attained its highest glory, the age when the Dominicans Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, as well as the Franciscan Bonaventura, were the principal lights of the Church. But the science of these men presupposed the ecclesiastical faith of Christendom and was not adapted to convert the enemies of truth, who denied the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Divinity of Christ, and of the atonement through His blood. In order to convince these, he believed that it was necessary to stand along with them on the neutral ground of Logic, the universal science of human thought. And it was just in this department that the priests and teachers of the Saracens were then preeminent; through them indeed the knowledge of Aristotle had reached the Chris-

tians, and the Arabic philosopher Averroes enjoyed the highest consideration among Christian thinkers. The problem which Raymond had to solve was, how to strike the scholars of Averroes with their own weapons from the sphere of the universal science. This he recognized fully: but to discover the way in which this should be done, that was the question,—and this was so much the more difficult for him, since, although he had labored hard in solitary study, he was nevertheless not regularly trained in the reigning scholastic divinity of his age. He had recourse to God: he betook himself to solitary prayer and meditation on a mountain, *De Randa,* adjoining his home. After eight days, there occurred to him suddenly the idea of preparing a book, under divine illumination, which should contain the key to all dialectics as well as to an invincible art of argumentation. He went to work immediately and prepared the outline of this book in the Abbey of *De Regali*, which was near by; then went again to mount *De Randa*, erected a hermitage and completed in four or five months the work, which he first called *Ars Major*, and afterwards *Ars Generalis.* He relates that a youth once sought him on this mountain, a shepherd of beautiful countenance, who told him more about divine things in one hour than any one else could have told in two days. The same kissed him and blessed him and his writings, and refreshed him with genuine prophetic promises. This story corresponds perfectly with the character of the age, when apocalyptic hopes and prophetic visions excited the minds even of pious laymen. Many indications exist that our Catalonian Knight and Minne-singer, who had given up all to win the souls of unbelievers to Christ, enjoyed even among the people of his native land a great reputation as a saint, and exercised, at least indirectly, a prominent influence upon the opinions and cultivation of South Spain. As a spiritual national hero of Catalonia he entered into the public activity of the whole scientifically-educated Church of the West, where his original design and his original dialectic effort, which lay outside of the beaten track, excited with some astonishment, with others shakings of the head, and caused many to look upon him as an eccentric person, whom they dared not properly trust. He still retains this doubtful position as a philosopher among philosophers, and as a scholastic among the theologians of the Roman Church. His numerous writings, in which there are to be found much brilliancy of intellect and profoundly-conceived statements, have never been entirely collected, or perhaps even thoroughly examined by the student. The collection of his works made by the Roman theologian Salzogner in ten quarto volumes, and published at Mayence in 1721–1742, is rare, and even two volumes of this is missing from the libraries, probably because Salzinger, from fear that they might be condemned, did not dare to publish them. It is beyond cavil that Raymond, like his contemporary the great English Franciscan, Roger Bacon, had a noble thirst after the knowledge of truth: but not being as quick-sighted as the latter, he trusted more to insufficient means for the discovery of divine secrets. He also busied himself somewhat in the alchemical philosophy of his age, although we cannot be sure of the genuineness of the writings of this kind which are attributed to him. Noble and right Christian is his defence of the spirit of inquiry, against the objection, that faith ceases to be a merit if it is not an act of blind obedience, but a result of rational knowledge. "Our object should not be," he replies, "the merit or honor of men, but the glorification of God." And when further objection was made, that faith would grow cold if it were reduced to the mere knowledge

which man possessed: he replied, that could never happen. For every advance in knowledge shows us something beyond,—a still greater good which faith alone possessed, and thus man ascends by the ladder of knowledge to ever higher problems of the spirit, so that faith shall become so much the more fervent, the further the inquirer shall investigate its secrets.

Raymond had great confidence in his newly-discovered system of dialectics, and, as he looked upon it as a special gift of divine inspiration, he expected an universal recognition and believed he would accomplish a great service to the world if he could secure its acknowledgment. Since he made but little sensation with it, he requested his king,—the son of James the Conqueror, who, on the division of his father's kingdom 1276 had received the Balearic Islands instead of Aragon and Catalonia, and was called James I. king of these regions,—and who was then in Montpellier, to submit his writings to an examination by the men of learning of that city. The latter pronounced them orthodox. In this city he wrote a new work entitled *Ars Demonstrativa,* that was followed by a host of similar writings in which he sought to recommend his method and to make it useful. When he believed himself suitably prepared, he went to Paris in order to secure adherents to his system by lectures, and to obtain reputation among the scholastic theologians. Of special moment to him was the application of his system for its chief object, the defence of Christianity against Islamism and successful conversion of learned Mohammedans by the power of argument. And in this, there was no want of profound thoughts, which were partly original with him, or, which even if they had occurred to others before him, were not received by tradition but were independently worked out by himself. His great design was still more meritorious; it was to ennoble the human race so that by his system every people as well as each individual might be educated so to think of God, nature and man, that the pathway should be enlightened by reason, truth, and especially by the highest, Christian truth as the guiding stars of life.

While occupied with this universal design, he did not lose sight of his special call, to make this light of truth accessible to the Saracens. Through his king, James I., he secured the foundation of a Franciscan Monastery on the island of Majorca, whose monks should be trained in the Arabic for the mission among the Saracens. After this he went to Rome to influence Pope Honorius IV. to establish similar Monasteries on a large scale in different places. But when he reached Rome, he found the papal chair vacant (1287) and his later efforts in this direction had little or no effect upon Popes, Kings and Church Councils. From Rome he betook himself to Genoa, for the purpose of going to Africa and personally commencing his mission with the Saracens. His baggage and books had already been placed on board a Genoan vessel, which was to sail for Tunis: the whole city was full of his name and was excited about his magnanimous undertaking; the torments of a terrible death or of a life-long imprisonment presented themselves before his eyes and he was seized with such anxiety and cowardice, that he gave up the journey and his baggage was put ashore. The ship sailed away without him: thence forward he was tormented by the consciousness that he had been disobedient to the divine call and had given scandal to the faithful. The result was a severe chronic illness, and he was obliged to suffer great anguish both in body and soul. While in this condition, he learned that another ship was in the harbor ready to sail for Tunis, and, weak as he was,

he had himself and his books carried on board, in order to undertake the perilous journey. His friends, however, knowing his condition, would not consent that he should sail and they brought him back to his lodgings. Years now passed away and his sickness did not get better. But in 1291, when he heard for a third time, that a ship was to sail from Genoa to Tunis, he did not delay, but was carried on board sick as he was, in order to accomplish his mission. The ship set sail: his soul was rejoiced; his body soon became perfectly well, after the burden, which had weighed upon his conscience, had disappeared.

Having reached Tunis he collected the men of learning and announced to them, that he had come in order to investigate with them, whether the grounds upon which they defended Islamism were stronger than those which support the truth of the Christian faith, and if it could be established, in the comparison, that the Mohammedan doctrine was better than the doctrine of Christ, which he confessed, then he would attach himself to their faith. Many of the men of learning were drawn to him by the hope that they would be able to convince and convert him to Islamism. After the arguments for Islamism had been confuted, he continued: "Every wise man must recognize that faith is true, which imputes to God the greatest perfection, knows how to designate the particular attributes of God most accurately and perfectly, and best shows their mutual relations and harmony. He would attempt to bring forth proof, that, without the Christian knowledge of the Trinity and of the Incarnation of God, man could neither secure a satisfactory idea of the perfection of God, nor of the fullness of the divine attributes, nor of their mutual harmony, whence he would show them that the Christian faith could alone meet all the demands of reason." He then showed that the idea of God, which Islamism presented, was imperfect, in that while it recognized the wisdom and power of God, it did not display His goodness and greatness, which are only made perfectly clear through the Trinity and the Incarnation. Since his words were not without effect and his design was manifestly to make the Mohammedan savans untrue to their faith, one of the most distinguished among them showed this to their king and begged him to have the stranger beheaded on account of this offence. Raymond was thrown into prison, and the punishment of death would have been visited upon him, if another savan had not interceded for him and represented to the king, that such barbarity towards a man of learning and respectability would bring no honor to his government, since if a Mahommedan should courageously go among Christians to convert them to Islamism, they might with right glory in such a sacrifice: the Christian who did this for his faith, was alike worthy of honor. Hereupon the king pardoned the prisoner, but commanded him to leave the country by the first opportunity. When he came out of prison he was maltreated by the populace and then taken to the Genoan ship in which he had come, and threatened with being stoned to death, if he was ever again seen in the province of Tunis. The ship soon set sail: but he had secretly gone to another that lay in the harbor and awaited an opportunity, to get on shore unperceived in order to continue his attempt at conversion. This occurred in September 1292. At this time he prepared, on board the ship, a general tabular summary of ideas which were applicable to all departments of knowledge. After waiting in vain for three weeks, the vessel carried him to Naples, where he tarried for some years and delivered lectures on his system, when the hermit of Abruzzo, distinguished on account of his piety, became Pope as

Celestine V., Raymond hoped for his assistance in his missionary plans, but found himself alike disappointed in expectations with this pious but inactive Pope(1294,) and with his very active but none too pious successor Boniface VIII (1295). In the year 1296, he wrote at Rome, "Demonstration of the Doctrines of the Christian Faith from the invincible basis of Reason." (*Necessaria demonstratio articulorum fideio*) and finished this work on the evening before the festival of the birth of John the Baptist, with this bold parallel: "As this book is finished on the evening before the birth-day of the Baptist, who was the herald of light and pointed with his finger to Him, who was the true Light: so it pleases the Lord Jesus Christ now to *kindle a new light for the world*, which may lead the infidels to their conversion, in order that they with us may meet the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honor and praise forever."

He was in his sixtieth year, when he left Rome, with shattered hopes, but with unbroken zeal, to work for ten years more in scientific and practical activity for the accomplishment of his philanthropic, Christian ideas. He would excite in us the greatest admiration, if he had not so strangely confounded his own eccentric and fantastic thoughts with divine commissions and inspirations.

From Rome he first went to Genoa, where he wrote several books; from Genoa, with sundry diversions to other places, to Majorca, where he sought to convert the Saracens and Jews, and approached king Sanzio, successor to James I. to obtain his influence for new projects, but without any special success. The king directed him to Paris and he tarried there a long time for the purpose of lecturing upon his system, and writing books. He sought also to obtain an audience of the King of France, Philip IV., the Fair, for his spiritual plans, but was unable to get a hearing from that politic Prince. He returned then again to Majorca in order to prosecute his missionary plans. When he heard of new movements in the East, magnificent visions again were presented to his fancy of bringing back the Schismatics, the Nestorians, Monophysites and other sects of Armenia, Syria and Egypt, to the unity of the Church. He set sail for Cypress, and applied to the King of Cypress, as he had before to the King of France; but he found no assistance here. He now tried various plans alone and exposed himself to great perils, being only accompanied by one priest and a servant. He became dangerously ill and entertained the suspicion that both had poisoned him; both were dismissed without any further punishment, and he found protection for his sick body and health, in the house of a merciful Master of the Order of Templars. After his restoration to health he went on board ship and sailed for Genoa, thence he travelled to Paris, from Paris to Lyons, and everywhere, although now an old man of seventy years, he manifested with vigor his early activity in the execution of his Christian ideas and plans. From Lyons he formed a connection with Pope Clement V., who resided then in France, but afterwards moved to his residence in Avignon in the year 1309. The latter issued an order that in different places, like Paris, Salamanca and Oxford, Teachers should be appointed of the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldaic languages for the education of men destined for the extension of the Church among the Schismatics and Infidels. This was the first seed of the Training school for the propagation of the Faith (*Collegium* or *Seminarium de Propaganda fide*), which was established more than three hundred years afterwards in Rome, with an influence, extending far through the lands of the Orient, that continues to the present day.

Raymond in 1306, was again in Majorca, but was not long at rest. Seeing an opportunity of crossing into Africa, he visited Bougiah, a populous city, which was the seat of a Mohammedan government and the abode of a celebrated high priest of Islamism. He appeared in a large square of the city and proclaimed aloud: "The doctrine of Christ is true, holy and well pleasing to God,—the doctrine of the Saracens is false and erroneous,—this I am prepared to prove." He added some words of exhortation in the Arabic, which excited so much rage among the populace, that they were about to seize and stone him. The high priest hearing of the trouble ordered the stranger to be brought before him. "How canst thou be so foolish," he said, "as to attempt to attack the doctrine of Mohamet through the doctrine of Christ? Dost thou not know that any one, who attempts this, must die?" Raymond replied: "A true servant of Christ, who has learned the truth of the Christian faith, dares not fear bodily death, when he can secure the blessing of spiritual life for the souls of those who will believe." The high priest, a man of scientific education, was desirous of hearing what arguments Raymond would bring against the doctrines of Mahomet and the philosophy of Averroes which inclines to Pantheism, and was surprised at the new arguments which Raymond adduced from the ideas of the goodness of God. He protected him from the rage of the populace, and placed him first in rigorous, afterwards at the request of the Genoan and Catalonian merchants in milder, and finally again in very disgusting confinement. A half year was consumed in this manner. In the meantime he was frequently carried before the college of priests for a hearing, being maltreated on the road with blows from fists and sticks, and having his long, grey beard pulled. They feared his offensive arguments and tried, by promises of office and possessions, to induce apostasy. But he answered: "If ye will become Christians, then I promise you kingdoms of a very different character and eternal life in addition." At length it was agreed, that each party should write a book, which should state anew the reasons for its faith. This was prevented, doubtless in consequence of the advice of the high priest by the king, who had his residence out of Bougiah; he ordered him to be released and sent out of the country.

The ship which he was obliged to sail in, was seized in a violent storm and stranded, when they were ten miles from Pisa. Many of the travellers met their death in the waves: others, barely saved their lives, among whom was Raymond, who lost all his books and his baggage. He met a friendly reception at Pisa and immediately went to work to write out his universal system of Dialectics and other works. He also sketched a plan for the union of the Order of Knights, in order to prosecute with fresh energy the conquest of the Promised Land. He secured the aid of pious women and noblemen, and collected a contribution of thirty thousand guilders. Provided now with letters of recommendation, he betook himself to Pope Clement V., at Avignon, but, as before, he had no hearing for his propositions. Another residence ensued at Paris, where he attacked the pantheistic doctrines of Averroes in particular and assailed the old subject of controversy, that "that might be true in Philosophy which was false in Theology." He had a double interest in this; on the one hand to establish the fact that the Christian revelation contained the only perfect truth, and on the other hand to maintain the possibility of recognizing and proving by the reason the Christian truth. Upon the connection of these two propositions in fact the very plan of Christian missions, to which he had devoted his energies, depended. When the general Church

Council was held in 1311, in Vienna, he stood up there with resolutions, which referred to the extension of Christendom, and among these resolutions was one to use successful means for preventing the extension of the principles of Averroes, against which he also there prepared several more books. His oldest biographer describes more than one hundred and twenty-three books which he had written and deposited, some in a Carthusian Monastery in Paris, some with one nobleman in Genoa, and another nobleman in Majorca.

In the year 1311, he writes with reference to his past life: "I had a wife and children, I was moderately rich, I led a worldly life. But I gave up all cheerfully in order to advance the general good and to spread the holy faith. I learned the Arabic and went several times to proclaim the gospel to the Saracens. For the faith I have been thrown into prison and have been beaten. I have labored for forty-five years to win shepherds for the Church and princes for the common weal of Christendom. Now I am old and poor, but I am still of the same mind: and I shall remain so until death, if the Lord will permit it." And he did so remain. Even the death of the body must be, according to his wish, a free offering of love and not simply what it is in the course of nature a consequence of the decadence of the powers of life. In view of a natural death the old man said in prayer to his Lord: "Thy servant would, if it is pleasing to Thee, not die such a death, but he would end his life in the ardor of love, as Thou through love hast given up Thy life for us. Thy servant is ready to depart and to shed his blood for Thee. May it please Thee also, before he dies, that he shall be so united to Thee, that by means of love and devotion he may never be separated from Thee."

On the 13th of August 1314, he went to Africa for the third time and lived for a while concealed among the Christian merchants in Bougiah. At last he came forth publicly and announced that he was the same person, who had first been banished from Tunis and, afterwards, from Bougiah. At the same time he exhorted the Saracens to obey the truth, and to turn to Christ, and, if they would not do this, at least to bear in love with the faithful. An eruption of the popular rage followed, resulting in maltreatment as before; whereupon he was dragged out of the city and stoned by order of the King. Christian merchants from Majorca begged permission to take up his body and carry it on a ship to his home. According to some he gave some indications of life on board the ship and took his departure on the heights of Majorca in view of his fatherland. The day of his martyrdom was June 30th, 1315, and his age was about 79.

A rare old man of a thoroughly ideal mind, with a glowing love for Christ; true to himself and his Saviour even in death, rich in gifts and longings for an active life; full of the love of truth and thirst for knowledge; indefatigable in the spread of a branch of knowledge, which appeared to him as a great discovery for the benefit of mankind. He seemed, to the learned of his day as well as to the great ones of the world, as a fanatic: but many have loved and honored him on account of his voluntary sacrifice. He had overrated the value of his system, had not carefully enough sifted his human opinions, and had not sharply enough distinguished the latter from indubitable truths. But his intentions were purely directed to the good, the holy, the generally useful: intentionally and designedly he never sought his own interest. He had hurried ahead of his times in many brilliant thoughts which are to be found in his writings. His belief in the possibility of *knowing* the truth

in nature and revelation will remain the belief of all noble souls. To conduct the erring to a knowledge of God and Jesus Christ and, through conviction, to a participation in salvation, has become the ground thought of Evangelical Missions and this thought has still a grand future in the conversion of the Mohammedans and Jews, as well as the Hindoos and Chinese.

THE OLD HOME REVISITED.

BY I. D.

Several months ago I received a letter from a friend, stating that the house of our old homstead would soon be torn down, to make room for a new one. It was only an item of local news, but it startled me. I hastily wrote back, begging for time enough to revisit it. Surely the youngest born of a now broken and scattered family had some claim to indulgence, even from a stranger. The last to leave the parental roof, he would be also the last to see it.

The request for time was granted, and the journey was made amid the sweet buds and blossoms of fragrant May. Over many a hill and along many a tedious mountain-side lay the way, till, in the dusk of evening, I quietly slipped into the old neighborhood, the hills, lanes and faces becoming every mile more familiar.

Twenty years make many and great changes, both in the boy who goes out into the world, and in the home and friends he leaves. The boy becomes older, taller, wiser, little by little passing over into the strength and dignity of manhood, without his noticing any great change; but he does see, and sadly feels, the change which twenty years have made in the home and friends of his boyhood. Of course he finds changes everywhere in the neighborhood, in roads, buildings, fences and fields; but nothing affects him so much as the changes which strangers have made in his father's house and home. Long ago, when father removed a building, closed a lane, or turned a water-course, no feeling of sadness or opposition rose in the boy's heart; but not so now, seeing strangers do the same.

Have you ever, kind reader, returned to the old homestead in the quiet country, after an absence of twenty years? You cannot help deeply feeling that but little of the old home—your home—remains. Strangers have changed it, perhaps wisely and well; but you regret the change.

Of course, during these twenty years I had been there several times. Once was amid the heat and toil of harvest, only a few years after the farm had passed out of the family name. Sauntering across the meadow, I suddenly came upon the busy work-hands. The dogs barked rudely, and a little one snapped my heel as if I had no right to be there; and indeed, although I tried to feel myself at home, yet I felt myself to be a stranger. I did not own the dear spot, but much of it was nevertheless in my heart. I did not ask leave to stay over night; for I somehow felt that I had a right once more to sleep on my father's farm, in my mother's house, in the little upper chamber. The owner met me kindly, and as I said to him: "You do not know how one feels, seeing so much change,"

he answered: "I guess not;" and I guessed so too. Good people they were, and kind to the visitor; but they did not know the burden of my thoughts.

Looking around I saw many changes, painful to a sensitive soul. One building had been removed from the lower yard to a more suitable place; the tall, slender cherry trees that stood along the town road, long endeared by the plays of childhood underneath their cool shade, and long remembered as the source of many a rich feast, luscious and refreshing, had been cut down; the old elm by the broad barn-yard was gone, and only a high unsightly stump remained; the grape-vine had frozen; the garden was enlarged; the old cob-webbed cider-press, once well protected, stood bare and roofless among high weeds; the old orchard was fast thinning out, and new trees had been planted elsewhere; the long lane townward was changed; the water-course from the spring was in a new channel; and above all, strangers were reaping the harvest, and the children of strangers were playing around the door. Some of these changes were trifling, but pass them by if you can.

At length the day's work was done. In the dusk of evening we all sat on the porch looking southward, watching the fireflies in the distance and listening to noisy crickets, as another family circle did fifteen years before, when my boyish hopes and fears stretched far off into the great, vague future, part of which is already past, with much more still to come. Summer evenings are short, and harvest hands retire early. The kind woman would have given me her "spare room," with its superior comforts and appearances; but I asked for my old sleeping place in the northeast corner of the large upper hall, where with a fond brother many a night long gone was spent in quiet sleep. Yet this night my thoughts, prayers and sleep were not like those of the time past. Lying near where a younger brother once died—how long that death-night was to him! how sorrowful to us!—lying near where an older sister fulfilled her own strange prediction of early death, lying in a stranger's house, where in boyhood, before the family ties were broken, I had lain through the nights of many years with lighter heart than now, lying where I never again might lie—my thoughts, prayers and sleep were perhaps saddened; but I was there by my own request, and I enjoyed my choice.

Next morning I rose betimes, and rambled out over orchard and field, seeing much that remained unchanged. The sun rose over the same hill-top, as long before, and the near woodland was dark-green in the early night. Westward, toward Cedar Grove of school-day memory, was the same beautiful landscape of meadows, fields and orchards as in boyhood. In the distance, shutting out all else but a gorgeous drapery of clouds that drifted along the horizon, rose the smooth-topped North Mountains, whose sloping ends not quite meeting, formed graceful gaps—all as it was fifteen years before. "Bob-whites," in the young orchard, answered their neighbors in the old; woodpeckers were merry over some new good fortune; tit-birds skipped from bough to bough, happy in this new day: boisterous cocks crowed lustily challenges to their distant neighbors; cattle lowed in the early pasture; and a cradler whetting his newly ground scythe added another familiar voice to the morning song. All this was the scene and song of fifteen years before. After breakfast I tore myself away from the old home, thankful for another visit, yet looking forward in faith and hope to the Father's house in the better land, where there are no separations, no changes, and no wandering children.

Five years more of separation, change and wandering had passed, and amid the buds and blossoms of fragrant May, I again visited the dear old spot of birth and boyhood. Other strangers now are there, and other children play around the door. The main object of the visit was the old house, which was to be taken down to make room for another. One hundred years it had stood to shelter honest hearts and pious souls. Log, quaintly built, old-fashioned, humble-looking, with little windows and queer doors, three generations had stood within its walls. Like an old man who has seen many changes and weathered many storms it was truly venerable. Preparations had been made for its removal. It was empty and desolate. Passing from room to room, how many scenes of gladness and sadness came to my mind! Here, around this large, old-fashioned hearth how much family history clusters! Here the family begun, enlarged, lived and scattered. How much joy, and what great sorrow! How many a jest, and what earnest prayers! What doubts, fears, and anxieties! What anguish to a fond mother's heart, when her little boy was suddenly brought from the road-side, bruised and dead, brought in his father's arms! What equal joy to the family when another brother was added to their number!

Walk into the parlor. The curtains are down, the walls are bare, the carpets are removed, and every step sounds hollow and strange. This was the guest-room, and many a light heart it held. There long, long ago the oldest sister was given away in marriage. It was a joyous company. Every eye was bright, and every heart was glad. The sober and severe side of life was made to stand at a distance, while innocent mirth ruled the hour. But in that guest-room were also scenes of sorrow and suffering which must not be detailed here; though one cannot forget that there once lay the skeleton form of poor David, who, through the long weary hours of the slow night, tossed his feverish body, held out his bony hand for help, and pitifully called for water we dared not give. Pass up stairs. Ah, the walnut railing is still there, and your fingers still fit the familiar grooves. See those low, narrow windows, with eight-by-ten glass? Never shined there sweeter sun light on children than through them on us, long, long years ago, before we were a broken and scattered family. In yonder corner was the "boys' bed," and near it the little red chest with, to our eyes, robber-proof lock!

This last visit was peculiarly interesting, even to sadness. These rooms and closets, nooks and corners, the hiding-places of innocent childhood for a hundred years, were to fall under the hand of improvement; and this was my last sight of them. I tarried long, above and below, and at length closed the old door behind me and went to the graveyard. There the living of past years had gone, and this was my nearest approach to them A family graveyard in the country is a sad spot, because so liable to neglect. When the family is gone, who will care for the graves of the dead? Last year's weeds and under-brush had been cut and were lying where they fell, and all was ready for a new out-growth, which, indeed, was then already budding, and will soon hide every grave. The gate had sunk and could not be closed. The stonewall was giving way. Quiet and lonely is the resting place of our deed. Few now turn in to see these humble hillocks; but there are absent ones who sometimes look homeward, and shed a tear over their distant dead. Thus a mother, far westward, remembers two little graves. How quietly they lie, old and

young! There lie the lowly. They never wore laurels of earthly fame, and their names were scarcely known beyond the narrow limit of the neighborhood, yet over their sleeping dust is the sweet promise: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Ah, that is a good place for a Christian man to confess his faith in the doctrines of our holy religion, while hope points forward and upward to the better land, where scattered children are brought together after all their weary wandering through earth. Was it unmanly to shed a tear in that holy place?

> There are no scattered homes in that fair land,
> No riven friends, no agony nor pain,
> No broken hearts, nor treacherous fortune there,
> No darksome grave, where life-long love is lain,
> No trial, no temptation, and no sin:
> The ransomed race of men to angels are akin.

Crossing the meadow we soon came to the spring. The old board was gone, and the wall had partly fallen; but the water was fresh and cool as in the warm May mornings one hundred years ago. Beautiful spring! Where the bright water boils up through the shifting sand, the wonder of the boy! Where tired work-hands cool their heated bodies and quench their feverish thirst! Where the children of many generations have spent happy hours in watch and play! Beautiful spot! The owner, thought I, may tear down the old log house, but not this spring, the source of joy and freshness for many years. Behind it still stands the large apple-tree, and the long line of blue and yellow willows that skirt the little meadow streamlet. The bulrushes still grow high and strong as when under their shade we boys idled away the spring mornings twenty years ago. It came so natural to break a switch and splash the water, I did it without thinking; and a little water-wheel under the apple-tree turned upon its rough axle much as mine did long ago.

And this was my last visit to the old home. Though some things remained unchanged, many changes had taken place. To one living in the neighborhood, these changes came little by little; but to me they came altogether, and with almost crushing effect. One of the glories of the heavenly home is, it changes not. From this changing earthly home —now no longer mine, except what I carry with me in heart and memory—I turned sadly away, the good woman turned to her work, and her children to their play. A stranger had been there that warm May morning, looking through the desolate house and over the green fields; this was all they knew, and perhaps all they felt; but I knew and felt more.

The new house will soon be built. New children will play around its door, grow up in its family life, and scatter over the earth; and some day, after many years, some other youngest born may revisit his home, look half-sadly on the children of strangers, walk through lonely rooms and over changed fields, confess his holy faith over the graves of his dead, and turn away, as I did, a better man.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Ten the minster clock is ringing:
Ten just laws gave God to man—
Friends, obey them all ye can!

Chorus. -Human arms no help can yield ye,
God must watch ye, God must shield ye!
Lord of mercy and of might
Give us of thy grace Good-night!

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
From the clock Eleven is ringing:
Christ's Eleven were leal and true,
Grant that we their steps pursue! *Cho.*

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Twelve the minster clock is ringing:
Twelve the hours of every day,
Till the day that lasts for aye. *Cho.*

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
One the minster clock is ringing!
One—one only—God adore,
May He guide us evermore! *Cho.*

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Two the minster clock is ringing:
Man a choice of two roads hath:
O! to choose the narrow path. *Cho.*

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Three the minster clock is ringing!
Three in one the God we boast
Father, Son and Holy Ghost. *Cho.*

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Four the minster clock is ringing;
Four ways fell the grain, we read;
Man, how grows in thee the seed?

Gentles, wake! refresh'd and cheer'd,
For the night has disappeared;
Thank our God, who, while ye slept,
Like a father watch has kept!

Publications of the German Reformed Church.

Reformed Church Messenger. A weekly. Large issue, $3.00 per year in advance. Small issue, $1.75 per year. No copies of this issue are sent except they are prepaid.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

The Guardian is deservedly popular. Its subscription list contains a respectable number of names. There is room, however, for the addition of others, and its merits entitle it to an increased circulation. Shall additional subscribers be forthcoming? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865, '66, and '67, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the Guardian, and send us the result?

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.,** Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor. to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church; who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

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S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers,

No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

SEPTEMBER,

1868.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS, PR

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—SEPTEMBER, 1868.—No. 9.

THE SONGS OF THE SAINTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Hymns are the sacred ballads of God's "peculiar people." They express their harmony, hopes, and inner history. "Let me make the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes its laws," said Luther. And many a sweet ballad did the heroic Reformer make, which millions of pious hearts have sung for three hundred years past, and will continue to sing to the end of time.

Many hymns owe their origin to some peculiar incident, trial, or triumph; not a few are the fruits of some great sorrow. Luther's well-known

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,"

was written when the Reformer and the cause for which he labored and suffered were threatened with ruin. The battle song of Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden's heroic king, was composed at his request by his chaplain Fabricius. He engaged in war with an enemy with a much larger army than his own. His prospects looked dark, but his faith was strong. "Write me a hymn on the theme 'God with us,'" said he to his chaplain. He wrote the familiar hymn:

"Verzage nicht du Häuflein klein."

"Fear not, O, little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power."

Just before entering the battle at Lützen, November 6, 1632, Gustavus and his army sung this hymn. It proved his last battle, for in it he was slain. He fell; but in falling, his cause and its defenders triumphed.

In 1597 a terrible pestilence swept over Germany. In Unna there lived an humble pastor, Philip Nikolai. The deadly scourge gave the godly man much work and sorrow among his suffering, dying people. In one year he buried 1,100 of these beneath his study window. Amid this reign of death he raised a trumpet call to his flock and countrymen by writing the hymn:

"Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme
Der Wächter sehr hoch auf der Zinne,
Wach auf du Stadt Jerusalem!

"Awake, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying
Awake, Jerusalem at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
Come forth ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for his marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there."

About 900 years ago the people of St. Gall, Switzerland, undertook to build a bridge across one of the fearful mountain gorges found in this Canton. It proved to be a very difficult and dangerous undertaking. Many people were filled with shuddering alarm as they watched the workmen at their perilous task. Among those anxiously interested in the building of this bridge was Notker Balbulus, a Benedictine monk. The bridge gave him the theme and occasion for one of our best hymns:

"Mitten wir im Leben sind
Mit dem Tod umfangen."

This hymn, by him written in Latin, Luther rendered into German The English version of it begins with

"In the midst of life behold
Death has girt us round,
Whom for help then shall we pray,
Where shall grace be found?
In thee, O, Lord alone!
We rue the evil we have done,
That Thy wrath on us hath drawn."

In November, 1494, Hans Sachs was born in Nuremberg, Bavaria. At his birth the voice of lamentation resounded throughout Germany, by reason of the pestilence. His father was an humble tailor. Hans went to Latin school till he was fifteen. His frail body admonished the father to forego the pleasure of seeing his son becoming a great scholar. He apprenticed Hans with a shoemaker. And a good apprentice he made; faithful to his master and learning to make a good shoe. While cobbling for an honest living, the spirit of poesy awoke in him. He was a born poet, as all true poets are. Many a sweet verse did the honest Christian cobbler write, which has survived, in all its freshness, the generations born and buried since. In 1552 a severe famine visited Europe, filling the country with the fruitless cry for bread. And in 1561 a hostile army beleagured Nuremburg. Great sorrow was spread through the once fair city. During this dark period Hans Sachs took down his harp from the willow of wailing woe, and taught his afflicted people to sing the beautiful hymn in our Reformed hymn book:

"Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz,
Bekümmerst dich und trägest Schmertz
Nur um das zeitlich Gut?"

Or as rendered into English:

Why art thou thus cast down, my heart?
Why troubled, why dost mourn apart,
O'er naught but earthly wealth?
Trust in thy God, be not afraid
He is thy Friend who all things made.

Dost think thy prayers He doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou dost need,
And heaven and earth are His:
My Father and my God, who still
Is with my soul in every ill.

In sooth, a sweet singer was this cobbling Hans Sachs, of Nuremberg, going after his honest work, making good substantial shoes for his fellow-burghers, beguiling his peaceful leisure with writing verses, leading a contented Christian life with his family—a cheerful, good-natured pious man, in all his ways. Our American Longfellow, in his earlier life, made a pilgrimage to Nuremberg, to allow his genial muse to hang a wreath on the shrine of Sachs.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet,
Laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters,
In huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house,
With a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window,
And his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist,
As in Adam Punchman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like,
With his great beard, white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic
Comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards,
In the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor,
And before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures,
Like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers,
Win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer,
And Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer
From a region far away,

As he paced thy streets and courtyards,
Sang in thought his careless lay.

Gathering from the pavement's crevice,
As a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor,—
The long pedigree of toil.

Paul Flemming was born in Hamburg, in 1609. The son of a school-teacher, he enjoyed more than ordinary educational advantages. He became one of the greatest poets of his time. In 1635 he was appointed physician to the embassy from Holstein to Persia. When about sailing for his distant field of labor, impressed with the uncertainty of life and the danger of his contemplated journey, he wrote his hymn:

"In allen meinen Thaten
Lass ich den Höchsten rathen,
Der alles kann und hat."

Where'er I go, what'er my task,
The counsel of my God I ask,
Who all things hath and can;
Unless He give both thought and deed,
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
And vain the wisest plan.

Joachim Neander was born in Bremen, in 1610. He became a pious German Reformed pastor—the first great hymn-writer of the Reformed Church. His was a life of great conflict and trial. When his faith was greatly tried, he was in the habit of saying: "Better hope one's self to death than perish in unbelief."

One time in 1678, he was in great distress. In a deep mountain-gorge, near Mettman, on the Rhine, he sought refuge. In this sorrowful solitude he wrote the hymn, in all our German hymn-books:

"Sieh hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig."

"Here behold me, as I cast me
At Thy throne, O glorious King!
Tears fast thronging, child-like longing,
Son of Man, to Thee I bring.
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
Me, a poor and worthless thing."

Besides this, he is the author of many other hymns. He died on Whitsunday, 1680, during a thunder-storm. Seeing the lightning's flash, he exclaimed: "This is my Father with his fiery chariot and horses. It is well with my spirit. For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed."

Paul Gerhard, born in 1606 or 1607, in Saxony, was likewise a child of sorrow. Dismissed by the Archduke Frederick William of Prussia, from the pastorate of St. Nikolai in Berlin, because he conscientiously refused to sign a certain official document, he and his family were reduced to poverty. It is said, that after leaving Berlin, a fugitive, he stopped at a certain village inn. Seeing his wife and children around him, and not

knowing whither to flee for bread and shelter, he wrote the well-known hymn:

"Befiehl du deine Wege
Und was dein Herze kränkt."

Our Reformed hymn-book contains an English translation of this beautiful hymn:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways unto His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands."

After spending a night of deep distress at Lübben, while kneeling at the altar of the village church the next morning, he finished the hymn.

"Wach auf mein Herz und singe."

Paul Gerhart had a son, a mirthful, merry youth, a lover of innocent cheer. His father had early consecrated him to the service of the holy ministry. Through much tribulation the earnest man of God reached the seventieth year of his pilgrimage. Feeling that his life-work was drawing to a close, and having a desire to depart and be with Christ, he prepared his last will and testament. In it he wrote, with the trembling hand of age, words of golden counsel to his son, worth more than houses and lands, silver and gold, of which he had none. This will was to be the guide of his life, long after Paul Gerhart had been gathered to his fathers. We will render it into English as follows:

My dear son! Having reached the seventieth year of my life, and withal enjoying the cheerful hope that our Heavenly Father will e'er long lead me out of this world of sorrow into a land of blessedness, I, first of all, thank him for his goodness and mercy which he has shown towards me from my birth to the present moment. I, therefore, beseech him from my inmost heart, that he will grant a peaceful departure when my final hour comes; that he will receive my spirit into his fatherly hands, and give my body a peaceful rest in the grave, till the last day, when, with all my dear ones, I shall awake and see my Lord Jesus Christ, in whom, having not seen, I have thus far believed.

To my only surviving son, I leave but few earthly possessions; yet do I bequeath to him a good name, of which he need not be ashamed. My dear son knows full well, that from his tender infancy I have given him to the Lord my God, that he might become a servant and preacher of his holy word. In this service he is to remain, and not fret about the toils and trials it may impose. Our merciful God can easily cure the outward afflictions of earth with peace of heart and joy in the Holy Ghost. I counsel and beseech thee all thy life-time to shun evil associates; obey the will and command of God.

1. Never commit sin, with the hope that it will remain a secret. Nothing is so finely spun as to escape the light of the sun.

2. Never indulge in anger. When heated by passion, keep wholly silent. Speak not a word until thou hast prayed the holy ten commandments and the Apostles' Creed.

3. Flee sinful lust. Having reached riper years, when it may be proper for thee to enter the state of matrimony, heed the counsel of God and of good people in taking this important step.

4. Do good to others, even if they cannot reward thee. In all this the Maker of heaven and earth hath long since rewarded thee, in that he hath given his only begotten Son for thy redemption, and through holy baptism hath made thee his child and an heir of everlasting life.

5. Flee from covetousness as you would flee from hell. Be content with that which, honorably and with a good conscience thou hast acquired, even though it be but little. But should God favor thee with a larger portion, then pray him to preserve thee from abusing His temporal gifts. Be frequent and fervent in prayer. Study that which is edifying; live in peace; serve faithfully; remain true to your faith and confession. Thus you will at last depart in peace and enter into everlasting blessedness. Amen.

At the extreme south-western point of England is a narrow neck of land, jutting out into the sea as far as the eye can reach. On this slender strip of earth stood Charles Wesley one day, looking at the great sea, which this narrow ledge barely kept asunder. While musing here he wrote his hymn, in which occurs the familiar verse:

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of life, a moment's space.
Remove me to that heavenly place,
Or shut me up in hell."

Many a disappointed, heart-broken child of God, keenly feeling the vanity and emptiness of all things earthly, has poured out its heart-burdens in Watt's hymn:

"How vain are all things here below,"

found in our hymn-book. The dear sorrowful poet gives us a transcript of his own heart at the time of writing it. He is said to have composed it immediately after his heart and hand had been most respectfully declined by Miss Elizabeth Singer, a lovely and accomplished lady, afterwards known as Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe. On account of this disappointment he remained unmarried all his life.

Few hymns are more familiar to the friends of missions than

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

It was written by Heber, then rector of Hodnet. The rector was married to the daughter of Dean Shipley, from the North of Wales. On a certain Saturday he came to the house of his father-in-law, with the view of preaching, on the following day, the first missionary sermon ever addressed to his congregation. Leisurely engaged in conversation, after dinner in the evening, the Dean said to Heber: "Now, as you are a poet, suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning." He at once took pen and ink, and wrote this stirring hymn. "Will that do?" said Heber to the Dean, after reading it to him. "Aye, and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after the sermon." "But," said Heber, "to what tune will it go?" "O, it will go to ''Twas when the seas were roaring.'" The hymn was printed and sung accordingly.

When Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes, in 1695, she not only sang, but wrote songs of praise to her God. "It sometimes seemed to me," she said, "as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing now to do but sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which Thou givest to them that love Thee in the midst of their greatest crosses,"—a sentiment which she embodied, during one of her imprisonments, in a touching little poem which begins thus:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee,"

Wherever the German tongue is known, the hymn is sung:

"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

Its author, George Neumark, wrote it when in great poverty. For the following story, with respect to the writer of this hymn, we are indebted to the *Sunday Magazine.*

Neumark was born on the 16th of March, 1621, of poor parentage, in the little town of Muhlhausen, and after almost incredible exertions and privations to obtain a professional education, was at last reduced to such extremity as to be obliged to part with all he had, even to the greatest solace of his weary life—his violoncello. Driven to the last extremity, he hastened with it to a Jewish pawn-broker at Hamburgh, where he was then resident, and bargained to dispose of it for a small sum, unless he could redeem it in two weeks. Having made his bargain, he suddenly seized the loved instrument, asking permission to play on it once more, and without waiting for permission drew his bow across the strings and sang to his own melody two stanzas of the hymn,

Life is weary, Saviour, take me.

Absorbed in his own emotion, Neumark heeded not the remonstrance of the shopkeeper, but played on. Suddenly the key changed. A few bars, and the melody poured itself out anew: but like a river which runs into the sunshine out of the shade of sullen banks, he sang louder and his face lighted up with happy smiles.

Having finished his hymn, Neumark laid his violin gently back in the corner, and murmured, "As God will—I am still;" and, without a word of adieu, left the shop.

As he rushed out into the night, he stumbled against a man who seemed to have been listening to the music at the door.

"Pardon me, sir, but may I ask if it was you who played and sang so beautifully just now?"

"Yes," said Neumark, hurriedly, and pushed on.

The stranger seized hold of his cloak. "Pardon me, I am but a poor man, but that hymn you sang has gone through my very soul. Could

you tell me, perhaps, where I might get a copy? I am only a servant, but I would give a florin to get this hymn—that was just written, I do believe for myself."

"My good friend," replied Neumark gently, "I will willingly fulfil your wish without the florin. May I ask you who you are?"

"John Gutig, at your service, and in the house of the Swedish embassador, Baron von Rosenkranz."

"Well, come early to-morrow morning. My name is George Neumark; and you will find me at Mistress Johannsen's, in the Crooked Lane. Good night."

One morning, about a week after this, Gutig paid a second visit to Mistress Johannsen's. Neumark received him kindly.

"Perhaps, sir, you will think what I am going to say foolish, but I have prayed over it the whole night, and I hope I may make so bold—"

"What? Is it a second copy of the hymn; of course you may have it with pleasure."

"No, no, sir; it is not that. I have the copy you gave me in my Bible, to keep it better; though if it were lost, I think I have it as well off as the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. But yesterday—you won't take it ill?"

"Never mind; go on."

"Well, sir, the embassador had a secretary that wrote all his letters. Yesterday he suddenly left the house; why, no one knew; but we believe that the master found him in default and let him easily off. Yesterday evening, as I saw my lord to bed, he said to me: 'Now that Mr. Secretary is gone, I know not where to look for as clever a one.' Some how your name came into my mind; for the secretary lives in the house, and is entertained at the table, and has a hundred crowns a year paid down. So I said: 'My lord, I know some one—.' 'You!' he cried, and laughed; 'have you a secretary among your friends?' 'No, my lord,' said I; 'though I know him, I am much too humble to have him for a friend or acquaintance.'"

The result was that Neumark obtained the situation, and left the hotel of the embassador that evening with a radiant face, and as he walked quickly through the streets, talked with himself, while a smile stole across his lips: "Yes, yes; leave God to order all thy ways."

It was to Jew Nathan's that he took his way.

"Give me my violoncello," he cried. "Here are the five and twenty shillings, and a half crown more you lent me on it; but for them I must have left Hamburg a beggar. Nor can I feel that you did anything yourself, but were simply an instrument in the hand of God."

Seizing his violoncello in triumph, Neumark swept homeward with hasty steps, never pausing till he reached his room, sat down, and began to play with such a heavenly sweetness, that his landlady, Mistress Johannsen, rushed in upon him with a storm of questions, all of which he bore unheeding, and played and sang until his landlady scarce knew if she was in heaven or on earth.

"Are you there, good Mistress Johannsen?" he said, when he had finished. "Well, perhaps you will do me the kindness to call in as many people as there are in the house and in the street. Bring them all in. I will sing you a hymn that you never heard before; for I am the happiest

man in Hamburgh. Go, dear, good woman; go, bring me a congregation, and I will preach them a sermon on my violoncello."

In a few minutes the room was full. Then Neumark seized his bow, played a bar or two, opened his mouth and sang:

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him, whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

"What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

"Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

"He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as he sees it meet;
When thou hast borne its fiery test,
And *now* art freed from all deceit.
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care."

Here the singer stopped; for his voice trembled, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The little audience stood fixed in silent sympathy; but at last Mistress Johannsen could contain herself no longer.

"Dear, dear sir," she began, drying her eyes with her apron; for there was not a dry cheek in the crowd, "that is all like as if I sat in the church, and forgot all my care, and thought of God in heaven and Christ upon the cross. How has it all come about? You were so downcast this morning, and now you make my heart leap with joy. Has God been helping you?"

"Yes, that he has, my dear gracious God and Father! All my need is over. Only think; I am secretary to the Swedish embassador here in Hamburgh; have a hundred crowns a year. And to complete my happiness, he gave me five and twenty crowns in hand, so that I have redeemed my poor violin. Is not the Lord our God a wonderful and gracious God? Yes, yes, my good people, be sure of this:

"Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on a rock that naught can move."

"And this beautiful hymn, where did you find it, sir, if I may make so bold? For I know all the hymn-book by heart, but not this. Did you make it yourself?"

"I? Well, yes, I am the instrument, the harp; but God swept the

strings. All I knew was this, 'Who trusts in God's unchanging love;' these words lay like a soft burden on my heart. I went over them again and again, and so they shaped themselves into this song. How, I cannot tell. I began to sing and to play for joy, and my soul blessed the Lord, and word followed word like water from a fountain. Stop," he cried, "listen once more:

"Nor in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard;
Nor that the man, whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred:
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

"All are alike before His face;
'Tis easy to our God Most High
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

"Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall it be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed."

When he ceased for the second time, he was so much moved that he put away the violoncello in the corner, and the little audience quietly dispersed.

Such is the story of one of the most beautiful of all the German hymns, one of those which has preached the truest sermon to troubled and fretted and despaired hearts. After two years, Baron von Rosenkranz procured his secretary the post of librarian of the archives at Weimar, and there he peacefully died in his sixty-first year.

LAW AND LOVE.—When we see men, cudgel in hand, attempt to drive others into the path of duty, we are reminded of the fabulous contest between Boreas and the Sun. "Once on a time," the story runs, "they proposed to test their strength, by endeavoring each in turn, to divest a traveler of his cloak. First the winds gathered up themselves and poured upon the devoted man a wrathful storm; but the fiercer the blast the more closely the traveler wrapped his mantel about him. But by and by the storm and clouds fled away, and the sun came out in his brightness, and as he shot forth his warm rays, the man loosened his mantel and at last cast it off entirely as a burdensome incumbrance." It ought to be understood that angry denunciation has no tendency to regenerate the heart. Law may flash its terrific sanctions in the sinner's face, and it may make his knees tremble, his cheek turn pale, and drive him to seek safety in flight, safety from persecution, while the unrenewed heart shall clamor more loudly than before for its favorite schemes of pleasure and success. It is needful in every struggle for truth that the strictness of the law should be proclaimed in mercy and in love.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

If mind is from the mother, Corŏnis is entitled to more honor for the great medical aptitude and genius of Æsculapius, than is Apollo, his father. And of the six children again, of this marvelous inventor of medicine, his sons and four daughters, *Hygeia*, the Goddess of Health, was the most celebrated among the ancients, whilst the family characteristic was transmitted to the modern world through the female line exclusively. Let all strong-minded men then, who go into hysterics over female practitioners, say all manner of hard things; but it ill becomes them to speak learnedly of "*Hygi-ene!*" Let them call it *Æsculapius*. rather, or something masculine. At Ægium, in Achaia, near the ancient temple of Ilithyia, were to be seen the statues of the god and goddess of Health, *Æsculapius* and *Hygeia*, which furthermore shows, that in the delicate and nicely-balanced Grecian mind, even the Healing Art had been just as much feminine as masculine, or, still better, that no sex attached to it whatever. Of course, this does not prove that our lady-fingered gentry of the profession, who tremble at the thought of committing the sacred mysteries of the Art to woman, who is suspected of being too out-spoken to guard the secret inviolable; but it looks a little like it. Perhaps, too, woman was less of a "Lady" at that period, and man, a man

"For all that, and all that."

Or if we take the Egyptian version of medical mythology, Æsculapius and his fair spouse, Isis, are always mentioned side by side, as co-equals. She was immortalized under the name of "The Salutary." And now, the Egyptians were not "dummies,"—their wisdom was not a little famous.

Hippocrates, the celebrated physician who lived 460 B. C., traces his genealogy back to his ancestor Æsculapius, through Hygeia again.

Not to retail any more dryness, let us at once sum up the two facts which the ancients afford us, to wit: That the Healing Art descended from the gods; and that those divinities were perfectly indifferent as to whether its transmission should be perpetuated among mankind through a male or female channel.

In reference to its superhuman origin, we have more authority than mythology. The Eon of Sirach endorses the thought. "*Honor the physician for the need thou hast of him; for the most High hath created him. For all healing is from God; and he shall receive gifts of the king. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head; and in the sight of great men he shall be praised. The most High hath created medicines out of the earth; and a wise man will not abhor him....By these he shall cure and shall allay their pains; and of these the apothecary shall make sweet confections; and shall make up ointments of health.*" Should the "he" and the "him"

cause any of our readers to believe, that in the mind of the author of *Ecclesiasticus*, the physician must evidently be a man only, and never a woman, we beg then to say, whether their premises would not land them clean beyond the mark, if set up in reference to certain other analogous passages, such as: "Except a *man* be born again, *he* cannot see the kingdom of God." Hence, we infer, that the divine record has very properly left it over to the common good sense of mortals to discover whether there is anything sexual in the medical practice, or not.

If it be true, as is maintained by competent authority, both professional and otherwise, that the earliest physicians acted chiefly in the capacity of "nurses," then are we strongly inclined to believe, that woman played by far a larger rôle in the restoration of the sick, and in the soothing of the dying, than man ever did, does now, or ever will do. A suitable regimen was ordered, and seldom did they venture beyond aliment, in those uncompounding days, in their prescriptions. Now who is better qualified for the task, than woman? There is a great want and a certain something sadly missing with the physician himself, as well as with the invalid, if there be a

"Dearth of woman's kindness and a dearth of woman's tears."

In certain habitudes, the only access which the physician has to his patient, is through the medium of a nurse. Now any calibre that is sufficiently wide awake to describe the symptoms of a patient to a third party, as well as to retail the effects of a supposed remedy administered, could, by means of a little extra discipline, also be rendered fully competent, we think, to prescribe the antidote. The responsibility of the care being upon her shoulders, at all events, why might not a little credit be allowed to crown her brow as well?

Why should Florence Nightingale, for example, be permitted and encouraged to ascend the highest peak of the sacred mountain of health and look over into the fair meadow of salutary herbs, elixirs and nectars, and yet not be suffered to place one foot in the territory, but be compelled to die within sight, and for no cause of unbelief, either? The "Sisters of Charity," too, will outstrip a whole regiment of lordly doctors, during the raging of a "Pestilence," "Cholera" or "Yellow Fever," on the score of courage, disinterested devotion and efficiency. Still it is thought to be inconceivably awful to supply them with a lancet, spatula and satchels full of remedies, by which they might oftentimes coaxingly fondle health, after they have shown themselves ready and efficiently metaled to buckle on the sword even, and to swing it heroically, too, against death in his most ghastly forms.

These thoughts are just now projecting themselves upon, into, and through society, and cannot be removed by a slight elbow push. The subject has been irritating the thinking mind for a number of years in private, but is now fast making its unpleasant prickings and thumpings felt in public. It will create a crisis at no distant day. It is acting very Sphinx-like. Society must heed its challenge: "Solve me, or you are mine!" Pshawing and sneering will only provoke it to show you how quickly it can swallow you. Men blessed with a gift of tears, had better not whimpeany *Jeremiades* in its sight—or—it will not notice them, from sheer

contempt, but let them not interpret such liberty as the result of magnanimity. Doctor William Elder—one of the initiated, indeed—in 1848, already wrote on the subject, what poor Artemus Ward would style rather "sarcastickeal." Hear him:—"Some months ago, we noticed an article, bearing the ear-marks of student authorship, in one of our blanket-sired conserves of minced morality and lack-a-daisy literature, which shivered in every line with delicate distress at the thought of exposing innocent and defenceless womanhood to the awfulness of the sick chamber and the rude incidents of medical practice—as a physician; as a patient, or servant, or nurse, it is of course all right and nice and proper."

Since then institutions have been coming into being in Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, in which women have been pursuing a regular course of medical study, and gone into the practice, to the no small chagrin of some of the brothers, on account of their, at least, average success. And what is to prevent these sanitarily-inclined women from making still further inroads upon society? A candid physician tells us, that they go over the course marked out for the young man in the university. Have they not books, plates, models and lectures, as well as the practical exercise, whereby to render themselves experts, and besides all these, a free country in which to appropriate and practice to their full desire and satisfaction? And if the sterner sex choose to block the door against their managing sisters, by refusing to *consult* with them, in case of a very seriously impaired subject, let them beware of the serious calamity which they may thereby unwittingly bring upon all maledom, should the kingdom of Hygeia issue letters of marque, to take reprisals by way of retaliation, and refuse likewise to consult with men—doctors or no doctors! In behalf of all young men and bachelors, let us intercede and deprecate any such action, since they are in a position to cut off all supplies.

And should it nevertheless come to pass, how would the mere determination on the part of the "brothers," not to consult with the "sisters" prevent the latter from marauding over the territory of the former? To be of any effect, it is necessary to persuade the *patients* from consulting with this new order of physicians. A series of spiteful resolutions as long as the "Koran" would not keep them out so long as their sick sisters would, notwithstanding all, call for their visits and help. Yet all the "Brethren of the Pill" know, that it is only by persuading patients to refuse to consult with an intelligent and apt lady-practitioner, that they can hope to keep the fairer doctors out in the cold. And just this, it will be so very hard to effect And besides, since there are so many more female invalids than male, they will have the advantage again over the stronger.

But hark! These pestiferous lady-doctors have already knocked at the door of the "State Medical Society," in 1867, at Pittsburg, through the gallant Doctor Mowry, clamoring for admittance. And—would you believe it?—their minutes declare the following result: Of the several societies of the commonwealth, "six report in their favor; eight against them; one discretionary and eleven no action." The ladies say, that means a *majority*, if it is to be interpreted after a strictly parliamentary style, the discretionary one, together with the elevne *non liquet* ones, added to the six out-spoken and affirmative ones, leave eighteen *versus* eight. Now just please to glance at the rapid progress which the female medical

principle has made in later years, ten perhaps we would better say. Just let us regard this result as indicative of the principle, that medical science shall have no *sex* attached to itself.

And as if not satisfied yet, that same knock is heard at the great front door of the "American Medical Society," convened at Washington in the May-month of the current year. Here is a slice of its proceedings:—

"*Dr. John L Atlee*, of Pennsylvania, addressed the convention in favor of admitting female physicians to practice. He thought they were equal to the performance of all surgical operations without half the hesitation of men, and at the same time, added thereto, with maternal human sympathy It was very ungallant to say to them, that they should not enter the profession on account of their sex. It was a flimsy pretext to say, that they, had not been properly educated, when, by the *ipse dixit* of the male members of the profession, the female had been debarred of universal medical education.

The general government standard of the medical profession said nothing of sex and color, and therefore, the only standard of professional membership was proficiency in knowledge and practice. While in general, she, woman, was equal to the male in the practice of medicine and surgery, yet, in certain cases, she possessed natural instincts and mental adaptation which gave her superior acquirements over man. It was an outrage to exclude them from equal positions with ourselves, and he longed for the day when female practitioners could be met irrespective of the local law of discrimination."

This is of weight, since Dr. Atlee is of no mean standing in the medical sphere. But such boldness was, of course, not to pass unrebuked. Let us see what the opposition says:—

"*Dr. Condie*, of Philadelphia, believed that if females, as a mass, were to confine themselves to their own sphere, they would confer more happiness, and tend to enhance the exaltation of their sex more than by the pursuit of medicine. Some, it is true, had proved themselves fit for the profession, but he was opposed to any special legislation on the subject, and thought that the matter should be left to public support. Let every citizen be the judge whether he shall employ female physicians or male." It had been the doctrine of some that females shall be let alone, but as he happened to have some interest in the sex, he was opposed to this doctrine (Loud and prolonged applause).

He concluded by hoping the subject should not be officially noticed.

Dr. Davis, of Chicago, thought there was no impediment in the way of female practitioners, and the convention had nothing to do with the matter. If dissension occurred in any local society, it was impolitic to bring it before a general convention. He had a high regard for female character in every phase of life, but did not like to see her dragged into the slough and noise of public discussion. God has given woman an exalted sphere, and as long as the medical profession did not trespass upon what woman had done, he did not think this convention had anything to do with the subject. He moved that the question be indefinitely postponed.

The question upon postponement was put and carried decisively, amid enthusiastic applause."

We are amused, in looking over the remarks of those medical gentlemen, to notice how exceedingly gingerly and timorously they touch the subject.

One would not be likely to be impressed very favorably as to their decision and courage in the case of an amputation. Dr. Atlee, to be sure, is ready with knife and saw to take off the back bone of prejudice; but Drs. Condie and Davis have too much regard, it seems, for females, and—so they go with the majority

However, we are merely concerned in tracing the movement, and are not disposed to argue it. That "postponement" was in accordance with a practice current for some time. It is a question of time only, it seems, and will some day be *postponed* no more. It is up hill, not down. It never takes more than a cat-nap, even when it seems to sleep. In the month of June following, during the sittings of the "Pennsylvania State Medical Convention," Dr. Atlee offered the resolution again, interpreting the code of ethics to allow the admission of female physicians.

Dr. Nebinger spoke at great length against the resolution. We do wish we could read it. It would be something so satisfactory to hear a solid phalanx of weighty and well-grounded arguments hurled against this movement.

Dr. Corson, of Norristown, spoke in favor of it. Well, if he had as good reasons to advance, as he possessed when he released us from the "Draft," then his speech was evidently effectual.

But *Dr. Hetler*, of Philadelphia, asked Dr. Atlee the question so very complimentary to all the ladies to wit: "Would you also admit *Negroes?*"

Dr. Atlee was not to be outflanked in that way and answered: "Yes."

The resolution was defeated—yeas, 35; nays, 37.

We once read in the writings of a social reformer: "that our civil, political, and business institutions had, with the utmost consideration of caution to their natural incapacities and improprieties, kindly classed women with infants, idiots, and *niggers*," but we did not believe it. Dr. Hetler's interrogatory has convinced us, however, that there is really something in it. We believe, too, after this, that Dr. Atlee's resolution will finally prevail; for we have never yet known a movement to fail in the long run, which affords the least room for the African to stand on. Touch the political nerve, gentlemen, which is very much exposed and sensitive just now, and we will all the sooner witness a scene, with men and women upon it, and regardless of color too.

"But surely," says one, "as it is not woman's *sphere*. the movement will never meet with general favor." The term "sphere" is a *relative* term, whenever it is applied to woman. Ignorance and degradation is her "sphere" in some quarters; to sit on a throne and near a crown is her "sphere" in other regions. It is her sphere to plow, grub, and hew wood as well as to carry heavy loads on her head—that is her "sphere" also somewheres, whilst to do nothing at all, and to be simply a "lady" is her "sphere" again—in—well no matter where. So woman is variously *sphered*.

About the only satisfactory way of *sphering* her, is to adopt the primitive idea of the Mosaic account. We read there of the refined edition of Eve, not from the toe nor from the head of the less distilled Adam, but from his side, giving her a "*parallel sphere*," even though that sphere does not move on the same plane precisely. She is to be, not a mere helpmate, or even a "help-meet," to man; but a help *meet* for him." If then woman is designed to be a help, fit, suitable, and qualified for man, we see

not why she may not be called legitimately to aid him in this special direction as well—yea, even relieve him entirely from the acknowledged impropriety of ministering to invalid women and babydom, in order that he might the more effectually attend to his own kind. "It requires a poet to understand a poet." If so, cannot a woman best understand a woman, especially in affliction? Why, then, should gentlemen rudely refuse their volunteer and called-for services, and pique themselves on not associating with them in this department, when they are nevertheless obliged to call them to their side in the sick-room, and feel highly flattered indeed to be countenanced and acknowledged by them in all other directions?

But, as we are not a physician, and may be presumed to be too dull to render an opinion, let Dr. William Elder speak, who *does* know:—

"It is all nonsense to discuss the proprieties of such a movement; the thing must be decided by principle, and not as a matter of taste. The practicability is the substance of the question, and nothing can settle that but experiment. Of the many who will make the earliest move, but few will be competent in every way, to meet the exigencies of the trial. Some will be called, more will come, and the few will be chosen, who may answer the demand and abide the test. But the whole matter will adjust itself. Prejudice and opinion may embarrass but cannot prevent, and pride and interest may as well behave themselves; for what is to be will be, without their consent.

Now we propose, in our rude way, to leave the decision of this, and all similar subjects which concern them, to themselves. La, gentlemen, it is a matter of propriety and womanly delicacy; and if women cannot determine that, it does not make much difference what becomes of them; for we have trained them up to that, 'and nothing else;' and besides we have left them scarcely any other of their own affairs to manage. Think of this and allow them exclusive jurisdiction in all matters of feminine delicacy. Or if that is too much to concede to the whole sex, confine your impertinence to *ladies* that are ladies, and nothing else, and let *women* take care of themselves."

It is not a little significant, withal, that such views and desire should be expressed by the lords of the profession, in favor of their excluded sisters, and that all the clamoring is made by the male and not by female practitioners. Now should both lay their heads together, success is likely to crown their efforts. Of course, we are not interested directly in the movement, let it terminate whichever way it may; but we confess that a ventilation of the subject could not but be of satisfaction to all parties. Thus far, the arguments have ever struck us as all on one side. Unless higher moral ground is assumed by the adversaries, than they have thus far occupied, we see not how it may be "*postponed*" very much longer. We shall wait and see. Let all misogynists prepare for the worst.

TREASURES.—If a young person will begin and persevere in learning by heart, say four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up in the treasure-house of memory fourteen hundred and sixty lines in a year. So of facts and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consists of farthings. Life is made up of moments, and a succession of well-spent moments make a well-spent life.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

BY MARY ELLEN.

"A virtuous woman looketh well to the ways of her household—the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her—her children call her blessed, her price is far above rubies."—SOLOMON.

The words of the "Wise Man" come to us full of instruction, in these days of novelty and empty show, when so much of an extraneous character is calling our sex to leave, in a measure, the hallowed precincts of "Home," in order to wield the would-be sceptre of a usurper. Women, yea even women, whose "name is frailty," with all the earnestness, fervor and pathos of their nature, are making urgent appeals to their sex to cast off the bonds that bind them to their "Firesides" and join the female ranks for hastening on the "New Era," or preparing the way for the "New Atmosphere" about bursting upon us as a mighty whirlwind, which, it is said, will unloose our domestic fetters and let us go free; its purifying gales transforming us into proud "Queens of Creation," or making of us purely etherial, spiritual, mystical beings, too airy for the material duties belonging to woman in her present "Vocation." The theory may do; but the practice will drift us from the "Bible and common sense."

There was a fine character of dignity in the manner of females of the higher classes in the olden time, said an eminent woman of our land. Ah! They were types of the "Old School," pilgrims of the "Old Way;" such as Hannah More and our own Mary Washington, ever ready to sacrifice pleasure to duty: they "repelled vice and made folly grave." Their undeviating integrity may well commend them to our cheerful imitation. Dr. Sprague, who has written much on this subject, says: "It must be acknowledged that we have little reason to be satisfied with the present standard of female excellence, even in those communities where the standard is the highest. Many examples indeed there are of female character, which would seem to us to have been formed after a perfect model; but these examples instead of indicating the ordinary measure of female attainment and usefulness, are always marked as glorious exceptions, showing what woman may become, and to what every woman ought to aspire, if she would accomplish her legitimate destiny, or attain to the highest dignity of her sex."

We will turn to the inspired volume, and there learn what the wisest of men has said on this subject, as taught of God. He presents for our imitation, a picture of a "Virtuous Woman." "She was evidently a person of wealth and distinction, the wife of one who sat among the elders." In addition to virtue, she possessed strength of character, mental and moral energy, as the word "virtuous" also implies.

She looketh well to her household and if necessary, worketh willingly with her hands. In the latter case her spirit is often willing when her flesh is too weak; therefore the "Model Wife" is portrayed as possessing a power

more effective than that of muscle alone: a mind so disciplined as will enable her to maintain order and system in a well regulated home; which is always more important than the actual amount of labor performed. Who has not seen the active, bustling house-wife, hurrying and scolding, from early morn till night, wholly unable to bring order out of her domestic confusion? or a bevy of Bridgets, or Dinahs, utterly fail to prepare the family repast at the appointed time, without the aid, at least, of the much disconcerted mistress of the mansion? Simply for want of system. It is sometimes asked: "Of what service is the solving of algebraic problems to girls? Why confine their pliant minds to the 'sapless, unpoetical and unmusical' mazes of geometry?" True, such knowledge "will not heat or sweep a room," but it will enable the possessor to do both at the proper time in the best way. There is a resemblance between the bewilderments of an equation, and the intricacies of home life. Anxious and laborious thought is often necessary before the solution can be reached in either case.

Our "Pattern Woman" dignifies labor by standing herself at the helm. By her all the domestic machinery is set in motion and sustained. Her eye slumbereth not, when at her post. Her sensitive ear detects the least want of harmony, while her prudent discretion knows when and where to apply the remedy. "The eyes of her maidens are lifted to the hand of their mistress," ready and eager to do her commands. Her service is to them an efficient school. She is not ignorant of the fact that it has been said: More domestic unhappiness is probably occasioned by female extravagance than from any other cause; hence her family supplies are managed with economy and prudence. With economy, because she would not shut her bowels of compassion when appealed to in behalf of the needy. The penny thus saved may take the place or accomplish as much as the one perhaps laboriously earned by her husband With prudence, because she feels herself in a measure, the guardian of the health and spirits of those composing her household. Proper food, properly prepared, at proper times, does much toward inviting cheerfulness, and dispelling gloom from our homes. A wise expenditure does still more to drive anxiety, perplexity, and corroding care from the brow she would fain see unclouded.

"She, while her husband toiled in state affairs,
Eased him of all his economic cares;
No vain expense, she on herself bestowed,
A spirit frugal and yet generous showed;
Her usual dress was comely, never gay,
No new vain fashion could her judgment sway."

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. Here we enter the inner sanctuary and tread on sacred ground. When tossed and buffeted, by the storms of the outer world, and the distractions of business, "Home" offers a calm, a safe retreat. The weary husband there finds rest and sympathy. "When he is grieved, she feels no less; her joys by his are known;" his heart safely trusts in her, and "one look of affection from him strikes a chord of her soul, drawing forth deeper, sweeter tones, than all the world's combined flattery can produce. She frowns on all efforts to lay aside restraints imposed on her sex by the sacred word of God. All vanity and love of admiration call forth her contempt. She banishes every

desire to be fashionable, knowing that, to be a more prolific source of unhappiness to her sex, than guilt, disease or wounded affection. By her, happiness is sought in the path of duty, in the means not as an end."

"In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
She sits by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame."

Her children call her blessed. Precious reward of a faithful mother! They constitute the plants of her moral garden. How carefully, yea, tenderly, does she watch these buds of hope, lest the rank weeds of this world's folly spring up and check the tender growth, tended by a mother's love and watered by her prayers. Her watchful eye knows when to expose to view the modesty of the violet, or how to withdraw the proud dahlia to a more secluded spot. The purity of the lily is carefully shielded from the scorching blast, while all are guarded from the withering influence of a tainted atmosphere. They compose her school, in which she is the honored instructor. She does not wait until the evil tendencies of their nature begin to manifest themselves; then send them from home to have such corrected by strangers; the soil prepared and, if possible, made "good ground," expected to yield an hundred fold. Thus commit them for a few weeks, or months at most, to instructors, to be trained for their part in the drama of life. Then announce to society at large, that they "have finished," and plainly indicate by every word and act, that they are now for sale to the highest bidder. "Very plain language," some may say. The reply—Is it not truth? Are not such the prevailing ideas that rule many minds, as their practice evidently proves?

The "Excellent Woman," a type of the "Good Old Way," would shudder at the thought of such a destiny for her children. They are her jewels, loaned by God to be polished for Him: to be trained up to habits of industry, economy, order, and intelligent piety. With her, the work begins in the nursery and never ceases until they are transplanted to the "Sweet fields of Eden," where their culture is still continued, under the tuition of those, "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Love, is the powerful lever by which her arduous work is done. It is her watch-word in all times of her maternal need. Strife and discord find no lodgment 'neath her roof. She knows that many "green and mossy graves" in our burial grounds, contain the remains of the "victims of words." She therefore

"Deems it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak:
The face she wears, the thoughts they bring,
A heart may heal or break."

A divine was wont to watch the first dawnings of angry dispute among his children. Then calling them to the piano, he would request them to sing for him. Of course, they would go away "making melody in their hearts." With a view to similar ends, the "Virtuous Woman" pays due regard to such accomplishments, as refine the character and render home attractive, while they tend to sweeten its cares. She blends the "Beautiful" with the useful, in her efforts to incline the hearts of her children in

the ways of goodness: has no greater joy than to see them "walking in the truth." If her daughters are led to the marriage altar, by Divine Providence—so called, to leave the parental roof—they take with them a proper estimate of their vows with all their solemn obligations. They utterly denounce the sordid speculations of those, who would make marriage a stepping-stone to more extensive business relations or exalted position in society; who barter their happiness for a "mess of pottage," live in gilded misery, or if unsuccessful in their efforts to keep up the glitter of *an establishment,* dissolve partnership, either by mutual consent or by the withdrawal of one party. Certainly there are those, who can testify to the deplorable results of a want of adherence to the "Good Old Way" in this particular. Those will bear witness in the case, who have seen the sham and frivolity, the giddy butterfly existence of our "High life" centres and fashionable resorts. How often is propriety, yea principle sacrificed!

"In those old times,
There was far less gadding, and far more
Of home-born, heartfelt comfort, rooted strong
In industry."

You have no idea, said an eminent physician to us, of the extent to which intoxicating beverages are used in our "First Families." In his extensive practice among such, he said "the growing tendency in this direction is alarming. Daughters will not enter a social circle, in many instances, without having first imbibed a stimulant, for which provision is always amply made, in the boudoir of the hostess." They bestow almost as much thought in the selection of their wines, as they do in their elaborate wardrobes, previous to leaving the city for the "Springs," "Mountains,"etc., added my venerable informant. How many ill-assorted marriages have had their foundations laid in the giddy ball-room, when excited fancy reigned. Surely children thus trained, are in danger, and their mothers fail to receive the blessing pronounced on the "Virtuous Woman."

The inspired writer says: *Her price is far above rubies;* in other words, her value cannot be estimated. In the sight of the Lord, she is precious. In this life, she has that peace which the world cannot give. When passing through the "River of death," she has the Saviour's promise: "I will be with thee." But oh! when she enters the "blissful fields" beyond, and there beholds the "lilies" as plucked by the Beloved from *her* garden, may we not then reckon the mother's joy complete? There in that Land of pure delight, she receives her crown, as a free gift of a Saviour's love. Let us guard the entrance to our homes, and spurn the evil influences of those, who would draw us from the "Good Old Way;" remembering "It is to the mothers of her sons, that our country looks for the impress that is to make them her great and her good men, her trusted and her honored servants." With such a view of "Woman's Vocation," we wonder not that Aimé Martin pronounced the education of women of more importance than that of men.

May we then eagerly press "far up the heights" of social improvement, should it even require us to give up many prejudices that are "Old." Never

be satisfied to remain in any groove, simply because it is an old, stereotyped way; but touching the "virtues" recommended by Solomon—ever say

"With faith and love and holy care,
In this dear way, I'll persevere:
And when I die triumphant say,
This is the *right, the good* '*Old Way.*'

JE NE VIEILLIRAIS PAS.

BY ETA MON KORE.

If age means sighing and sadness,
Devoid of all genial gladness,
And affections are morbid and cold,
I would never, ah never, grow old.

Young eyes may lose their soft brightness,
Swift feet forget then their lightness;
But through all the years still untold,
I would never, no never, grow old.

Away by some wild, jungled mountain,
Know'st thou a magical fountain,
Whose waters rare virtues unfold,
That preserve one from e'er growing old?

A fountain, ay, there is gushing,
Fadeless the blossoms there flushing;
But midst earth-scenes we may not behold
The well-spring of youth for the old.

There are who quaffed the elixir,
And know hope's cheering prefixer,
Wearing her impress, brighter than gold,
And the thoughts of young hearts ne'er grow old.

Their silvery locks are revealing,
Aged in view, youthful in feeling;
Though years many have over them rolled,
Their young life-dream has never grown old.

Love, wisdom, truth have augmented,
Their triune glories are blended,
By the light on the heavenly mould,
A rare picture of beauty unfold.

HUCKLEBERRYING ON THE MOUNTAINS.

BY E. K.

Natural scenery is educational. It not only develops and brings to light what is already in the mind and the heart, but stamps itself indelibly upon every individual, and thus becomes inseparably connected with his very being. It makes itself felt, not merely by disclosing its beauties to the eye, wooing the warmest affections of the soul, but must be brought into the close hug and tussle contact of real life. The deep valleys must be traversed, the high mountains scaled, the lakes used for bathing, for fishing and for skating. The flowers must be plucked, and the bubbling fountains tasted; the hazelnut, hickorynut and walnut gathered and cracked; the fields ploughed and the meadows mowed, the hay made and the grain stored—all these, and a thousand other things connected with the scenery around us, must not merely be seen, imagined, or talked about, but really—*done.*

Many of these lessons the readers of the GUARDIAN have no doubt learned practically; but, at least to a few, some also may still remain untouched. Among those I have selected, *Huckleberrying on the Mountains*—An excursion I often made, and in so doing was always well-rewarded, even when the berries were scarce.

If, in some measure, I may give a true picture of my proposition, as it now lives in my mind; and if, by so doing, I can induce any one to go and do likewise, I shall consider it a good work.

We have to do then with *huckleberries*—surely a sweet and delightful subject! Where is there a heart that never yearned for huckleberries, or a hand or a lip that was never stained by them? This berry is found in almost endless varieties. It grows in low marshes and on the highest mountain tops; is found early in the spring and late in the fall. Some varieties grow no taller than a man's hand, and others form trees, that the birds of the air may lodge in the branches thereof. I have been on those trees myself, which are found in ponds and marshes; and have been berrying in woodlands and on mountain slopes. Many a time my basket was not returned empty. But alas! what was *such* a trip, as compared with *a trip to the mountains;* or *such* berries, as compared with the *early mountain huckleberry?*

These mountain huckleberries ripen at the same time with the golden grain on the field, and immediately after the cutting of the harvest is the proper time to secure them. The south ranges of the great Appalachian mountain-chain, called in Pennsylvania, Blue, Kittatinny, or North Mountain; in Maryland and Virginia, Blue Ridge; and in New Jersey and New York, Shawangunk; is the place where they grow. Those mountains are often visited by fire, which sweeps them, as with the besom of destruction. Immediately after such a catastrophe, the early mountain

huckleberry puts forth its tiny shoots, which grow up only to the height of about six inches. The first year they will not bear, but in the second a full crop may be expected.

These berries are as large as common cherries; they ripen simultaneously, and a single stalk often bears, or rather contains, a handful. When well loaded, the stalks lean gently over each other, giving mutual aid in bearing up under their precious burden. The seeds in the berry are so small as not to be noticed in eating, and the pulp exceedingly sweet and pleasant. Persons may eat their fill, and never get tired nor experience any bad effects from so doing.

Harvest time demands that all hands be at work. The heat of the sun and the nature of the work, moreover, are such that frequently the strongest men are unnerved, and creep away in wretchedness, to seek new strength in some shady corner. By the time harvest is fully cut, the wildest among the young and strong are generally tame and gentle, like those of older years. And yet the challenge: "Let us go to the mountains for huckleberries," will never fail to call out a host of ready volunteers. For days and weeks ahead, the matter is talked over; and when the appointed morning arrives, not a few among the little folks are sadly disappointed in being told that they cannot go along. Nor will the dog be allowed to share the pleasures of the trip, for fear, lest a rattlesnake put an end to his useful life. To make up and start such a party when once the time has come is a small matter. A full dozen and more often compose it, and among the rest, ladies not a few. For these, it is true, parnelle gaiters, hooped skirts and parasols would be a poor outfit. The strongest shoes and boots, for those that have them, are required; and such other clothing as will not easily be the worse for the wear. The watering-pot, baskets, buckets, &c., are slung on the arms or across the shoulders of the stronger, and coffee-pots and smaller utensils will supply the weaker.

And now, imagine the scene! Bright faces and elastic steps are turned mountainward. In the distance the blue heights loom proudly to heaven. The highest rocky cliffs are tinged with the first rays of the morning sun, whilst further up the background is shaded with the dark mountain pine. The course now taken is one in which no road generally leads. Fields, fences, &c., are passed in quick succession. For miles the party keep huddled together *en masse*, engaged in brisk and joyous conversation; but after that, having passed the "fire line," the thick jungle of the mountain compels them to take up the line of march in single-file. The one best secured against rattlesnakes and copperheads must take the lead. With his eye steadily fixed on some certain mountain gap, before selected for the ascent, he pushes boldly forward, followed closely by his companions. The region is wild, yet not solitary. Ever and anon, your advent is announced by the jaybird, which scouts noisily ahead. Now and then a pheasant flies up and far away on its buzzing wings. If you look closely you may also, at times, see, in the distance, a fox, a deer, or a wild-cat. The time was when even bears and wolves were seen, but these were the days of our fathers. Half a mile or more being thus laid back, they come to the mountain proper, where the immortal granite rocks appear in all their naked grandeur. First they lie scattered broadcast and fragmentary, but higher up they frown majestically and unbroken upon the world below.

To the right you behold a deep ravine, and from its hidden bosom you hear the roaring of a mountain torrent. Tall cedars stand there, from whose branches long, gray strings of moss hang pendant in the air; and underneath you see a compact bed of the lovely box, with dark green leaves that never fade. But now comes the tug! At an angle of at least forty-five degrees, the journey must be continued, to a height of about twelve hundred feet. What a blowing and a sweating! Scarcely a word is spoken, breath being needed for a better purpose.

But before we quite reach the top, we come to a spring. And *such* a spring! Bedded in moss, the sparkling water bubbles out, and forms a silvery stream. O! even the bare recollection is refreshing, in an Egyptian land of dust and cisterns! But beware! Here in these cool shades lurk the poisonous snakes, and the bush of ferns nearest to your feet, may hide the gorgeous colors of a deadly foe. Having reached the summit, the scene is indiscribably grand. The air is pure and fragrant with the racy pine. The clouds seem almost within reach, and far below lies the fair Kittatinny Valley. For many miles every farm can be traced, and the question settled as to who is "through with harvest," and who is not. There stands the church, and school-house by its side; the grave-yard, with its bright monuments, where sleep the silent dead. The streams of water in the valleys appear like silver tape, scattered carelessly about. O! such a view is worth a hundred times all the labor and expense it costs to obtain it. It is like that of Moses, standing on Pisgah's top, viewing the promised land; and one might almost wish to be released, like him, from the body, and go up a little higher, that "we might ever be with the Lord." Here would be a grand place for meditation and prayer. No wonder that our Saviour himself loved to go up into the mountains apart, and that he was transfigured in such a place. Bright clouds still apparently come down, and the voice of God seems to be heard more distinctly than amid the noise and confusion of the busy world below. What a place this would afford for a congregation to worship, or for catechetical instruction—the costliest gothic temple, with colored glass and "dim religious light," with altars, tapers, and crucifixes, with "organ peal," and all that hallowed art can give, could not be compared with it!

And now, having rested, another advance is made; not in the former order, but the front is deployed and preparations made for an attack. Every one must fight on his own hook, except when a special enemy should appear; then a whistle or a good strong yell would bring reinforcements. Now the huckleberries appear. The blue skies above and the blue berries below; no wonder this is called the Blue Mountain! A richer scene I never witnessed in all the line of vegetative nature's gifts.

Here commences the picking, and it is interesting and instructive to see how they go about it. Some commence to eat with wonderful gusto, and scarce find chance to call out: "Here they are," and "O! come and see!" Amid noise and excitement they rush ahead Others go about it considerate and systematically, and as they go, make a clean sweep. With them no noise is heard, except in their vessels. When those are full they betake themselves to enjoyment, not before. Their motto is: "Duty comes before pleasure." These understand the business, and being soon ready for home, some even secure a piece of bark from some chestnut sapling,

form it skilfully into a vessel, and fill that additionally; and all this work is done in short time. Joy and satisfaction now beam from every countenance, and what matters it though the teeth are stained, and even the lips, and that not a little—the ruddy lips below, and cheeks like milk and blood, with the darker hues above, are all of nature's richest colors. No proud and lazy idlers are here, to intrude their foolish fashions, and insult the feelings of honest persons, by criticising their *outward* appearances.

Now the rich stores are gathered; but would they were at home already! To carry these full vessels for miles, and first of all to descend with them from the mountains, is no small task. A single misstep, a slide and tumble, would be ruination. As a precaution against such calamity, the pocket-handkerchiefs, still well needed for other purposes, are tied over the mouths of the vessels. Thus the lovely berries are hid for awhile from view, but only hid to be the more secure.

Now fairly in the descent, there is no time to look at the clouds or rocks above—every one must look to his feet and walk circumspectly. The minds are now turned homeward, and as eager as was every one formerly to reach the mountains, so eager are they now to leave them far behind. The spring is again graciously remembered, and made a short halting-place, to rest the weary limbs—a heavy trunk of a tree across the path, or broad smooth rock along the way, may answer the same purpose. Not a minute however is lost; with a determination which only the sturdy laborer knows, the journey is relentlessly pursued, until baskets and all are securely deposited on the broad kitchen-table at home. Then the scars and scratches are counted, and the galled feet released of heavy boots and shoes; the heads and faces washed and combed; the garments changed, and all things made comfortable.

Among a thousand you could pick out each member of that party, without a fail. The faces flushed, as though just come out of the harvest field, but a cheer in every mien, and a sparkle in the eye that declares unmistakably, "*we* were up in the mountains!" With proud satisfaction they point out in the distant horizon, the place where they ascended. The blue cliffs receive new endearment from the fact, that they were transcended and put under foot.

And now 'tis high time for dinner, and after such an excursion, an extra dinner must needs be served. Can it be a question, as to what shall mainly constitute that? Who cannot guess it? *Cream and huckleberries, sure!* And these served up, not in little scanty plates, that insult the appetite, but in a family dish, broad and deep, that boldly challenges exhaustion. Look once more at the party, as they enjoy the rich reward of honest labor! Who can imagine, for a moment, that they were not benefitted by the excursion, and indeed abundantly. Their nerves are made stronger, having had manly exercise; their lungs are enlarged, having breathed the pure mountain air; their minds are elevated, reflecting the glorious scenery of nature; their reverence and godly fear have increased, having beheld the grandeur of God's majestic works; brotherly love has received a new impulse, having mutually borne the trials and pleasures of a rugged journey. Make no disturbance, but let them eat and take their fill. Their meal will not hurt them; for they are eating, all eating, *huckleberries.*

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY THE EDITOR.

The May number of the GUARDIAN contains an article on "The Sunday School, or The Nursery of the Church." In it, we allege that the popular opinion of Robert Raikes being the founder of the first Sunday School, was incorrect. Our statement is based on two facts. The one that the Protestant Churches of Germany have had regular Sunday Schools on every Lord's Day, for a period of three hundred years. It is true, these were not conducted as our Schools now are. The pastor was the principal, indeed generally, the sole teacher. The catechism was the only text book, and the hymn book of the congregation was used by the children. In these, all the children of the congregation were instructed, and instructed well. Our second argument against the theory that Raikes started the first Sunday School, we derived from a current impression that a certain Ludwig Hacker started a Sunday School in connection with the Seventh Day Baptist Society, located at Lancaster county, Pa. As we had not the Records of this Society at hand, to which our esteemed correspondent refers, we relied for our authority upon "The Sabbath School Index," recently published, in many respects an excellent little work. A short time ago we met a venerable Christian brother, one of the earliest and most successful educators in Pennsylvania, and a tried friend of Sunday Schools. He took us gently to task for inadvertently perpetrating a historical blunder, stating that for more than half a century he had been familiar with the history and workings of the Ephrata Society; and that he could furnish the facts from the official records of this association, to prove that, as they observe Saturday, instead of Sunday as a day of rest, their school on our Sunday was to all intents and purposes a week day school. And hence that they could not claim the credit of starting the first Sunday School in this country in the true sense of the term. Our friend, however, fully agrees with us, in the opinion, that the principle and practice of Sunday School instruction was started in Germany, 200 years before Robert Raikes started his praiseworthy and blessed work in Gloucester, England. As our remarks in the GUARDIAN on this subject have been extensively copied by the secular and religious press, we feel it due to them and their readers, no less than to the cause of truth in general, to make this correction. We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following statement, which, at our earnest solicitation, our esteemed friend has furnished.

JUNE 25th, 1868.

MY DEAR BROTHER —In compliance with your request to give you some account, contradicting the opinion which prevails, that Sunday Schools originated at Ephrata, I will do so. If my memory serves me correctly, you published in the GUARDIAN that you had obtained information that a Sunday School was established as early as 1742, at Ephrata, long before R. Raikes commenced instructing children on Sunday.

That a school, justly called a Sunday School, existed at Ephrata as early as that period, is all correct, but the object thereof was not that which has ever been, and continues to be that of the Sunday Schools of the present century. Ever since the Association of Seventh-Day Baptists was formed at Ephrata, they have kept Saturday for their day of rest and worship, and have been very strict in the observance thereof; our Sunday they observe like any other week day, and pursue their different occupations. The school which they had in those days, was therefore conducted on Sunday as it was on any other day of the week, and children did not receive religious, but secular instruction. No doubt the old Fathers gave them occasionally some moral or religious advice, but this they did on any day of the week and did not confine it to Sunday. From their teaching school on our Sunday, originated the idea that the first Sunday School was established at Ephrata which is incorrect, and I have frequently made it my duty to tell congregations so, when I have spoken at anniversaries.

They have always been friends of education, and in early days, when the schools were few throughout the country, many children were sent to them from abroad. From their life of celibacy which they led, it is to be inferred they had but few children themselves, and the few that were there in those days were brought there by families which united with them. From their history we learn, that such as wished to live as man and wife were permitted to do so, but most of them were separated and lived in one or the other convent, of which there were four, called Zion, Kedar, Sharon, and Bethania. I am inclined to think that it was contrary to their views to give children early religious instruction. I may be mistaken, but I will give you some reasons. I once had a conversation with an estimable member of the Ephrata Society, on this subject. While with him, his little daughter came from school, which led me to make some inquiry about their academy. He told me it was prosperous, but at the same time not only he, but also his wife, lamented that they had no Sunday School. I replied, why don't you establish one? They answered, "we would do so, but our Elders will allow nothing of the kind." I then remarked, that it is said the old Fathers taught Sunday School, and would like to know whether they taught it on Saturday. "No," said he, "they never taught on Saturday, but on Sunday and that was nothing more than a common week-day school."

Since, I saw you last, I was so fortunate as to obtain a book which I long ago desired to have, called "*Chronica Ephratensa.*" It was published by the society at Ephrata, in the year 1786, and contains their History from 1720 until 1768. I have searched every page with the view of finding something relating to Sunday Schools, but not a word could I find; neither could I find anything relating to moral or religious instruction of the young except the following:

It appears some of the parents were too indulgent to their children and let them have "*worldly clothing,*" which caused them to be proud and vain and led them to laugh at the old Fathers, who appeared in their monastic dress. Conrad Beissel, their leader, who had assumed the monastic name of "Friedsam Gottrecht," and was also called "Father and Vorstcher," was much distressed about it, and to put a stop to it, determined to have a day of fasting and prayer on the 15th of March 1749. He preached an earnest sermon on the subject and the parents were requested to burn

all the worldly clothing they had provided for their children and provide them with plain garments. This it would seem, led to a kind of revival

Beissel, who was their leader or founder of the society, died in 1768. He is buried in the centre of their graveyard and his grave is covered with a large sand stone, and contains the following Epitaph.

Hier ruhet eine Ausgeburt der Liebe Gottes,
Friedsam.

Ein Einsamer, nachmals aber geworden ein Anführer, Aufseher und Lehrer der Einsamen und Gemeine Christi, in und um Ephrata. Geboren in Eberbach, in der Pfalz, genannt Conrad Beisel; entschlief den 6sten Julius 1768, seines geistlichen Alters 52 Jahr; aber des natürlichen 77 Jahr, 4 Monat.

Beissel's successor, was a certain Peter Miller, who was a German Reformed Minister, and had charge of a congregation about four miles from Ephrata. He was impressed with the piety of some of the Fathers at Ephrata, and united himself with them. He was a very learned man and translated the Declaration of Independence for Congress into seven different languages to send to foreign courts.

Your friend and brother,

——— ———.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

(1 Cor. xiii. 13.)

BY TEMPLETON.

Three stately towers stand,
  Prized for their rarity;
Built by no mortal hand—
  Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Faith mounts to heavenly height—
  The home God dwells within;
And turns to glorious sight,
  Our earthly vision dim.

Still Hope lags naught behind,
  Nor less her dome ascends,
Ere she's to regions climbed,
  Where full fruition blends.

But Charity above,
  Soars her twin sisters o'er,
That saints may ever love,
  When Faith and Hope's no more.

Three stately towers stand,
  Prized for their rarity;
The fairest of that band
  Is Christian Charity.

NO WASTE IN THE UNIVERSE.

What an economist is Nature, so made by God! She economizes even the light she so immensely possesses; catches it on the moon as a candle, after the sun has gone down, as we say, when he is but rising on other lands; and sends it inconceivably far to us from the stars. She economizes heat, equalizing it for the life and health of the whole world, by currents in the air and ocean and of the electric fluid. She economizes water, to answer a thousand successive important purposes, in a thousand different places, with the same drop. How nicely and carefully she sifts out its minutest portions from the briny sea, to cleanse the air and revive the plants at this season, to fill the springs, and paint the sky, and support all human life! How, with her mighty elemental agencies, she crumbles and bears down the barren rock from the mountains and hills, to fertilize, for boundless and endless crops, the valley and the plain! How she makes the ashes even of the dead spring into grass, and blossom into flowers! How, applying the same economy to crude mineral, from the gravel in the ground she distils a curious, delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the growing grain; though you may not think what perhaps cuts your hand to bleeding is this varnish of flint! How she saves every hair, particle, nail paring, and exhalation, to turn it to some account! How she converts ice, and the snow that manures the poor man's ground, into harvests for corn and wheat! How she nourishes her *vegetable* offspring, so that her *animal*, may not die of hunger! The roots of a shrub, thirsty for a supply that had been drawn aside by an artificial channel, have been known, in the resolution not to be defrauded, to find their way to the aqueduct under ground, and bore a hole through its soft wooden plug, that every fibre might drink its fill, as was divinely intended. To one who looks with a careless view on Nature, it seems as if everything with her were in extravagant excess. We quote the line about "many a flower born to blush unseen," and we talk of the floods that are poured away to no purpose. But a closer inspection corrects this error, and shows how frugal her utility, and perfect her order; enough, but "no room to insert a particle," however Art may rearrange her forms to educate and give scope to human power.

BREAD AND BUTTER.

The girl engaged in moulding butter
  Shall make some sweet-heart flutter,
With hope to get that dairy-maid
  To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
  Or French or German stutter,
If well she knows the curd from whey,
  And makes good bread and butter.

GOOD BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

GENESIS; OR, THE FIRST BOOK OF MOSES, together with a general theological and homiletical Introduction to the Old Testament, by John Peter Lange, D.D., Professor in ordinary of Theology in the University of Bonn. Translated from the German, with additions, by Prof. Tayler Lewis, LL.D., Schenectady, N. Y., and A. Gosman, D.D., Lawrenceville, N. J. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway. 1868.

THE TWO EPISTLES OF PAUL TO THE THESSALONIANS, by C. A. Auberlen, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology, late extraordinary Professor in Basel, and C. J. Riggenbach, Doctor of Theology, and Professor in ordinary in Basel. Translated from the German, with additions by John Lillie, D.D.

It is well-known, that the enterprising publishing house of Scribner & Co. have for several years past been engaged in issuing a translation of Lange's celebrated *Bibelwerk*. As chief American editor of this work, they wisely selected our esteemed friend, and preceptor, Dr. Philip Schaff, who called to his service, as colaborers in the translation of this commentary, a number of American divines of various evangelical denominations. The above volumes show that Dr. Schaff has been very fortunate in the selection of his assistants. It is said, none but a poet can translate and interpret a poet. It requires a Schiller to translate Shakspeare, a Longfellow to translate Dante. With equal truth it may be said, none but a theologian can translate a theologian. The translators of Lange belong to the ablest biblical scholars in this country. Each one has a special aptitude for the peculiar work assigned him. Tayler Lewis is without a superior in this country in Old Testament exegesis. He has made the book of Genesis a specialty during a large part of his studious life. These Six Days of Creation are in themselves a vast storehouse of biblical learning. In this department he has a European no less than an American reputation. He brought to this task of translating the first part of Genesis, the ripe fruits of his scholarship and the accumulated results of many years of earnest study. While engaged in this work, Dr. Lange is said to have awaited its completion in English with anticipating delight. And the result more than meets his most sanguine expectations.

The same may be said of the other translators. As a class we have never seen them excelled. The style of the original is very difficult to translate; yet they have succeeded to render it into clear English, without in the least marring or mutilating the sense of the author. Many American translators of German works make the ruling thought of their author a mere nose of wax. They inject their own notions in parentheses and foot-notes, to guard the readers against supposed heresies. Thus their translation becomes a mutilation. The translators of Lange are free from this sort of impertinent literary vandalism. With a sacred regard for the

sense of the text they not only aim to give the expressed view of the author, but the spirit underlying it. Their notes, which in themselves constitute a rich treasure of exposition, instead of aiming to demolish the position of the author, amplify and illustrate his thoughts. Two of the distinguished divines engaged on this work—Auberlen and Lillie—have entered into rest since its commencement. The latter soon after he had finished the translation of the two Epistles to the Corinthians. We regret to learn that several other translators have seriously impaired their health by overwork on this important enterprise.

We are happy to learn that the translators of this work are making encouraging progress. Matthew, Mark, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of James, Peter, John, and Jude, the book of Genesis, Corinthians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon and Hebrews—in all seven volumes—have already left the press. We learn that the well-known Edinburgh publishing house of the Clarks, after having issued a translation of their own, have ordered 1000 copies of Schaff's translation, on account of its superior merits.

History of the Christian Church, by Philip Schaff, D.D. Vols. II. and III., from Constantine the Great to Gregory the Great, A. D. 311–600. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., No. 654 Broadway. 1868.

The first volume of this Church History was published ten years ago. These two volumes are the result of ten additional years of labor. As the author says in his preface, to him it has been "a labor of love which carries in it its own exceeding great reward." Every page indicates that he is in love with his subject, and has a perfect mastery over his material. Church Histories, whilst they are generally instructive, are not always easy and pleasant to read. Mosheim's History is a work of great erudition, a mass of well-arranged facts, figures and names, but exceedingly dry; having the frame work of the Church's history, but lacking the warm glow of life. A marble statue, beautiful as the Apollo Belvidere, if you please, with as little vitality. Neander, "the father of Modern Church History," "a giant in intellect and a saint in piety," is brimful of learning, life and love. But his style is heavy and monotonous. And whilst Torrey's translation is able and faithful, it has always seemed to us that it retained too many of Neander's blemishes. It requires no inconsiderable degree of industry and strength of will to read the whole of Neander. Schaff, on the contrary, fascinates while he instructs. As a distinguished British reviewer has lately said: "His history reads like a historical romance." His pictures are not mere crayon sketches, but photographs, in which the features and opinions of men and of the ages, are clearly depicted. He bodies forth battles, dogmas and duties in living beings, who love, hate, hope and despair, as fallen human beings usually do. Under his pen eras and world periods unfold their thrilling scenes in panoramic form, where one is often made to imagine that he is himself an actor in the drama.

We have a special design in noticing the above books at this time. The readers of the Guardian are chiefly young people—young people thirsting for knowledge; whose views and characters are being formed and fixed. This is an age of much reading; famous for reading much and remembering little. The young have a passion for books—often merely for the possession of books, without the inclination carefully to read them

It is said that a certain Bavarian statesman once proposed to the Elector of Bavaria a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. This was simply the advice that they should be compelled to chew their food thoroughly. He said that by this means a small quantity thus eaten would afford more nourishment than a large meal hastily devoured. On the same principle, wise men have held that it is more nutritious to digest a page than devour a volume. Our advice is: Read less, read nourishing matter, and digest what you read. A half a dozen pages of Schaff's Church History, or three pages of Lange's Commentary, well masticated, will give you food and strength wherewith to travel over life's journey many days. A dozen volumes of this kind are a library in themselves; they are worth more for real substantial use than hundreds of the trashy popular books of the day.

These works are not simply adapted for the use of ministers. It is true, many German commentaries are above the comprehension of the laity. Olshausen, Ebrard and Gerhard abound too much in critical disquisitions and technical terms for the use of the "common people." But this English version of Lange is almost wholly free from these objections. Young people will find it to their great benefit to read the Scriptures with the aid of this work. They will find it to their benefit to read it now, when the memory is still retentive, and the heart more tenderly receptive.

In the Church History they learn how Christians lived, labored, rejoiced and sorrowed, fought and fell 1500 years ago. And by studying the lives and faith of the great men of those earnest times they will catch the inspiration which imbued them with such power. It will be a pleasing no less than profitable task. "For what can be more delightful and profitable than to revive, for the benefit of the living generation, the memory of those great and good men, who were God's own chosen instruments in expounding the mysteries of divine truth and in spreading the blessings of Christianity over the face of the earth." The above works can be had at Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York, and at S. R. Fisher & Co., 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, the Commentary at $5.00, and the Church History at $3.75 a volume.

ACROSTIC.

BY MALVINA.

Guide of a youthful pilgrim band,
Unto the bright celestial land;
Around thy walk may wisdom gleam,
Rare radiance from her holy beam!
Down life's meand'ring path thou'l't lead,
In light, and love, and joyous speed;
And, when at last the race is o'er,
No one shall falter evermore.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

The Guardian is deservedly popular. Its subscription list contains a respectable number of names. There is room, however, for the addition of others, and its merits entitle it to an increased circulation. Shall additional subscribers be forthcoming? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865, '66, and '67, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the Guardian, and send us the result?

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety, as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

OCTOBER,
1868.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS, PR.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—OCTOBER, 1868.—No. 10.

THE FRANKINCENSE-TREE.

BY I. K. L.

HEBREW, *Lebonah.* LATIN, *Boswellia serrata or thurifera.*

The frankincense of the Bible is a gum mentioned without any positive information as to the nature and characteristics of the tree that produces it, or as to the country of which it is a native. There is a great variety of opinions on this subject among ancient writers, many of whom evidently knew this tree only by hearsay, or the uncertain accounts of travellers. Some maintain that it is a product of India, whilst others, and among them Pliny, just as positively assert that it grows only in Arabia Felix, in the province of Saba, where a privileged class only have the right to touch it—a right descending by hereditary succession; for which reason the persons enjoying it are called "holy." Professor Hooker says that frankincense is the produce of *Juniperus lycia*, which does, however not appear to be a native of Arabia. Pliny too, seems not to know how to reconcile the conflicting accounts coming to his country concerning this tree and its gum. He says: Even the appearance of the tree is not agreed on. Theophrastus (we translate from an extract given by Winer) speaks of it thus: "They say that the frankincense tree is not large, being about five cubits high and full of branches; it has a leaf similar to that of the pear tree,* though smaller and very much like grass in color,† resembling the rue. The whole is as smooth-barked as the bay tree. Others again say that the frankincense tree is like the mastich tree, and the fruit like mastich berries, but the leaf is somewhat red." Diodorus Siculus says: "In size the tree is small, but in appearance somewhat like the white Acantha

*Some editors of Theophrastus read ἀρίᾳ instead of ἀπίῳ, which would make it "similar to the oakleaf."

† Pliny quotes this description from Theophrastus who flourished B. C. 371—286 —about 400 years before that naturalist.

(a thorny tree) of Egypt, but its leaves are similar to those of the willow, and it produces blossoms of golden hue."

There is a thorny tree or shrub growing on the mountains of Arabia, the leaves and fruit of which greatly resemble those of the myrtle. It produces a gum which passes under the name of frankincense, but which is much inferior in quality to the genuine gum of that name. Some writers maintain, that the genuine frankincense is not, and never has been, a product of Arabia; but that, growing in India, it was brought to Arabia by merchants, through whom it afterwards reached various countries of Europe. Modern researches have shown, that there are several varieties of frankincense, one coming from the countries bordering on the Red Sea and the other from India. That Arabia produces the frankincense is clearly taught by the prophets, and even the mode of conveyance is described by which it was brought to the Holy Land: "The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they *from Sheba* shall come: they shall bring gold and incense." Isaiah. lx. 6. "To what purpose cometh there to me incense *from Sheba?*" Jer. vi. 20. Many profane authors assert the same thing. Garcias *ab Horto* writes that there is a forest of frankincense trees in Arabia thirty miles long and fifteen wide. Strabo (Geog. l. 16, c. 4) says that Kattabania, a region of Arabia Felix, produces frankincense, and that it and other aromatics are exchanged with the merchants that visit that country. From Arabia it easily found its way to Palestine. When Alexander the Great had conquered Arabia, he sent a ship loaded with incense to Leonidas, his former tutor. That, however, was certainly not the only country that produced this precious substance.

In India frankincense is obtained from the *Boswellia thurifera*, a tree somewhat resembling the sumach, and inhabiting the mountains. It attains a good height, having pinnate leaves, the folioles or leaflets of which are "pubescent, ovate, acuminate and servate." The appearance of the tree was highly pleasing. Simon, the high priest, is said to be, "as the branches of the frankincense tree in the time of summer" Ecclesiasticus l. 8. It produces very small pale-brown flowers, disposed in simple axillary racemes. From incisions made in the trunk of the tree, a balsamic juice distils, which soon hardens into a gum-resin. This is the frankincense of commerce, or simply incense, called also *olibanum*. It comes to us in semi-transparent tears, of a pale-yellow or yellowish white color, and possesses a warm acrid, bitter taste. Its indurated drops or tears, the Greeks call *chondroi libanotou*, grains of frankincense, and the Latins *thuris manna*, or manna incense; and when it is crushed, *micathuris*, or crumb-incense. Levit. xvi. 21. That which is collected from young trees is beautifully white, pure and more efficacious than that which exudes from old trees, though the latter has the sweetest smell. Hence it is an appropriate emblem of moral whiteness and purity. Ps. li. 7; Dan. xii. 10.

The first incense is gathered, according to Pliny, about the rising of the dog-star in the most intense heat. Incisions are made into the bark where it is thinnest and full of juice. An unctuous foam bursts out which soon concretes. The incense which accumulates during Summer is gathered in autumn; it is the purest of all and is of a white color. The second gathering takes place in Spring, the incisions having been made in the Winter. This comes out red and is not to be compared with the other

incense. Theophrastus, from whom we translate freely, says: "In some cases the tree is wounded with an axe, and in others the incision is more lightly made. In the former case the tear (δάκρυον) falls off; in the latter, it adheres to the tree. Sometimes a mat of palm is laid under it. or the ground is simply beaten level and firm to keep the gum clean. That which adheres to the trees is scraped off with knives; wherefore also there is some bark in it."*

Ancient authors divided frankincense, according to its form, into several sorts. *Olibanum Indicum* came packed together in large lumps or masses of a bluish black color, sprinkled here and there with white and yellow spots. *Olibanum mammosum* was of a yellow color, and was so called because in distilling from the tree, one drop stopping short and another following close upon it, adhered to, and united with it, until the mass attained the form of a woman's breast. The *masculum*† appeared in small round grains, generally two together, of white or yellowish color. This is the sort which Dioscorides calls στᾶγονίας and says it holds the first place, being round by nature. The fourth sort was called *Orobias*, because the shape of its grains was like the seed of the vetch. The fifth was the *manna thuris* above noticed. An uncut piece of frankincense looks white, but having been crushed it is fatty within. When it is chewed, it excites the saliva and renders it white. Being very inflammable, it takes fire easily and burns with a bright strong flame, sending upwards heavy clouds of aromatic smoke. On this account it was employed in ancient temples, and still continues to be used in Catholic churches. Morning and evening, it was offered on the golden altar in the temple at Jerusalem, representing the prayers of the saints, and typifying especially the merits of our Redeemer Himself. Hence frankincense is often mentioned in the Bible, mostly in the Old Testament, because it forms a part of the sacrifices.

Frankincense has always been a valuable gum resin, and the frequent allusion to it by sacred and profane writers, in connection with gold, shows the importance attached to it. Among heathen nations it passed instead of money. Herodotus states, that the Arabs paid an annual tribute of one thousand talents of frankincense to Darius, king of Persia. As it was used in worship by the living and in the burial of the dead, there was always a great demand for it. The Chaldeans annually used 100,000 talents in sacrifices to their god (Baal). And Virgil says (Aen. 1 : 4 16): "A hundred altars burn with Sabaean frankincense in honor of Venus." Herodotus relates that the Phenicians anciently brought it into Greece, where it was used in the sacrifices. To show the value attached to it and the care that was taken to prevent foreigners from approaching the trees, by investing them with imaginary terrors, we need only relate what this same author writes on the authority of those who had marched against Egypt; namely: Winged serpents of small size and spotted skins, guarded the frankincense trees, a large number being around each tree. Neither can they be driven away by anything else than the smoke of the gum. (Herod.

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*See also Pliny N. H. l. 12: 32, on the manner of collecting it.

† We give in modest Latin the supposed derivation of this name: Masculum aliqui putant a specie testium dictum. Plin. N. H. l. 12: 32.

3 : 107.) But not only was it employed in the idolatrous rites of heathen worship, in which—

"Thuraque dant sanctis, et verba precantia flammis,"

using vast quantities to supply the altars of the gods, but large stores of it were consumed on the funeral piles of the dead, and in the luxurious extravagance of senseless men. The Romans, who burned their dead, used to place upon the funeral pile "gifts of frankincense,"* together with oil and other unctuous substances to accelerate its burning.

Whether the frankincense tree was ever cultivated in the Holy Land, it is difficult now to determine. From certain passages in Solomon's Song one might be led to suppose, that it had been introduced into the gardens along the hill sides of Jerusalem. "I will get me to the hill of frankincense," says Solomon. Cant. iv. 6 In "the garden enclosed," Solomon finds, besides pomegranates, with pleasant fruits and many spices, "all trees of frankincense." Cant. iv. 14. The first mention of this precious resin is in Exod. xxx; 34, where it appears as a constituent of the perfume "pure and holy," which the Lord commanded Moses to make, and to put it before the testimony in the tabernacle of the congregation. This was the sweet incense offered every morning and evening upon the altar made of shittim wood and overlaid with pure gold.† The use of it for any other than sacrificial purposes was strictly forbidden. "Ye shall not make to yourselves, according to the composition thereof: it shall be unto thee holy for the Lord. Whosoever shall make like unto that, to smell thereto, shall even be cut off from his people." Exod. xxx. 37, 38. Frankincense was also put on the meat offering, consisting of fine flour and oil, before it was offered for "a sweet savour unto the Lord." Levit. ii. 1. Its use was forbidden on sin offerings, Lev. v. 11, and offerings of jealousy. Num. v. 15. The show bread was perfumed with "pure frankincense," which clearly proves that the Jews were acquainted with the various qualities of this precious gum. Even then already counterfeiters may have been at work to deceive by their imitations. Hence the caution to the priests: "Ye shall offer no *strange* incense" (on the altar of incense). Exod. xxx. 9. We know that it was adulterated in Pliny's time, by being mixed with drops of white resin of an inferior quality. In the temple where so much of it was used, it was given into the special care of the Levites.

The offering of incense was an office peculiar to the Priests; others were not permitted to touch the golden censers. We read with awe the terrible punishment that came upon Korah, Dathan and Abihu for disregarding this prohibition. Numb. xvi. 5. What a sublime theme for the painter's pencil is Aaron with his censer standing between the dead and the living, and burning incense as an atonement for the people when the plague was begun; *and the plague was stayed.* Numb. xvi. 46–50.

On the great day of atonement the high priest took his censer and burnt incense as he entered the holy of holies, that the smoke which arose from it might prevent his looking with too much curiosity on "the mercy-

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* Thurea dona, Aen. 6. 225.

† It was a profane act to burn incense on an altar made of b ick or other base material. Isaiah lv. 3.

seat that is upon the testimony, that he die not." Levit. xvi. 13. While the incense was offering in the temple, the people prayed in the outer court and their prayers ascended with its sweet odors towards Heaven. It was in this service that Zacharias the priest was engaged, when the angel of the Lord appeared unto him and foretold the birth of John the Baptist. And the whole multitude of the people were praying without, at the time of incense. Luke i. 10. Thus incense has come to be a symbol of prayer. David says: "Let my prayer be set before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." Ps. cxli 2.

"Instead of offerings, let my prayer
Like morning incense rise:
My lifted hand supply the place
Of evening sacrifice."

"And another angel came and stood at the altar having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." Rev. viii. 3, 4. As already intimated, incense of some kind is still employed in the worship of the Roman Catholic Church. We trust we may say of them what Lactantius, the Christian Cicero, said of believers in the fourth century, namely: "To the smoke of incense they joined their prayers."

"Thuris suffitui preces adjungebant."

Of the articles which the Magi offered to the infant Saviour, and which "were common in the East, as being necessary to their worship," frankincense was one. How welcome must have been their gold, frankincense and myrrh to the poor Virgin Mother. It was a providential supply, which doubtless procured the means of subsistence for the Holy Family during their sojourn in Egypt. Having been brought by the Magi from the East, for the purpose of presenting it to the infant Saviour, whom they hailed as king, we may well suppose that it was of the best quality and consequently very valuable.

The associations connected with the incense daily offered in the temple service are especially interesting, because for many centuries previous to His coming, it prefigured, and pointed Old Testament believers to the *Great Sacrifice*, in the person of Jesus Christ

"The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour's face."

He, "after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, forever sat down on the right hand of God." Heb. ix. 4–28; x. 10–14. Christ having thus consecrated for us a new and living way, through the vail, that is to say, His flesh, it behooves us to draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience. Heb. x. 20–22. Glorious will be the day when the prophecy of Malachi shall have been fulfilled: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering: for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts." Mal. i. 11.

WHAT MAKES A LADY.

BY JOHN.

In this free, republican land of ours, woman enjoys many privileges. And we might search in vain, on the whole face of the globe, for a people or nation, where she is held in higher estimation than here.

Woman has a power in our land. She was a main instrumentality in shaping the happy destinies of this young nation. We would not now be a nation so great and so mighty, had it not been for the private influence of American woman. I say *private*—for it is well known that their influence is not so much seen, as it is felt.

It was the discreet religious training which Washington received from his mother, that, to a great extent, made him what he was. And many of the purest and best statesmen that have, at any time, graced our national council-chambers, received the moulding of their characters by the side of wise and prudent mothers.

In a country like ours, every woman should make it her specific and constant aim to act well her part. To do this she must aim to be a lady. Perhaps you say—"most certainly the majority of females all the world over *are ladies.*" I answer, emphatically, *no!* While every lady is a woman, not every woman is a lady. In many parts of Europe, and especially in England, the term lady is applied to every woman of distinction, more particularly to such whose husbands bear the title of Lord. In England, also, the title—lady—is given to any woman, whose husband is not of lower rank than a Knight, or whose father was a nobleman not lower than an Earl. But there have been many hundreds of these titled women, whose character and deportment have been the exact counterpart of what constitutes a real lady.

The term lady, in our country, is applied, often, to any well dressed woman. Especially is this the case among the plain and uneducated classes of society. Seeing a woman attired in rich and beautiful garments, they say: "O my, but she is a lady!" But alas! How delusive is often the outward appearance! How little of the real lady there may be, notwithstanding the costliest and most fashionable outward decorations.

It is said sometimes, also, by the uninitiated, and by those who are unacquainted with the definition of terms, when they see a woman who can afford to live without work: "O she is quite a lady; *she* need not work!" Again, you hear it said sometimes of a woman that *will not* work—"She wants to be a great lady; for she does not want to do anything at all.!" There can be no greater misapplication of terms and ideas than are presented in utterances like these. True, many a woman that can afford to live without work is no doubt a genuine lady, but it is not this exemption from labor that makes her one. Labor dignifies and ennobles a wo-

man as well as a man. And to suppose that any one is entitled to the name *lady*, only because she *will not* work, is to suppose a very blameable absurdity.

"What is in a name?" is a question once propounded by a poet. His answer was—"nothing!"

> "That which we call a rose
> By any other name would smell as sweet."

But the principle involved in this poetical sentiment is false. There *is* something in a name. There should always be an actual correspondence between the name and the thing named. In this respect the ancient Hebrews were peculiarly distinguished. Nearly all their proper names are significant words. The name generally expressed something in the inward disposition or outward circumstances of the possessors.

The term lady is very often inappropriately applied. *Birth* and *rank* cannot make one a *lady*. A daughter of the proud Empress of France, or of the exemplary Queen of England, might be as destitute of the chief elements of a lady, as the daughter of the poorest peasant in their realms. You need but look to the Queens of England, in the 16th century, to learn that the highest born are not always the highest examples of genuine worth. Mary, Queen of Scots, was a woman of keen perception, ready intelligence and irresolute will, but she was withal guilty of most monstrous crimes. With all her queenly titles and inherited honors she was not a lady.

Wealth cannot make one a lady. There is contingency about wealth which has nothing to do with moral or intellectual character. A woman as wealthy as the Queen of Sheba was, might after all, be wanting in every essential lady-like quality. Riches in themselves furnish no criterion by which we may measure the soul and judge of true character.

> "'Tis not the fairest form that holds
> The mildest, purest soul within;
> 'Tis not the richest plant that folds
> The sweetest breath of fragrance in."

The same is true of mental acquirements. We would not underrate education. It possesses a power which we cannot doubt. Its influence and happy effects are felt throughout the wide world. It is an indispensable auxiliary to the steady advancement of Christianity. Ignorance is generally dangerous to the well being of society; and for the sake of national prosperity and Christian progress is ever to be dreaded But a woman of high intellectual attainments, though in this respect she may stand beyond the power of criticism, yet this does not necessarily make her a lady. The very best education, when used for unholy purposes, becomes a curse to the possessor, and to all within the reach of its fatal influence.

Woman was born to humility and love. Where these qualities are not conspicuously characteristic no one can properly act her part in life or win the affections of those around her. It has been truly said: "The greatest influence on earth, whether for good or for evil, is possessed by woman." Every woman by her honor or her dishonor, by her wisdom or her folly, by her virtue or her vice, by her dignity or her levity, is daily adding something to the elevation or degradation of society. No good govern-

ment can be destroyed, nor can the peace of a community be overthrown, so long as woman fulfills her proper mission.

If you would be a lady, you must aim to be *useful.* Did you ever rightly weigh the peculiar significance and delightful import of that common word—*usefulness?* And did you, on the other hand, ever reflect upon the dark and fearful meaning of the word—*uselessness?* Now, to be useful, do not suppose that your sphere is too narrow and your stage of action too contracted. There is a false notion prevalent among some persons, that woman has too few rights and privileges, and that therefore she cannot make her influence felt. There are those who plead continually for woman's rights. Woman's rights! In an age as enlightened as this nineteenth century and in a country as blessed with heaven-born freedom as ours we need no apologists for woman's rights. She has her rights. Woman is in no sense a man. "As well might the dew assume the place of the shower, or the violet stand for the oak, or the soft evening zephyr attempt to perform the part of the hoarse thunder," as that woman should take the place of man. Woman has her rights. And though they are different from those of man, yet they are, on this account, no less great and sacred.

It is not woman's sphere to mount the rostrum and harangue an audience with a political speech, or to enter the pulpit and preach a sermon. This would be contrary to the spirit of womanly humility. In place of calling these woman's *rights*, they should be called woman's *wrongs.* It is in proportion as a woman becomes masculine that she ceases to be a true woman. The proper sphere of woman is *home.*

"'Tis not to lead the battle on,
'Tis not to till the soil,
'Tis not to sit upon a throne,
Or share the victor's spoil;

"'Tis not to speak in congress halls
Or on the sea to roam,
No, none of these are woman's rights,
'Tis hers to *rule at home.*"

You cannot be a lady as long as your heart is not full of love. Unless a womans actions declare the love of her heart as unmistakably as the heavens declare the glory of God, she cannot properly know or fulfill her mission. Woman was born to love, and when this virtue is not prominent in all she does, she becomes false to her nature. Were all hearts full of love as God designed they should be, how happy a world we would have! Every thing around us would be attractive and lovely.

"There is beauty in the forest
Where the trees are green and fair,
There is beauty in the meadow
Where the wild flowers scent the air,
There is beauty in the sunlight
And the soft blue sky above,
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the *heart is full of love.*"

Kindness and benevolence enter into the essential elements of a true lady. An unkind and ungenerous woman is always dreaded. A lady will

be kind to all around her. She will treat with becoming respect all that come within the circle of her influence. Her words are words of tenderness and all her deeds sparkle with the glitter of affection. To the rich and great, she is courteous and affable; to the poor and lowly, she is charitable and condescending. She rejoices with the joyful, she weeps with the weeping, she sympathises with the sorrowful, she is a friend to the friendless. It is the *gentleness* of a woman that helps to make her great. No one can be a lady, if she is not gentle. A lady conquers by submission. Her smiles are winning. Her tears melt the stoutest heart. Her characteristic patience vanquishes the most imposing obstacles. Her desire is always to dispense happiness around her, and in making others happy she is happy herself. In duty she is determined, in temptations she is watchful, in trials she is patient, in bereavement she is submissive, to friends she is friendly, to enemies she is forgiving. A lady's dress is neat and beautiful without being ostentatiously gaudy or unbecomingly gay. She always thinks well before she speaks. She is wise in counsel, prudent in example, and truthful in all things. Her manners are refined without being tinctured with affectation. It is her constant aim to make every one happy and easy in her presence.

A lady will not stoop to anything wrong or mean. She will not condescend to compromise with the world's delusive follies. She will not pry into the secrets of others. And just here I will quote a few lines which I confess contain more truth than poetry.

"Would you like to know the secrets
  Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, and how he doesn't,
  And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
  Whether sorrowful or gay;
And where he goes for pleasure
  In the evening or by day;
If you wish it, I will tell you;
  Let me whisper to you sly,
If your neighbor minds his business
  It is *not your business why.*

In short, instead of prying
  Into other folks' affairs,
If you do your *own* but justice,
  You will have no time for theirs:
Be attentive to such matters,
  As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters
  Let your business be your own;
One word, by way of finis
  Let me whisper to you sly,
If you wish to be respected
  You must never be a pry."

A real lady takes no selfish advantage of a person's mistakes. She never looks disdainfully upon others, only because their position in life may be inferior to her own. She never pouts, nor flirts, nor flatters. She is not one thing to your face. and another at your back. She never goes into fitful passions on account of mere trifles. She never laughs and whispers

during religious worship. She never reads a letter or a paper not meant for her eye. You may trust her out of sight, near the thinnest partition or anywhere you please. She never undertakes to live beyond her circumstances, nor does she aim to be more than she really is.

We are willing to admit, that there are more real ladies to be met with than real gentlemen. And the reason of this is, because there are more *Christian women* than *Christian men.* It is after all only the truly religious woman that makes the true lady. And here let me say, that, in a country such as ours, where the sun of religious freedom pours forth his genial rays, and where the light of Christian revelation is so clear and inviting, there can be no excuse for a want of religion in any one. And without this you cannot be true to yourself or to others. A young woman may be gifted with extraordinary talent, she may possess a high order of education. she may be schooled in all the forms and technicalities of modern etiquette, she may be winning in her manners, attractive in her person and features, courteous and agreeeble in her deportment; and yet without the sweet, soothing, tranquilizing and life-giving power of Christianity in her heart, she cannot be a genuinely true woman—she is not a real lady.

Christianity alone is the actual criterion of true worth. It pacifies and rejoices the heart, it directs us in the proper pathway of duty, it consoles in the hour of distress, it stifles the cry of pain, it arms us against sin and Satan, it imparts a martyr-courage to the humblest spirit, it clothes us in the beautiful robes of righteousness, and makes us fit companions for the saints of all ages in the happy home of heaven.

Religion adds new beauty to your features, lights up the dark chambers of your heart, and wins for you the love of mankind and the approbation of God. What a holy and matchless loveliness does the religion of Jesus throw over female character! Piety is your best and finest polish. A truly pious and consistently religious woman cannot fail to be a benefactress to her race and a blessing to the age in which she lives. And this is the picture of *a Lady.*

THE KING OF THE CRADLE.

BY J. A. S.

Draw back the cradle-curtains, Kate,
  Whilst watch and ward you're keeping:
Let's see the monarch lie in state,
  And view him whilst he's sleeping.
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand,
  As sunbeams in come streaming;
A world of baby-fairy land
  He visits while he's dreaming.

Monarch of pearly powder-puff
  Asleep in nest so cosy,
Shielded from breath of breezes rough
  By curtains warm and rosy;

He slumbers soundly in his cell,
As weak as one decrepid,
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,
And Knight of Bath that's tepid.

Ah, lucky tyrant! happy lot!
Fair watches without number
To sweetly sing beside his cot,
And hush him off to slumber;
White hands in wait to smooth so neat
His pillow when it's rumpled,
On couch of rose-leaves fresh and sweet,
Not one of which is crumpled!

Will yonder dainty dimpled hand—
Size, nothing and a quarter—
E'er clasp a sabre, lead a band
To glory and to slaughter?
And, may I ask, will those blue eyes—
In baby *patois* "peepers"—
E'er in the house of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speaker's?

Will that fair brow o'er Hansard frown,
Confused by lore statistic?
Or will those lips e'er stir the town
From pulpit ritualistic?
Impossible, and yet, mayhap –
Though strange, quite true it may be—
Perhaps Nero once was fed on Pap,
And Beales was once a baby.

Though rosy, dimpled, plump and round,
Though fragile, soft and tender,
Sometimes, alas, it may be found
The thread of life is slender!
A little shoe, a bitten glove—
Affection never waning—
The shattered idol of our love
Is all that is remaining!

Then does one chance, in fancy, hear
Small feet in childish patter,
Tread soft as they a grave draw near,
And voices hush their chatter;
'Tis small and new, they pause in fear,
Beneath the gray church tower,
To consecrate it by a tear
And deck it with a flower.

Then take your babe, Kate, kiss him so,
Fast to your bosom press him!
Of mother's love what does he know?
Though closely you caress him.
Ah! what a man will that boy be,
What mind and education!
If he fulfills the hope and joy
Of mother's aspiration.

POLICY AND PRINCIPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"When iniquity abounds, the love of many shall wax cold." It is a peculiarity of many earnest minds, that they deem the people of their own age more wicked than those of any preceding one. At the coming of Christ, even Pagan historians deplored the general depravity of the Roman people, and predicted the coming of a great world-change. In the middle ages, at the Reformation, and down to the present, the wail evermore recurs, "we have fallen on evil times." True, there is a great deal of human nature in man, all the world over; a great deal of *bad* human nature. And the same nature pervades nations; has from the beginning, does now, and ever shall do, at least, to the world's coming end. But the sins howling immediately around us, naturally engross our attention more than those of other climes and other times. At a distance of twenty-five hundred years, Athens and Sparta seem faultless models of national purity. But the authors of that day thrash their vices as furiously as ours do those of the nineteenth century.

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

Still, that other people have been equally wicked, does not make us any better, though some persons derive a kind of malicious comfort in having others in the same bad boat with themselves. As a certain farmer, who complained to his pastor that his crops were a total failure, exclaimed: "Thank God, my neighbor Jones' crops are as total a failure as mine." Beyond a doubt, the American is a great nation. We drive furiously up hill and down hill, nationally speaking. We grow fast in evil and in good. Intelligence spreads rapidly, and so does corruption. The line applied to Bacon, may without a figure be applied to the present American nation: "The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind." The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint. It is said that during the later decline of the Roman Empire, the Roman augurs, sacrificing at pagan altars, could not look each other in the face without laughing. And many a Mephistophelian laugh have the politicians and office-holders of our day, over the fools who believe in principle, and the dupes who give them power. Their principle is, how to thrust their greedy hands into the nation's crib. Of the corruptions of this heaven-favored country, the half has never been told, and never will be till the Judgment Day. We are prepared to hear the worst, if that be possible. Nothing can surprise us any longer. "Cotton speculations," "whisky rings," "bank defaulters" —these are saintly transactions compared with the next startling piece of

rascality. The greater the scoundrel, the more likely his acquittal. Indeed, in America, it is much safer to steal twenty-thousand dollars than a barrel of flour. Every aspirant for office has his price; must have or he will never get it; and having, can never keep it. From the petty town Constable to the Senator, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, there is naught but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores, which have neither been bound up, nor mollified with ointment.

To us no country is so dear as our own native land.

> "With all thy faults I love thee still,
> And I can feel thy follies too."

This affection makes us jealous of her moral purity and honor. But the passion has produced a panic, the disease has become epidemic. We are declaiming against European aristocrats, and are burning incense to brainless oil-kings and a shoddy nobility with sycophantic devotion. We howl against the crowned monarchs of Europe, as the tyrants and curse of poor men, and at home we bow the knee of freemen to uncrowned and corrupt demagogues, proudly seated on the pedestal of robbery and plunder.

This is a dreary picture, but a true one. Every earnest mind must see how success takes the place of principle. Money threatens to become the tutelar deity of the American people. Any and every pursuit in life commends itself to the popular judgment in proportion as it pays. With all thy getting, get money—is the great motto. And if you cannot get that, you are a fool or a lamentable failure. He that aims below one hundred thousand dollars; who stops short of a coach and two, if not four, lacks one of the cardinal principles of our free institutions.

Work is below par. It is not decent. If you must work, in the holy name of progress, work by stealth; especially since stealing is the rule in certain quarters, and no longer the exception. Beware of learning a trade. It is degrading. Woe is to the young man that learns to make a good shoe, or a nicely fitting coat. Shun the awl and needle. They'll peg or sew you to the dress of society. Ye servants, quit working. Why should a girl work as a servant, even though she thereby gets good wages and a kind home? Better do without bread and decent clothing, only so you need not work for other people. The girls of America are getting very wise. Everybody has trouble to get house help, and the end is not yet. Ye farmer boys and girls, flee from your father's farms as you would flee from the pestilence. Alas, what a misfortune that you are the children of parents, who were given to the boorish habit of ploughing and reaping their own fields, and honestly paying their debts. Beware of the plough handle; beware of the milk pail, the wash tub, and the dough-trough. What a horrid idea that you should be degraded by contact with such undignified labor! Learn to live fast. Read novels, drive fast teams, drink whisky, run up jewelry bills, but don't pay them; in short, act the b'hoy. Hasten to the city. It is a disgrace to breathe the pure air and eat the sweet bread of the country. Get into "business"—any business of buying and selling, shaving and shirking duty; get into a clerkship, or become a Schenkwuth. Anything but honest manly work with your hands. Start an anti-working society.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God," but in some quarters a character of great rarity. One day Diogenes, with a lighted lantern in

hand, walked the streets of Athens in broad day light, apparently in search of something. "What are you seeking?" was the question asked on every hand. "*A man,*" was his reply, saying he had found children in Sparta and women in Athens, but men he had never seen. At another time he called out as he walked along: "Approach, all men." But when the citizens drew near he beat them back with a stick, saying: "I called for men, but ye are filth." In the estimation of many good people, there is a dearth of manhood and manners, in our age and country. Doubtless, partly the result of the late war. For all wars, while they call forth and develop many noble traits of character, poison public morals, and scatter the prolific seeds of corruption along their track. Not that we are just now of all nations the most unprincipled. We still try to believe that the right is in the ascendant. Evil is always more demonstrative than good. A congregation may have a hundred good people, who not only regularly worship God in public and private, but who, in their quiet way, forgive and are kind to their enemies, feed the poor, visit the sick; in short, who are in the full sense consistent Christians, and yet the knowledge of their piety is confined to a small circle. Few people ever think or speak of what these hundred Christian neighbors are, and of what they are doing. But let one member of a congregation, or of a community, perpetrate a fraud, and all the world will know and talk about it. This conspicuity of sin gives a dreary and depressing aspect to the morals of the country. Many a one feels as felt Elijah, that virtue has become extinct, and like him overrates the power and extent of human corruption. Instead of one, there are seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. While this consideration teaches us to guard against taking too gloomy a view of things, it no less shows the educational power of prominent vices. As in the days of Isaiah: "The leaders of this people cause them to err; and they that are lead of them are destroyed."

Public opinion is educational. When this accords with the teachings and spirit of the Scriptures, it will restrain and rebuke vice, and commend and cultivate virtue. But when public opinion is depraved, it tends to drag people down to its own damning level. When the masses of a community laugh at a well-told and embellished lie; when people of known Christian profession admire the shrewdness of the man, who can commit a fraud or theft without being punished; when everybody flatters and fawns on men, who, in a few years, have risen from poor day-laborers to millionaires, whose legitimate salaries all this time did not amount to ten thousand dollars, the bulk of whose wealth must unquestionably have been stolen somewhere; when men of known voluptuous habits, can seduce the unguarded victims of their lust, or bring dishonor upon their wives and children, by leading a libidinous life with base and wanton women, without losing their cast in respectable society; when all this can be and is done, we need scarcely wonder at the corruptions, which almost every day reveals, in our commercial and social life. Well may parents feel a deep concern for their children, and the young and inexperienced be filled with painful anxiety.

A short time ago, we received the following note from some one in Maryland:

"I wish you would write an article for the "Guardian," on the value and importance of good principles in the young.

"A SUBSCRIBER OF THE GUARDIAN."

In sooth a solemn subject, whose earnest and truthful discussion just now is greatly needed. *Principle?* What is it?

The visitor to Sing-Sing prison, New York, will notice among the shoemakers of that dreary establishment, a young man, in prison apparel, sitting on his bench making shoes. Five years ago he was one of the rising men of New York, the son of a wealthy banker, who mingled with the Wall Street and Fifth Avenue gentry. With a fabulous income, he wanted and needed more. His resources were inadequate to his high style of living. He needed more money to keep up his parade of coaches, parties, and ruinous luxuries. He defrauds his patrons, and even his own father, and brings undying dishonor upon his parents and family. Thenceforth the name of Ketchum will attach immortal infamy to his family. What brought him to Sing-Sing? A want of principle.

Ten years ago a certain business firm, in an inland town of Pennsylvania, failed. It was composed of two members, both consistent members of the Church. They were both kind hearted men, regarded everybody as honest as themselves. Among their patrons were many laboring people, some of them dishonest laborers. With many a pitiful tale did purchasers burden the tender hearts of these two men. They sold a mass of goods on credit, out of sheer mercy, till their books were crowded with unpaid, worthless accounts. Then came a depression in business. A large number of their creditors deceived or defrauded them. They failed, but failed as honest men. They both returned to honest labor, the one to a clerkship. He might have made an assignment of his property to his wife, or resorted to some other trick to evade the claims of his creditors, as so many do—as not a few had done with him. By severe economy he managed to support his family, and save something every year toward the payment of his debts. Thus toiled he amid much bodily affliction, during ten years past. Last Spring, he told us, "Thank God, I am just now paying my last debts. I cannot describe to you the pleasure I feel in being able honestly to pay all my creditors." A month ago he died; died in peace. For he had, during all these trying years, been an earnest Christian, and of late years an active elder in the Church—a man of faith and prayer and godly living. Though a poor man, the rich and intelligent gathered with tearful eyes around his bier. The large church was crowded with mourning friends and neighbors. On every side the remark that day was made: "Truly he was a good man." He left nothing to his family but his good name. And that unsullied by a dishonest act, is a richer legacy than millions of perishable wealth. Now what sustained this brother during ten trying years of almost hopeless endeavors to pay his debts? Reverence for and faith in that which is right, and honest and of good report with God and men. In other words, *Principle.*

We are not surprised that our unknown friend wishes us to write on this subject. The reign of Sham-ocracy, the rule of hollowness, is filling many hearts with serious alarm. A number of professedly earnest persons start a temperance organization. In hot haste, and with boisterous zeal, they start the work of reformation; fighting liquor sellers and liquor drinkers, and everybody who chooses to contend against intemperance in what he may deem a better way. In a very short time, the leaders of the

movement take each other by the hair, and call each other hard names, in the papers. Why? Rumor says that one party feared the other would acquire the most political profit from the organization. Instead of contending for the principle of temperance, as they pretended before the public, they got up the enterprise whereon to ride into office. Political place, and not principle, was their object.

Even the Church is not wholly free from this concealed dishonesty. Sift the motives of a large class of pew-holders and church members, and you will find that they support and encourage the Church of Christ for the same reason, that they support a Fire or Life Insurance Company, or an Odd Fellows' Lodge. The politician needs votes, the lawyer clients, the merchant customers. There is a certain propriety in the expectation. Members of the same congregation ought to support one another; ought to buy from their own merchants, employ their own lawyers and doctors, and vote for their own candidates for public favor, provided always these respective parties show themselves worthy of such support. But then, that people should join and belong to the Church of Christ for this concealed purpose, is a humiliating thought. Policy, and not principle, is the motive of a large class of pretended Christians—a class most lamentably unreliable; who will support no enterprise which may threaten them the loss of a penny or of a friend.

Principle always pays in some form or other. It is worth living for. Paul knew nothing but Christ, and Him crucified. And for him that meant a great deal. He could do all things through Christ, who strengthened him. Humanly speaking, it would have been policy for him to abstain from preaching. In this way, he might have evaded years of poverty, imprisonment, and his cruel death. But what was all this to him, compared with the principle which governed him?

It is worth dying for. So thought Polycarp. In his old age, during the persecution under Marcus Aurelius, he was seized and brought before the pro-consul at Smyrna. "Curse Christ," said his tormentor. The grand old man replied: "Six and eighty years have I served Him, and He has done me nothing but good, and how could I curse Him, my Lord and Saviour. If you would know what I am, I tell you frankly I am a Christian." At these words, the infuriated populace cried out, that he should die at the stake, where he triumphantly breathed his last amid the flames of martyrdom.

Shun all shams, my young friend. Learn to distinguish between policy and principle—good principle. Read good books, not to appear wise, but to become wise. Do good; not because it will gain you popularity, but because it is right. "Obey your parents in the Lord." Why? "For this *is right*." (Eph. vi. 1). Be a faithful church member, from principle. As an honest person, you solemnly pledged yourself to be this. You of your own choice stand committed to Christ. He is the fontal principle of all good. You are His. Be true to Him for His sake, and you shall be saved. Be active and faithful in His Church.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

MAN is naturally a social being. He craves society and sympathy, and is not happy without them. Some of the poets have, indeed, sung *the charms of solitude*, but few have experienced them in their own persons. Had they been compelled to live for years, like Alexander Selkirk, on a bleak rock in mid-ocean, cut off from all human sympathy, they, too, would have exclaimed, in the language attributed to him by Cowper:

> "O solitude! where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?
> Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
> Than to reign in this horrible place."

There are, however, two kinds of solitude: "The one," says Robertson, "consists of being alone in space, the other of being alone in spirit."

The first of these is sometimes pleasant. We become wearied of the turmoil of the town, and long, especially at the present season,

> "—— for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach us more."

It would be pleasant and healthful, I think, to escape for a time from the constraints of society; to follow St. Peter's example, perchance, and to go fishing to the lakes or to the sea-side; and "pleasing one's own self, none other to displease."

There is, however, another kind of loneliness—the loneliness of the heart—which may exist in the crowded city as well as in the trackless wilderness. There is, indeed, no solitude so hopeless as that of the stranger in a large city. How stolid and unsympathetic seem the faces of the crowd, through which we push our way! Every one seems to be in a hurry—running a race, perhaps, for wealth or fame—and no one has time to devote a single thought to the lonely brother at his side.

Last winter an Italian boy died of cold and starvation, on the door-step of the palace of one of the merchant-princes of New York. Poor boy! He must have felt, indeed, what it is to be alone and friendless in a strange city, far away from the orange groves and olive orchards of his native land. His requests were not understood, his groans unheeded; he could but die. We cannot help thinking of the words of a local poet:

> "God help me!" cried the poor boy;
> And the rich man said, "Amen!
> So the poor boy *died* at the rich man's door;
> God *helped* the poor boy then!"

Is it a wonder that men, when oppressed by loneliness of spirit, yearn for some visible bond of brotherhood? and that, consequently, charitable and benevolent associations have been established among us, whose object it is "to conciliate true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance; and to relieve their suffering brethren, to sympathize with their misfortunes, to compassionate their miseries, and to restore peace to their troubled minds?"

Far be it from us, to use harsh words of condemnation with reference to these organizations. We have no prejudice against them. Charity is certainly the greatest of the Christian graces; and we are ready to acknowledge, with reference to every truly charitable society, that "he who is not against us, is for us."

Yet, after all, we cannot resist the conclusion, that these powerful organizations do not fully accomplish the objects of their institution. They build magnificent halls; but they are for the advantage and enjoyment of a privileged few. Their influence extends but indirectly to the community in which they live; and where have we ever heard of their going forth by the direction of their fraternity to civilize distant nations and cause "the wilderness to blossom as the rose?"

There is, however, another society which accomplishes all these objects, and is, therefore, as much superior to all these human associations as the glorious sun is superior to a twinkling star. This is the Church of Christ, of which the Scriptures say, that she is "bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

It seems to us, that the members of the organizations to which we have referred, are in danger of forgetting, that their orders are at best but satellites that revolve around the great luminary of grace. It will, therefore, be profitable to consider the great truth, that

THE CHURCH IS THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

The Church is indeed far more than a mere society or brotherhood. It is rather a supernatural order of grace; a kingdom of Heaven; a Divine organism, of which Jesus Christ is the head—"the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." But, on this occasion, we prefer to consider her, from a purely human point of view, as the universal society, of which we become members by faith and the use of the Sacraments. We believe we are justified in taking this view of the subject by many passages of Holy Writ. Thus, for instance, St Paul, writing probably from Ephesus, a magnificent Grecian city of Asia Minor, assures the congregations of the semi-barbarous country of Galatia, that they need not fear contemptuous treatment on the part of their brethren of Grecian or Jewish descent; for "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are *all one in Christ Jesus.*"

Considering her, then, in this light, we remark—

1. *That the Church is the most ancient Society.*

Human institutions are fond of appearing ancient. Like wine, they are supposed to improve by having the flavor of antiquity. The governments of Europe would not willingly resign, as fabulous, a single fragment of their early history; their cities and abbeys almost all have legends of pre-historic times; and even in this country we find many *families*, who delight in a long ancestry, and who not only

—— "trace the tale
To that dim spot where records fail,"

but who even twine a thread of fable to extend it still further. In a new country like ours, pretensions to special antiquity are generally easily exposed, and are, therefore, not so frequently made; but have you ever noticed how ancient all our secret orders pretend to be? Some of these—whose public history hardly dates back a score of years—have already a tradition that embraces a period of many centuries. If you trust their *cabala*, they are the lineal descendants of the ancient Druids; or of the American Red Men of the Forest; or of the Crusaders; or of Cæsar's army; or of the builders of Solomon's temple; or of some other celebrated personages whose history is equally remote.

Now we are not surprised that certain families or societies should lay claim to great antiquity. A long history challenges our reverence. We feel instinctively, that there must be something good in that which has existed for many years; that has stood firm and fast while nations have fallen, and cities returned to dust and ashes.

We do not say that all the societies, to which we have referred, are of modern origin. Some of them, we know, have a long history. The Masonic fraternity, for instance, is, in a certain sense, a continuation of the *guild of architects* that built the great cathedrals of the middle ages; but it has been several times re-organized, and its connection with operative masonry ceased in the year 1717. In fact, we feel justified in saying, that not a single secret order of the present day has existed in anything like its present form more than two hundred years, and most of them for less than half a century. The long traditionary stories that are related to their members, prove nothing in opposition to the statements of history. It is probable, indeed, that societies existed at a very early day; but this does not prove that those of the present age are their legitimate heirs and successors.

But, suppose we grant everything that has been claimed in behalf of the orders to which we have referred, have you ever reflected, that the Church of Jesus Christ is, undoubtedly, vastly more ancient than any one of them. The Scriptures contain the only rational history of the early ages of the world; and all that antiquarians can discover is, if rightly understood, but a confirmation of Holy Writ. The Church itself, as the Catechism teaches us, extends "from the beginning to the end of the world." The wonderful facts connected with its origin, we are told, "did not occur in a corner." Its history is clear, and may be read of all men. Nor is the Church of such a nature, that it can hide its head in times of danger; it must bear the brunt of every battle. Its early leaders almost all died the death of martyrs. The persecutions of its members have been innumerable. Old civilizations have passed away, and a new one has arisen in their stead. One kingdom, one dynasty, after the other, has disappeared—

"Yet still God's throne stands firm and high;
His Church forever must abide."

Here is *real* antiquity! Here is true permanence amid the vicissitudes of time. Does not every rolling year anew exemplify the truth of our Saviour's assertion, that His Church is built upon a rock, and that "the gates of hell shall never prevail against her?"

2. *The Church has had more eminent members than any human society.*

Human associations are fond of recounting the names and deeds of their most celebrated members. It is natural that they should do so; for it appears likely that the road which has been trodden by the great and good, should lead in the right direction. So universal is this desire for the favor and assistance of the great and good, that certain literary societies elect all the eminent men of the country *honorary* members, without ever consulting them. I have often wondered whether it was in this way that David and Jonathan, Solomon, John the Baptist, John the Evangelist, and a host of others, became members of the associations which claim them as their own.

Of one thing, however, I am certain, and that is, that all these great men were members of the Church of God. The brightest lights of every age have shone within the temple. Christ himself is the light that has come into the world, "So that whosoever believeth in Him should not abide in darkness." Fortunately, no human society has ever been so irreverent as to claim the Saviour as one of its members. Considered even from a merely human point of view, He is the crown of the human race, and stands on the heights of celestial glory, unequalled and alone.

But coming down the history of the Church, as it flows like a stream from its Divine fountain, we pass the "noble army of martyrs," the most illustrious examples of true heroism that the world has ever seen. Then we come to the early Fathers, of whom one of the most learned men of modern times, the late Isaac Taylor, says: "These fathers, thus grouped as a little band by the objectors, were some of them men of as brilliant genius as any age has produced; some commanding a vigorous and flowing eloquence; some, an extensive erudition; some conversant with the great world; some whose meditations had been ripened by years of seclusion; some of them the only historians of the age in which they lived; some, the chiefs of the philosophy of their age; and if we are to speak of the whole as a body of writers, they are the men who, during a long period of deepening barbarism, still held the lamp of knowledge and learning, and, in fact, afford us almost all we can now know intimately of the condition of the nations surrounding the Mediterranean, from the time of the extinction of the classic fire, to the time of its rekindling in the fourteenth century. The Church was the ark of all things that had life during a deluge of a thousand years." Is it necessary that we should illustrate this truth by further historical examples? Consider for a moment whose names do the better classes of mankind delight to honor? Are they not the names of Christians? Bolingbroke, Volney, Voltaire and Thomas Paine were great men in their day and generation; but history has, in their cases, fulfilled the saying of the Scriptures, that "The memory of the wicked shall rot."

Some time ago, the present writer was introduced to a great-granddaughter of the celebrated French infidel, Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is understood, that she does not at all glory in her descent, and would prefer that no reference to it should be made in her presence. Suppose she were a descendant of Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Washington, or of any other eminent Christian, do you suppose she would be ashamed to acknowledge the relation? Here we have an infallible criterion of true eminence, and, tried by such a test, it must be acknowledged, that the most eminent men and women of all ages have all been members of the Church of Christ.

3. *The Church is the most comprehensive society.*

There is no other society on earth that includes all classes and conditions of men. Most of them are local; many receive members only from a single sex; and they generally refuse to admit cripples and slaves. In all these respects, there is a marked contrast between the Church and every human society. The Lamb's bride is ready to embrace all who desire communion with their Lord. Here we have the only realization of the great idea of human brotherhood. Even now, the Gospel of Peace and fraternity is preached to men in more than two hundred languages. "And this heavenly creation," says Bascom, "contains within itself the principles of boundless increase, and shall spread through every clime and under every sky, until the voices of piety, the harps of Zion and the hymns of her joy, shall everywhere fling to the bending heavens and the listening earth their sweet and varied melody."

It must have appeared a strange message, when St. Paul informed the Christians of Galatia, that "All are one in Christ Jesus." But it is more wonderful still, that, after eighteen hundred years, the Church should still bear upon her brow the laurels of peaceful triumph and imperishable glory. The prophecy of the dying patriarch is still constantly fulfilled—Shiloh still gathers the people to himself—and thousands are daily admitted to the general assembly of the first-born.

4. *The Church contains the profoundest mysteries.*

Many societies claim to be in possession of secrets which they guard most jealously. We would be far, indeed, from denying their claim, seeing that most of us have no means of arriving at an intelligent conclusion. We believe that, in most cases, the societies to which we refer, are in possession of a beautiful ritual, which they keep strictly secret; but we do not think there is a single one among them, that claims to be possessed of secrets that would benefit the world in general, if they were divulged to-morrow.

There is a greater mystery in the Church—a mystery to which we can admit no rival. To the worldly it may seem strange, that we should claim mysteries for the Church, when there is nothing in it, that we are not anxious to promulgate to all the nations of the earth. And yet, we ask, Is not the very foundation of the Church a mystery—the mystery of God, made manifest in the flesh? We may speak as much as we choose about the incarnation, it will nevertheless remain a mystery, which flesh and blood can never comprehend. The whole work of mediation and redemption, we are told, is so mysterious, that the very angels desired to fathom its wonders. The same may be said with reference to the Church and her sacraments, which are organically related to Christ, and derive all their efficacy from Him To him who acknowledges no mystery in the kingdom of God on earth, the washing with water and the breaking of bread must appear the vainest of empty formalities. But the true Christian looks beneath the surface. He believes the words of his Saviour; and therefore knows that, by faith and the use of these blessed sacraments, he becomes really and truly united to the mystical body of his arisen Lord. Hence comes the fearful solemnity of Christian ordinances. The minister, though he feels his personal insignificance, knows that he is "the steward of the mysteries of God," and hence delights to "magnify his office." The humblest Christian acknowledges at the altar

that he, though a mere atom in the boundless creation of God, has, nevertheless, been graciously permitted to enter the holy-of-holies of communion with the Lord of Hosts. If his emotions could then find utterance, he would unite with the apostle in exclaiming: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

5. *Christianity has produced greater changes in society than any human association.*

We have no desire to undervalue what purely human societies have done for the civilization of our race. We assert, however, without the fear of contradiction, that the Church has done vastly more than all of them. Thus, for instance, *Christianity has greatly lessened the antagonism of races.*

Before the advent of our Saviour, there was not a single bond of union or sympathy between the different nations of the world. It never entered the mind of the Jew, that the God of his fathers could possibly care for the Gentiles, who were outside of His covenant. The Greek, proud of his culture, declared all the rest of the world to be barbarian, and unworthy of the least respect. The Roman believed himself to be of right the ruler of the world, and considered the nations his legitimate prey. Christianity, however, boldly declared, that "God had made of one blood all the nations of men," and that in Christ "there is neither Jew nor Greek."

These teachings were the real foundation of Christian diplomacy and international law. It has taken centuries, but at last men have begun to learn, that the vanquished have rights as well as the victors. The relations of the nations are slowly becoming more fraternal; and we doubt not that time of which the poets sing will come at last:

> "When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
> Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

Another point, which dare not be overlooked, is *the influence of Christianity on personal liberty.*

At the time of Christ, the majority of mankind were slaves, held in so degrading a state of bondage, that even their lives were in the hands of their masters. It has seemed remarkable to some that our Saviour never expressed his abhorrence at this abnormal state of society, or, at least, that the evangelists did not record such sayings; but certainly His example speaks louder than words. He associated as freely with the humblest outcast as with the rulers of His people.

The position of the apostles with reference to slavery cannot be mistaken—they were opposed to it from the very beginning. Their course was, however, characterized by the highest prudence. While they preached universal brotherhood, declaring that in Christ there is "neither bond nor free," they yet insisted that servants should obey their masters as a religious duty. By the influence of Christianity the lot of the slave was gradually alleviated, and European slavery passed almost imperceptibly away.

In our own country slavery was not removed according to the plan of the apostles; it disappeared during the throes of a terrible civil war. The curse was not removed by the Church, but rather by the State.

Still, it was the leaven-like influence of Christianity, that moulded popular opinion with reference to the subject, and convinced the nation, that the time for the abrogation of property in man had come at last. Whatever may be our several opinions, with reference to the manner in which the result was accomplished, we all have reason to rejoice, that the curse of human bondage has been removed, and that all who dwell within our bounds are now as free as God created them.

We have space only to refer to one more effect of Christianity, and that is *the elevation of the social position of woman.*

Every student of history knows that, at the time of Christ, woman was little better than a slave. In Judea her position was, indeed, more tolerable than among surrounding nations; but even here she had few rights, which the stronger sex were bound to respect. She rarely took part in the religious service of the synagogue or temple; in many cases her husband literally kept her imprisoned for life; and if he grew weary of her, he could give her a bill of divorce and send her away. It need not be added, that, among the heathen and Mohammedans, her condition is no better at the present day.

Our Saviour at once declared Himself to be in bold opposition to this false social position of the sexes. His apostles took up the word, and taught their disciples, that in Christ there is "neither male nor female." They told the scoffing male tyrants of the age, how God had been pleased especially to honor the female sex; how Christ had become incarnate of the Virgin Mary, and how the other Mary and the woman of her company had been last at the cross and first at the sepulchre. They even appointed deaconesses in their churches, whose duty it was to relieve the wants of the afflicted of their own sex.

Thus in every way the apostles sought to elevate the female sex, and the results of these labors are enjoyed by them at the present day. It is said that women are as a rule better church-members than men. They have reason to be; for it is by means of the Church. that God has delivered them from the most degrading bondage the world has ever seen.

* * * We have sought to weave a rustic chaplet to crown the brow of our Saviour's bride. We have seen her as she is, more beautiful than all the daughters of men. Do we not, however, often undervalue the Church of Christ, and practically give the preference to purely human institutions? Ought we not to love her more, as the mother of all our temporal as well as spiritual happiness? Ought we not, like the Psalmist, to be glad when they say unto us, "Let us go into the house of the Lord?"

"Then let us to our work again,
With hearts new-braced and set;
To run untired love's blessed race,
As meet for those who, face to face,
Over the grave their Lord have met."

It will be one of the felicities of heaven that saints no longer misunderstand each other.—*Milner.*

THE CHURCH-YEAR—ITS AIM AND SPIRIT.

FROM THE GERMAN BY U. H. H.

From whence the term, "Church-year"? We will show this in order that it may be understood and that our lives may be fashioned after its spirit. Behold, in the heavens above is the sun. He dispenses heat and light. Without him our earth would be a dark and cold chaos. Around him revolves the earth with its moon, around him revolve all the planets with their little satellites, and around him revolve thousands of little comets. When one of these bodies, for instance the earth, has completed such a revolution, a year has come to its end. Then it has been shone upon from all sides, and even the frigid poles have been allowed to behold the genial countenance of the sun. He has shone into every vale, and all that has life has shared his smiles in order to its growth and continuation.

In the firmament of our humanity, there is a sun of grace, the Sun of Righteousness, Jesus Christ. From Him alone comes all life and light to our race. Without Him it would be a dead and dark chaos. That spiritual world, the Church, annually revolves around this Sun in order to her animation and illumination. She enters upon her revolution in the season of Advent: she completes her round when the doctrine of the final judgment has been proclaimed: "The wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life everlasting." When the Church-year has come to its end, the light which has come into the world to illumine all men, shall have shone into all the relations of life, into all the corners of the heart, and all that is not dead shall obtain the power of continuation from Him. The Church-year is a continuous inward communion with the Lord. We must follow Him through life and in sorrow, through death and in the resurrection, in His miracles and in His word.

But wherefore this? We are transformed into the likeness of those, with whom we are in constant communion. It has been said, that the harmonious union of husband and wife will cause them to become one, not only in their inner life. but also in their countenances. Alas! that it might be said of us: "We become more like our Lord with every returning Church-year. His image has engraven itself upon our hearts, and in our countenances His features are more and more to be discovered. We have penetrated farther into that peace and rest, which remaineth unto the people of God." The aim and the spirit of the Church-year is to transform the Christian into the image of his adorable Lord.

The Spring in the Church-Year.

Spring is the commencement of the natural year. The sun ascends higher, the winds blow milder, the frost, snow and ice disappear and

break away. The earth begins to manifest its hidden life, growing in tree and shrub, and after a long silence, the birds of heaven again make music in the air. The loving kindness of the Lord covers the earth, and finally all nature puts forth its strength and the natural world appears in its greatest glory. The flowers cover the face of nature. Spring has come, and the voice of the turtle is again heard in the land.

The Church-year has its spring. It begins with Advent and extends into the Epiphany. In Advent the Lord is not here, but He will soon come. Prophetic voices, like the songs of spring, echo through the Church: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me: and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, He shall come." The Church sings: "Wie soll ich Dich empfangen?" She preaches of John the Baptist, who precedes the Lord to prepare the way for Him, and to make His paths straight. Finally, the fulness of the spring is ushered in upon the Church. The angel announces: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." The heavenly choir answers: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The Church buries heart and soul in her precious hymns: "Vom Himmel hoch, da komm' ich her," and in that other: "Gelobet seist Du, Jesu Christ, Dass Du Mensch geboren bist." Around the manger of the only-begotten Son of God life begins to unfold as the first Christian vernal flowers. He is surrounded by Joseph and Mary, the shepherds from the plains, Simeon and Anna. At the threshhold of the New-year the Church places Jesus as the battle cry, and as the rod and staff.

Since His whole life must be gone over in one year, we must hasten forward. During the lovely season of Epiphany, the season of our Saviour's manifestation, the Church gathers together the several revelations of His majesty. Then the star appears in the East, the first missionary to the pagan world, and the wise men make their appearance. Then Christ Himself announces whose son He is, when He questions His mother: "How is it, that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" During this season the Church studies His first miracle, the changing of the water into wine at Cana. The Lord testifies concerning Himself in word and in deed. Throughout the whole season we hear, that all is given over to Him by His Father. The Father also testifies in behalf of His only-begotten Son, when He declares: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The aim of this season is to reveal the word to the Church in order to faith in Christ. "God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world," and what, of course, belongs to a later period, "received up into glory." So far the spring of the Church-year.

The Lord becomes a poor child of man, in order that we may become the children of God. The Church-year is arranged in order to our transformation into the likeness of Jesus Christ. We must have our spiritual spring. We know what death is, the winter in the natural world, and the inborn indifference. When the first fear passes through the soul, when we become restless in our sins, when the law of God thunders in our hearts, so that it again becomes law to us, then have the winds

of spring come. They are somewhat raw and they occasion some pains, but they are thaw winds. When the soul begins to mourn: "I am poor and sorrowful. I have eaten the bread of the world and am not satisfied;" and when the tears of repentance begin to dew upon our faces, spring is at hand. John the Baptist has come in order to prepare the way for the Lord and to make His paths straight. In our pains we exclaim: "Miserable man, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" John answers: "He that cometh after me is greater than I. I baptize with water, He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." When it culminates in earnestness, He will come and dwell with us. He has already given Himself to us in Baptism; but when the Spirit beareth witness that we are God's children. and that we have passed from death to life, then the true Advent has come. When we can truly sing: 'Gelobet seist Du, Jesu Christ, Dass Du Mensch geboren bist," then we are able to understand the joyful tidings of the angels. Then there commences in our heart the first childhood joys, and the season of first love. Then we desire to be in that which is our Father's. The waters of sorrow are changed into wine. The star shall arise over the heathen and the Gospel must be proclaimed to the ends of the world. We desire to proclaim to all what Jesus has done for us. This is the spring in the Lord. But does the spring continue? No. We must move forward into the second season of the natural and the Church-year.

The Summer in the Church-Year.

Behold it in the natural year. The sun ascends higher and his heat scorches and burns. Many a little plant that bloomed so prettily, withers and dies; others weak and pale, droop; upon nearly all the dust has gathered and their pristine vigor and loveliness is gone. The summer tries and unfolds what growths actually have a substantial life.

In the life of our Lord, the summer and the heat begin with the Passion-week. First the storms of persecution come silently apace. At the commencement they think of murdering Him and then they counsel how they will kill Him. Finally, those solemn days come, of which Isaiah prophecies: "Surely He has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." He himself prophecies: "Behold I go up to Jerusalem to suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed." On Palm Sunday they shout: "Hosanna to the Son of David," and on Good Friday: "Crucify Him, crucify Him." On Palm Sunday they spread their garments in the way, in order that He may ride in over them; and on Good Friday they lay the cross upon His back in order that He may bear it.

Summer is the season of severe and hot labor. At this season in the Church-year our Saviour exclaims: "I am wounded for your transgressions and I am bruised for your iniquities." The sun of persecution ascends higher as He cries: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" and "I thirst." He bows His head and dies and is buried. During this precious season the Church sings: "O Haupt! voll Blut und Wunden;" "Ein Lamm geht hin und trägt die Schuld;" "O Lamm Gottes! unschuldig." But on the third day He again rises from the dead. He again rallies His disciples, and eats and drinks with

them. On Ascension day He is finally elevated to that glory, which He had with His Father before the foundations of the world were laid.

Brother, the Church-year is so arranged in order to our transformation into the likeness of Christ. Whenever we are born again in the bath of regeneration, and when we are aroused from the old death and our natural indifference, then the true passion season has come, and our dying commences. How much yet remains of our natural man? This must go under the cross and then on the cross. This must be crowned with thorns, die and be buried. This is our passion season. We esteem ourselves too much, and even after we have become conscious of our sins, and have experienced our first love to the Lord, there is much selfishness remaining. There is much flesh and blood of that which we regard as the Holy Spirit. Hence the Lord comes with the burden of the cross, with those poor and miserable seasons, and with various tribulations, in order that He eradicate these wild growths. He is endeavoring to show what remains of the old. In the end nothing dare remain save a poor heart, which confesses: "Was vom eig'nen Geist sich regt, Ist in Christi Grab gelegt." After this conflict a short Sabbath follows, and then Easter dawns.

From every soul, which has realized this divine sorrow and which has died unto itself, the angel rolls the rock away, and the Lord arises in it. He manifests Himself as the Life and presses His disciples to His bosom. All these are in a position to celebrate the Ascension with their Lord. They have passed from death to life. Where the Lord lives and where self has died, there the Holy Ghost is shed abroad and Pentecost is celebrated. The Lord must send the Spirit and the soul in its spiritual poverty will receive Him. This is the summer with its heat and with its certain prosperity. The Father has prepared the soil, the Son has sown the seed and the Spirit has watered it.

The Autumn in the Church-Year.

Autumn is the fruit and harvest season in the natural year. The blessing of God is standing upon the fields. That which was sown and grew now ripens. On the festival of Trinity the whole world is thus addressed: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Now the fruits of the new birth begin to appear. In all our tribulations our conversation must be in heaven. This, poor Lazarus preaches to us. We are to guard against that hypocrisy which glorifies the Lord with the mouth, but which refuses to serve Him with the heart and in the life. This we see in the great Supper. The love and the sincerity of the Lord in seeking sinners is represented to us in the history of the Prodigal and the lost piece of silver. We must permit ourselves to be found. Critical persons, Jesus places in judgment upon themselves; proud persons, He humbles, and those discouraged, He encourages. Thus the Lord passes through all the aspects of life. He indicates how the fruits of righteousness are to flourish in every soil. His mercy is present in the removal of the diseases of the sick and in satisfying the hungry.

Brother, the Church year is thus arranged in order to our transformation into the likeness of Christ. The first half is past. Father, Son and Holy Ghost have wrought Their work in us. The question now is:

"O Mensch, wie ist dein Herz bestellt?" If the Lord live in us and self has died, then growth and prosperity must follow. Then the true peace is in us. Then the rashness of youth is gone. Then we have no more desire to labor in our own strength. Then we are no longer anxious to do great deeds, but to allow Him to complete in us, what is His good and gracious divine will. Our own nature is silent more and more, the soul is more helpless and heaven becomes clearer. The kingdom of God then does not consist in words, but in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The holy seed does no longer spring up in straw and flowers, but completes itself in substantial fruit. Love is the motive in order to the graces of the maturer Christ-life. When the Spirit of the Lord apprehends us in youth, we desire to do all for Him we can. We would go through fire and water, everywhere defending His cause, converting others, singing, praying, fighting, becoming missionaries and many other things. In old age, in autumn, what remains that has a firm foundation? Humility, patience, and endurance in our humble callings, and peace and friendliness in all our trials. In this way the honor of the Lord is more extended than with that wild fire. Are these the fruits which are found in our hearts? If they are not, then let us pray that they may soon flourish; for the last times are at hand.

The Winter in the Church-Year.

Its appearance in the natural world and in the natural life is well known to us. The scythe has gone over the fields and the stubbles remain. Without, all is dead and still. The storms chant their winter canticles. The Lord scatters snow like wool upon the fields and decks the earth with a white winding sheet. Under this the seed sown reposes in hope of a future resurrection.

The winter in the Church-year is a colder one. At the close of the Trinity season, reference is made in the sermons to the last things, to death, the coming of Christ to judge the quick and the dead, the resurrection, the final judgment, eternal death and life everlasting. Then the Church sings: "Alle Menschen müssen sterben," and also: "Jesus meine Zuversicht." Then she sings: "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort, O Schwert, das durch die Seele bohrt, O Anfang sonder Ende." But she also sings. "Es ist noch eine Ruh' vorhanden." "Auf, müdes Herz, und werde Licht." The light shall have shone all over the world and the Gospel have been proclaimed to all nations. The fields are harvested, the year has ended, and history is completed. As it then is, it will forever remain. In His own, Christ will be all in all. They go into eternal life. They are with Christ, and He is with them. The circle is complete and the revolution is finished. Christ is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, who is, who was, and who will come.

Brother, the arrangement of the Church-year is in order to our transformation into the likeness of Christ. Do we know when our year of grace will be at an end? How far are we in our Church-year? Is all right within us as to God's sickle and the winter? Alas, in many, Jesus Christ has not yet become the life—all of us are slow enough in the dying of self. The Lord has discovered but few of the fruits of righteousness. Have we much time to spare? Do the periods of this inner life

arrange themselves so easily in accordance with that life, which the Lord gives to those who have either four or three or two of these great divisions before them? No; and for this reason He annually allows His whole order of grace and salvation to be active in us, in order that we may be prepared every year. Hence this all is included in each year, and in the last, in order that we may annually be prepared for the last things.

OUR TITHES.

BY OPAL.

Do we pay them? You and I, my friend, how do we appropriate the means God has intrusted to our care? We read in the missionary journals, that heathen converts are pledging themselves to give a tenth of their income to the Lord. We have sent them the Bible, and now they teach us lessons of earnest systematic benevolence, that it would be well for us to study and ponder.

At a meeting of the "Native Evangelical Union," in the Mahratta mission field in India; "the tenth was adopted as the true standard of giving."

One of the native pastors, Rev. Modak, urging the passage of this resolution, spoke as follows.

"Let us then, dear Brethren, now, before God, make this strong resolution, and that we may carry it out, let us bind ourselves by some fixed rule of giving. Let us resolve that we will devote one tenth of our income to religious purposes; not that we should never give more than this, but that we will not give less than this proportion. If any one thinks this is too much, let him remember that God himself gave this rule to the Israelites. If we consider that we spend *nine* tenths for our bodies, which in a few days will return to dust, and only *one* tenth for the soul, which is immortal, instead of appearing a great deal, it will seem but a little—*very little* indeed."

You may say, "It is easy for these heathen, rolling in Eastern wealth and luxury, to give their tenth to the Lord. He does not require it of us." Stop, my friend, 'tis not only the wealthy, but the poor converts who do this, and do it joyfully. In Eastern Turkey, oppressed by one of the most despotic governments of the world, where the poor man's taxes take away almost his daily bread from his children; people that live in dark, little, earthen huts, upon food that the poor in America would not receive as a gift; are doing the same thing. A blind native preacher preached to them from Malachi iii. 8–10. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say: Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation." Almost to a man, they resolved to "rob God" no longer. They said to the missionaries, who lived at some distance from them, "We will have in our village a storehouse for the Lord, and there we will store a tenth part of whatever our fields will produce. When the time for ingathering comes

do you come down with some of the young men from the Seminary who can sing; and we will store it for the Lord, with songs and rejoicing."

Verily these heathen converts are teaching us righteousness. If they can give their tithes, what ought we to do? If our towns and cities had storehouses for the Lord, and we brought in tithes of our wheat, and our corn, our fruits, our money, and our merchandise; what a royal ingathering that would be! Then the Lord's poor would no longer cry for bread, the children in the Orphan's Home would lack nothing, then the Lord's work would prosper everywhere; and we would grow not only in riches, but in love, knowledge, and grace When that day comes, then may we hope for the millennium soon.

Much has been said and written about "Systematic Benevolence;" so much, that we look upon it as an abstruse kind of problem, that only very wise and learned men can fully solve. Instead of making it one of the rules of practice, we are apt to think of it only in connection with long heavy treatises upon the subject, which when we have waded through them, only tell us that "it is our duty, to do our duty; but *how* to do it, is as mysterious as ever."

Many of us are a good deal like an old colored woman we have read of, who used at missionary meetings to sing most heartily; "Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel," and be so engrossed with her singing, that she would never look at the Deacon, when he came around with his contribution box. One day as she was singing with her eyes closed, seemingly unconscious of all around her, an old deacon came up to her with his box. Of course she did not see him, but kept on singing vigorously. "See here, Dinah," said he, "its no use for you to be singing, Fly abroad dow mighty Gospel," unless you gib something to make it fly." So there is no use for us to sing, "Waft, waft ye winds the story;" and pray and exhort others, and when the call comes to us, slowly and reluctantly draw our unwilling purse strings, and give twenty-five cents to the Lord; consoling ourselves that the widow's mite received his blessing. It *was* blessed and ever will be; but to whom "much is given, of him much will be required." If the Lord has given us more than he did the poor widow, our mites thrown into His treasury, will prove sources of condemnation instead of blessing. That Christian people can give less than a tenth of their income to Christ, seems utterly inconsistent with their profession and the commands of their Master. Blessed are they, who can, and do give more; giving it heartily as to the Lord, and not to be seen and praised of men. Our love for Christ must show itself in earnest works and ways. Faith without works, is dead.

There is a simple little plan of systematic benevolence; easy, pleasant, and practicable, that is open to all. We keep account books of our business and private expenditures; let us devote some pages of those books to the Lord, placing therein, carefully, as we receive it, at least a tenth part of our income, in trust for Him, and also keeping careful account of the way in which we spend it. It is easy to keep a "benevolent purse," and as the money comes in, place the Lord's portion in that, and use it sacredly in His work.

Try this plan, my friends. You will be better and happier for it. If our

love for Christ does not show itself, in works of loving kindness, towards all our fellows, we may well question its sincerity.

> "That love for One, from which there does not spring,
> Great love for all, is but a worthless thing."

MONICA.

BY S. P. H.

About the middle of the fourth century, there lived in Numidia, in the Northern part of Africa, a pious woman named Monica. As an example of maternal affection, her name occupies a conspicuous place on the pages of history. It was at the time that the Christian Church was still in its primitive period. Whilst contending with the individual differences and divisions of its own followers, it had, at the same time, to meet the more formidable antangonism of the many and different systems of Heathen Philosophy, which left no expedients of force or craft untried as means of persecution.

In the midst of this conflict there was born to Monica a son, whom she named Augustine. His father, in sympathy with the irreligious tendencies around him, sought to have his son advanced in worldly knowledge. But Monica, in accordance with the dictates of her Christian feelings and sense of duty, had Augustine instructed in the true faith. From the several schools at Tagaste and Madaura, Augustine, in his seventeenth year, proceeded to Carthage to learn Rhetoric, and to avail himself of the many educational advantages of that city, and unhappily too, to drift towards the broad stream of gloomy paganism. Gradually as he was separated wider from his mother did he forget her pious instructions. Although possessing a noble spirit, and imbued with a strong love of truth, he was not guarded against error. At Carthage, coming in immediate contact with the false semi-Christian doctrines of Manichæism, and attracted by its mysteriousness and show of rigid holiness, Augustine finally and entirely yielded to its influence. Having lived at Carthage twelve years, he next went to Rome, to that "rendezvous of all forms of truth and falsehood." Here he was taken sick. Whilst wrestling with bodily disease, he was no less troubled with the speculative and dreamy status of his moral life.

During all this time where was the mother? Amid the restlessness of her son, his doubts, and his fears, there was a secret power at work, gently drawing him back to his former love. It was the voice of his mother Monica, ascending in prayer to Heaven. In all his wanderings, that mother had followed him; over every new error, that mother had shed bitter tears of sorrow; at every opportunity, that mother had besought her gifted, but erring son, to return to the truth. Thus she had followed him for thirteen long years, and though he heeded not her voice, she did not despair. Those prayers, those tears, those petitions,

were not offered in vain. They were answered from above. And how did God hear her?

From Rome Augustine was sent by Symmachus, the prefect of the city, to Milan. Here he came in contact with Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, under whose kind nurture and convincing words he was again brought back into the Christian Church. A short time after this, in the thirty-second year of his age, Augustine again met his mother, once again to receive her blessing, and to recite to her eager ear the story of his life. Can we picture the joy of that hour?

There is in humanity, stained and deformed as it may be, a something—a principle—spirit of Beauty—which, though unseen, dwells in every humane heart, elevating its tone of moral feelings, and breathing a refined sense of its spirituality. In no form do the elements of this spirit realize more strongly their mysterious influence, than in the constancy and devotion of a mother's love to her child. Monica lives in history, and the life and labors of St, Augustine constitute an abiding monument to her memory. She indeed is the pattern and type of a mother's love in every highest and purest form. The youthful maiden—the emblem of innocence and purity—fresh as the half-blown rose—is lovely; the young bride, on whose cheek bloom the flowers of Life's Springtime, wins our admiration; but the mother, in the exercise of the deepest and holiest affection of her nature, stands glorified above them all. The angelic smile, the tender look, the watchful eye, the expression of that love that never flags or grows weary, are beyond the reach of the painter's pencil, the sculptor's chisel, or the poetic muse.

In every sphere of life the virtues of the true mother are conspicuous. As the ivy clings to the oak, or as the woodbine twines around the casement, so does her love wind itself into the best interests and happiness of the child.

> "Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
> The love of many prayers, and many tears,
> Which changes not with dim declining years—
> The only love, which on this teeming earth,
> Asks no return for passion's wayward birth."

Amidst grief the sacredness of her love is displayed in its most truthful form. Like as the woven warp and woof, so is her sympathy linked with pain and sorrow. Grecian mythology gave in the touching myth of Niobe, a noble expression of this idea of maternal grief.

Monica, though touched with that grief, moved in the element of "Life—Light—Love." Her life went forth in the path of duty and godly piety. Monica was a Christian mother—she "had chosen that good part which could not be taken away from her."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "SLANG."—Do any of our readers know the origin of the term "slang?" If it were better known, "slang" would not be quite such a favorite, we think. "Slangs" are the greaves with which convicts' legs were (and perhaps are) fettered; and they were so called because they required a "sling" of string to keep them off the ground. The irons were the "slangs," and the "slang-wearers'" language came to be called "slangous" or "slangy." So that "slang" means the language of felons, not of honest people.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

The Guardian is deservedly popular. Its subscription list contains a respectable number of names. There is room, however, for the addition of others, and its merits entitle it to an increased circulation. Shall additional subscribers be forthcoming? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865, '66, and '67, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the Guardian, and send us the result?

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.,** Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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LIFE,

LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS

INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

NOVEMBER,

1868.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

JAS. B. RODGERS, PR.

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M. E. Heller, G. Roth, M C. Meyer, H. Stœlting, J. B. Shontz, J. S. Stahr, R. Peysert, W. Breiner, J. M. Garrecht, Jas. F. Stanton, Rev. C. U. Hielman, Rev. J. Vogt, M. Wanner.

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Henry Keller, Boalsburg,	1 50	19
Miss Annie G. Zieber, Hanover,	1 50	19
Rev. C. F. McCauley, Reading,	3 51	16, 17
Hiram King, South Bend,	1 50	20
A. C. Geary, Mercersburg, Pa., (student,)	$1 00	19
C. H. Wolff, Pittsburg,	3 00	18, 19
Geo. Keiler, Chesterville, Morrow Co., Ohio,	1 50	19
Mrs. M. Wanner, Norrist'n, Pa.	1 50	19

The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—NOVEMBER, 1868.—No. XI.

THE SONGS OF THE SAINTS.

BY THE EDITOR

In the September number of the GUARDIAN we gave historical sketches of a few of our favorite hymns. We have fallen in love with the subject. These old hymn-writers were sterling men. Men whose whole great life was a poem—a sweet hymn to God. In Longfellow's Hyperion the author throughout speaks under assumed names, never once saying: "Dear reader, don't you see it is I, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, that saw and felt all this; for Flemming is I." Yet the whole dear little book is but a page of his early interior life. So with these hymn-writers. Each hymn is a history of the author's faith and affliction; the fragrant bloom of his sweet piety. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are now in Heaven. But they reached that blissful place over a thorny road. To look at the road, see where it begins and where it ends, will make us more contented with our lot, and help us to enjoy their sweet hymns. Their early life, its trials and triumphs, has a lesson for the young readers of the GUARDIAN. Since writing the September article, a literary friend has kindly placed in my hands a small volume, entitled, "Historical Notes to the Lyra Germanica," an excellent little work. By-the-way, this literary friend is from taste and years of diligent study, so thoroughly versed in the character and the history of hymnology, that he ought to write these articles and not I.

Let us further learn who were the persons that wrote our hymns, and who they that sung them.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.

This godly man was born in Silesia, December 21st, 1672. His father, a zealous minister, devoted him from his birth to the service of God. Being a poor man, such as are still common in the holy office, with a salary scarcely adequate to support his family, he lacked the means needed to educate his son. Christian friends aided him for awhile. When a student at the University of Leipsic, he preached for his father on Psalm xl. 17, "I am poor and needy: yet the Lord thinketh upon me; thou art my help and my deliverer, make no tarrying, O my God!" He preached

from a full heart just what he felt. His tender description of God's merciful kindness toward his poor children, sighing for help, so touched the heart of one of his hearers, a wealthy relative of his father's chief parishioner, that he at once gave a considerable sum towards his University expenses. He became his father's assistant, and afterwards chief Pastor in Schweidnitz. In 1718 half of this town was destroyed by fire. In memory of this Schmolke composed a hymn, which since then is every year sung here on the day when the fire occurred. He composed many hymns, one of which,

"Liebster Jesu, hier sind wir,"

which is a baptismal hymn, very much used at Baptisms in Germany.

HENRY ALBERTI.

Many of our readers are familiar with the well-known morning hymn,

Gott des Himmels und der Erden,

God who madest earth and Heaven.

Its author is Henry Alberti, born in Saxony, in 1604. He was to have studied law; but he himself preferred music to law. He spent his life at Dresden and Königsburg as organist, and died at the latter place in 1668. He is said to have been a man of simple child-like piety. The above hymn and its tune are from him, and are sung wherever the German language is known. In 1685 a rich Jew in Hamburg had a Christian tailor working in his house. While plying his needle the diligent workman was in the habit of singing with cheerful voice the hymns he had learned when his pastor taught him the catechism. The tailor's singing greatly pleased and touched the Jew's daughter. When he sang the third verse,

Let the night of all my sins
  Vanish, Lord! as night has vanish'd,
O, Lord Jesus let me find,
  All my woes through thy wounds banish'd,
Here alone is health and help
For my wretched state of guilt!

the poor Jewish maiden felt unhappy with all the riches of her father. "I pray thee, take me to a Christian minister," she said to the tailor, "that I may be instructed in the knowledge of Jesus." "Come with me," said the contented workman. The pastor taught her the way of life. Although her father and his Jewish friends fought against her conversion to Christianity, she became a true Christian.

PAUL GERHART.

Dear Paul Gerhart, we have already become acquainted with. Next to Luther, he is the prince of the hymn-writers of Germany. When with wife and children he was driven from Berlin, he said, "This is only a small Berlin affliction; but I am also willing and ready to seal with my blood the evangelical truth, and like my name-sake, St. Paul, to offer my neck to the sword." In this night of sorrow he lost one of his sons, and soon after his wife, just when he was without employment, and without any income, save what the charity of his friends gave him. She died while

one of his sweet hymns was read to her. An only son, six years old, was left to him. Upon the death of his son he took his harp from the willow, and for the first time sang his hymn :

Du bist zwar mein, und bleibest mein.

Thou'rt mine, yes, still thou art mine own !
Who tells me thou art lost?
But yet thou art not mine alone
I own that he who cross'd
My hopes, hath greatest right in thee ;
Yea, though He ask and take from me
Thee, O, my son, my heart's delight,
My wish, my thought, by day and night !

Then be it as my Father wills,
I will not weep for thee.
Thou livest, joy thy spirit fills,
Pure sunshine thou dost see !
The sunshine of eternal rest:
Abide, my child, where thou art blest ;
I with our friends will onward fare
And, when God wills, shall find thee there.

In later life he was bitterly persecuted, until, in weary age, he entered into rest, repeating, as he was dying, the eighth verse of his hymn :

Warum sollt ich mich den grämen.

"Him no death hath power to kill,
But from many a dreaded ill,
Bears his spirit safe away ;
Shuts the door of bitter woes,
Opens yon bright path that glows
With the light of perfect day."

In the church Lübben, where Gerhart labored for a number of years, hangs his portrait. It bears the inscription in Latin :

"A divine sifted in Satan's sieve."

But, one more of Gerhart's hymns will I here give, his evening hymn :

Nun ruhen alle Wälder.

"Now rest the woods again,
Man, cattle, town and plain,
The world all sleeping lies.
But sleep not yet, my soul
For He who made this Whole,
Loves that thy prayers to him arise."

A world of precious memories crowd upon my mind, as I pen this short line. I hear and see it yet, as though it happened all last evening. In the quiet chamber sits the old father, at eventide, after twilight just before the lamp is lighted. On an old chair he sits, where he sat and sung a quarter of a century. Alas! the old arm chair is now in ruins. How often, as I neared the house, returning from school, or from the barn, did I hear him singing this evening hymn, by the meagre light which escapes through the stove-door and falls on the wall. And as we children grew older, this

was his nightly song. Is it a wonder that our sleep was sweet, after, with a trembling voice, he had sung the last verse:

My loved ones all, good night!
No grief or danger light
On your defenceless heads.
God send you happy sleep,
And let his angels keep
Watch golden-arm'd around your bed!

This was one of the first hymns which Gerhart wrote. The Rationalists of that day made fun of it. How man and beast, woods, fields and city, could all sleep they could not understand. And, of course, they could not understand the Psalms, when they speak of all these praising their maker. But the common people from that day to this loved to hear and sing it dearly. Often it has been sung on stormy nights, by men, women, and children. In summer time, as you approach a German village, you meet, on every hand, the working people returning from their fields, carrying hoes or rakes in one hand and cap in the other, singing sweetly:

Nun ruhen alle Wälder,
Vieh Menschen, Stält und Felder,
Es schläft die ganze Welt.

The people of Oschatz, Germany, once had a pious pastor of the name of Rehfeld. On a certain Sunday he preached, and came home from church very ill. Feeling his end approaching, he repeated in his bed, the sixth verse:

"Ye limbs with toil oppress'd,
Go now and take your rest
For quiet sleep ye crave.
Ere many a day is fled
Ye'll find a narrower bed
And longer slumber in the grave."

Shortly after he entered into rest.

Up to the close of the last century, there was a small village in Hesse, called Lisberg. On the 14th of September 1796, a troop of French soldiers plundered and killed the inhabitants and burned the town. A short distance from the town, at the foot of a mountain, stood a small cottage. Therein a mother sat, by the bedside of her sick child. She heard the fearful noise in the village, and she saw the smoke of the burning houses. What should she do? In deepest anguish she locked her door and knelt by the side of the cot, trembling and praying. At length the dreaded hour came. A blood-thirsty soldier bursts the door open, and rushed in ready for his murderous deed. The terror-stricken mother, pale as death, spread her hands over the child, and prayed with a sobbing voice the eighth verse:

Jesus, my joy, now spread
Thy wings above my head,
To shield thy little one.
Would Satan work me wrong,
Oh! be Thy angel's song,
"To him no evil shall be done."

On hearing this verse, the wild soldier suddenly dropped his up-lifted arm, stepped to the cot, and laid his rough hand gently on the child's head. "His lips moved as if in prayer, and tears streamed down his rough soldier-cheeks. Silently he shook the poor mother's hand, and went out. After awhile she rose from her knees, looking out of her little window, she saw the soldier, with gun in hand, standing in front of her cottage to guard her house against harm. And there he remained until the whole troop had left."

Another Christian mother taught her child this verse as her evening prayer, which is to the pious children of Germany, what

"Now, I lay me down to sleep."

is to those in America. One evening after the dear little thing had prayed this pretty verse, she asked what foe it was that might harm her, and the mother explained it to her. "An hour before midnight, when all were asleep, a large piece of the ceiling feel down with a great noise, close to the child's cot, but without hurting or even waking her." The next morning the mother told her. "Do you see, now, how the dear Savior has heard your prayer, and told his angels to be round you, that nothing might harm you?"

In Germany, many precious stories are afloat in connection with this beautiful child's prayer. A beggar boy, tempted by a thousand evils, was preserved from sin by daily praying this verse. A dying child suffered agonizing pain. She prayed this verse, and was at once relieved by a sweet sleep, from which she awoke in Heaven.

Schiller, the great German poet, learned and prayed it in his childhood, and loved it all his life long. Its simple solemn tune was formerly an old Volks Lied of the fifteenth century. Its author is Henry Isaac, who led the choir of Maximilian I. It is said that Bach and Mozart, two of the greatest composers the world has ever seen, should have remarked, that they would gladly give their best works for this single tune.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

The most favorite children's hymn in Germany was written by Henrietta Louisa von Hayn. She was born in 1724, at Idstein, near Frankfort. She was pious from a child. Sometimes with many tears she would pray to the Saviour in the middle of the night. At twenty years of age she joined the Moravians, and afterwards became governess of their girl's school at Herrnhut. For these pupils she composed her hymn:

"Weil ich Jesu Schäflein bin,"

"Seeing I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am,
O'er my shepherd kind and good,
Who provides me daily food,
And his lamb by name doth call;
For he loves and knows us all."

In 1817 a pious child, five years old, died at Eisenach. When about dying, several of her playmates visited her. With many tears they sang

this hymn for her. The last verse the suffering child helped to sing with great joy, and in singing it died, whereupon the other singers wept as if their little hearts would break.

SONGS OF AFFLICTION AND FAITH.

At the foot of the Drachenfels on the Rhine, lies Königswinter, a village of 1500 inhabitants. Going through its narrow dingy street, I noticed above the door of the village Inn, the well-known couplet :

"Wer Gott vertraut hat wohl gebaut
Im Himmel und auf Erden."

In soothe, a novel inscription for a tavern door, methought. Possibly the original owner built it for a private Christian home, and then dedicated it to God with these lines. But for the use then made of the house, they were not at all suited. Many a Christian German puts these lines above his house door when he builds his house, as a standing memorial of the foundation of his hopes for Heaven. As to who wrote this hymn, we are not clearly told. Bunsen thinks Joachim Magdeburg is its author. It is often used by the distressed and the dying. Some pious Swedish merchants once suffered shipwreck. They had just been speaking together about this hymn. And now amid the howling of the storm and the roaring of the wild waves, they sing:

Who puts his trust in God most just,
Hath built his house securely.

Just as one sinks beneath the waves for the last time, he shouts back to his brethren on the wreck :

"He who relies on Jesus Christ,
Heaven shall be his most surely."

Few hymns are more frequently on the hearts and lips of old, infirm German Christians, than,

"Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan."

"Whate'er my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just;
Howe'er He order now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God,
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all."

It was written by Samuel Rodigast, teacher at the University of Jena. In 1675 he had a sick friend, the precentor Gastavius. For his consolation he wrote the hymn. The sick man set it to music, and after his recovery had it printed. Every week the school-choir had to sing it before his house, and when about dying, he ordered it to be sung at his funeral. It was the favorite hymn of King Frederick William III., of Prussia. On June 11th, 1840, the bands played it at his funeral.

John Triebel, a poor working man of Suhla, lost both his eyes, and later, lost his wife by death, leaving him six motherless children. When his pitying friends used to express grief at his sad fate, he would tell them, "Do we not sing—'Whate'er my God ordains is right?' And does not every verse of that hymn say so?" A schoolmaster lost all his property by fire. At first his faith threatened to fail. His pastor sought to comfort him. When he returned to his work, the sight of the school-children called to mind the hymn he had taught them to sing. "Listen, children," said the master, with a melted heart:

"He is my God,
Though dark the road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to him I leave it all."

OUR LITTLE MARY AND THE STAR.

BY C.

Three moons had quickly sped away
Since baby first beheld the light;
One balmy eve, at close of day,
Her aunty clasped her with delight.

To range the church-yard green they hie,
And muse beneath the leafy tree,
When lo! a twinkling star they spy,
And Mary laughs in childish glee.

Oh, see the child! her aunty cries,
What means that sweet angelic smile?
Her home is in the distant skies,
You'll keep her but a little while.

A shadow crossed our spirit then,
A weight fell heavy on the heart;
The thought was sweet, but gave us pain,
Our darling babe may soon depart.

We thought, perchance the angel band,
That guard the young and bear them home,
When meetest for that better land,
Now wooed and beckoned her to come.

And all that pleasant summer through,
As oft we clasped our Mary dear,
And watched her eyes of azure blue,
Too good, she seemed, to tarry here.

Apace cold winter came at length;
Yet on, till merry Christmas day,
She grew in beauty and in strength,
We thought she now will surely stay.

But 'mid the scenes of sacred joy,
  When chapel arches echoed long
With "Glory be to God on high,"
  She seemed to catch the angel's song.

For soon her cheek began to pale,
  Her little form grew weak and thin;
She neared the borders of the vale
  That shuts the land of glory in.

But God, in mercy, spared her yet,
  The *sunbeam* lent from heaven awhile;
Those days of bliss can we forget?
  When hearts grew warm in Mary's smile.

What winter's frost had failed to do,—
  To nip our tender household flower,
And quench those eyes of azure blue,—
  Was now the work of summer's hour.

She pined amid the heats of June,
  And near the close of hot July
The scourge* came on, and oh, how soon
  We wept to see our Mary die!

All day she tossed her fevered brain,
  Her tide of life was ebbing fast;
But at the midnight hour again
  We hoped the peril now was past.

For sweetly slept our darling child,
  All through the early morning hours,
Our hopes were high, but oh how wild!
  We ne'er could keep that babe of ours.

While love her anxious vigils kept,
  Ere dawn had pierced the gloomy night,
The angels wooed her as she slept,—
  They bore her to the land of light.

Sue knelt beside her litttle cot,
  As soul and body gently part;
"Oh Lord," (she prayed, while tears fell hot,)
  "Have mercy on my stricken heart."

The God of grace and mercy came—
  He drove the shades of night away—
All glory to His blessed name,
  By faith we saw a better day.

The sun arose the world to bless,
  And gilded o'er the mountain top;
So rose the Sun of Righteousness,
  With beams of healing and of hope.

* Mary Lizzie Cort died, of Cholera Infantum, July 22d, 1868, after twenty-five hours' illness.

Our Mary has but gone before,
  To join the sweet, angelic band,
That wooed her from this rugged shore,
  We'll meet her in the better land.

And oft, with pleasure more than pain,
  We stand beneath the leafy tree,
And watch the twinkling star again,
  Where Mary laughed in childish glee.

In faith and hope, we gaze beyond
  The starry fields of azure blue;
The angel band with joy respond,
  And darling Mary comes to view.

Though gloomy clouds may oft arise,
  To veil the spirit's mystic ken,
We'll seek the fields of Paradise,
  And meet for aye our Mary then.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

BY OPAL.

"Boys are so rude, and noisy, and awkward," is the plaint of half the mothers and sisters of our country.

A hundred times have we heard mothers say: "Boys, do be still; you make me nervous. Be quiet, or leave the room;" and in nine cases out of ten, the boys go off, whistling as they go; and a feeling of relief seems to pervade the house when the street door closes on them.

Dear nervous mothers and sisters, when, for the gratification of your own ease-loving natures, you send the boys out to seek their own company, their own devices, have you ever thought that they might learn lessons that would trouble you more than their noisy ways at home? Beware, oh beware, lest they learn from their "street education," words and ways that will eventually make you blush to own them as your sons and brothers; and at last you have bitter cause to blame yourselves for their ruin.

My sisters, be patient with the boys. You might as well expect the mercury to stand still in your thermometer tubes, as under ordinary circumstances, to expect bright, healthy children to keep quiet without occupation for an hour.

"But what shall we do with them at home?" asks some careful mother, "Can we have everything at sixes and sevens throughout the house, all the chairs turned into horses and stages, all the wash lines strung up for telegraphs, and everything in the most fearful disorder?"

Dear Madame, have a play-room for them where they can play undisturbed. Better do without a parlor than have a house full of children, with no foot of it that they can call their own. Who has not seen a little child holding some beautiful, fragile toy, that would be ruined if the little

fingers should let it fall from their grasp, and watched its mother trying to get the toy into her possession, and yet give no grief to the little heart whom that toy has made for the moment supremely happy? She finds some bright, substantial plaything, holds it up to baby's sight, and by what sems to us and baby, sheer sleight of hand, whisks the frail toy out of the little fingers and leaves them in peaceful possession of one they cannot injure.

Boys are but babes of larger growth, and need to be managed with just the same tact. They *must* have something to amuse and interest them. If they have a mechanical turn, give them a box of tools as soon as they are old enough to use them. Encourage them to make little articles of comfort and luxury for the house: boxes, book-shelves, hanging-baskets and ladders for your house plants, anything to keep them employed pleasantly. If they care for flowers, let them have a little ground to cultivate for themselves. For a dollar or two, that their fathers would spend in a week for cigars, or their mothers for some perishable bit of finery, we can find in almost any bookstore, games and puzzles that will interest and amuse children for months. Give them a checker-board and teach them how to play. Give them geography lessons from globes and dissecting maps. Then there are building-blocks, puzzles almost innumerable, historical games, games of authors, that will furnish a whole family with harmless recreation.

When children are old enough for lessons in the natural sciences, and they can begin those very young, encourage them to collect specimens of birds and flowers, shells, stones and insects for themselves, even if their collections are more grotesque than scientific.

"But surely you would not have them spend all their play time at home?" remonstrates another mother.

By no means. Let them have all the out-door exercise they need to make them vigorous and healthy; only see that they take it in proper company. Out-door exercise is precisely as necessary for the health and comfort of their sisters; then let them play with their brothers at ball and battledore, croquet or any other suitable game as much as they choose, without fear of being called hoydens, or a name most opprobrious to every school girl, "a tom-boy." Let the girls ride with their brothers, walk with them, interest themselves in their games and pursuits, even if they cannot always join them; and they will be the gainers mentally and physically, and the boys will grow up into gentlemen many years sooner than they otherwise could do without such companionship.

"How can we keep them at home of an evening?" asks another anxious mother. Dear Madame, don't try to keep them always at home. Take them with you to church and meeting, to interesting lectures and concerts, to such places of amusement as will be proper and profitable for them to go to. If they are fond of music, have them taught if circumstances permit. If their sisters have a piano, let the boys learn to accompany them upon the flute or violin, or the piano if they prefer, and you can have home concerts every evening that will be a joy and comfort to you all. Then there are entertaining and instructive books to be read; books of travel and adventure, historical works. With a good atlas open upon the table before you, a whole family can follow one explorer and traveler after another.

The boys can read aloud, and the girls find something for their hands to do, and if the time does not pass pleasantly and happy, we shall be surprised and disappointed.

Make home pleasant to the boys, entertain them as politely and kindly as your casual visitors and acquaintances, (surely you love your own boys as well) and there are few who will not prefer home to any other place and company.

"Where does your brother spend his evenings?" I asked a friend not many months ago. She was a Christian lady, but her cheeks flushed at the question, and I felt sure that had our relations to each other been less kindly and cordial, she would have considered it an unpardonable impertinence. "I do not know," was her reply; but her manner and expression said as plainly as words could have done: "What is that to you or me; am I my brother's keeper?"

Her brother was a lively, cheerful boy of eighteen, one who needed much loving, sisterly care; a boy who would have been better and happier for spending most of his leisure time with his mother and sisters. But evening after evening he sought company away from his home, and though the time might have been spent in harmless recreation, there was a possibility of his being led astray that made me feel great anxiety for him.

My sisters, we cannot shake off our responsibilities in regard to our brothers. When they have gone astray, we dare not say: "Am I my brother's keeper?" and go on as if their ruin was no concern of ours. It should be our great concern to try to keep them from it. Don't "preach" to them, as they call it too often; experience proves that practice influences them far more than precept. Let them see the beauty of holiness in your every day life and actions. Show them how pure and beautiful a Christian life may be, and lead them gently and lovingly to Christ.

Show them that religion does not consist in a mere routine of outward observances, in solemn looks and severe rebukes of trifling faults, but that meekness, gentleness, patience and long suffering are the fruits of the Spirit.

If we fail in striving to do this, in the great day of account when the question comes to us, as it surely will: "Where is —— thy brother?" God grant their lost souls may not condemn our unfaithfulness; but that we may be able, instead of the sullen, remorseful, "Am I my brother's keeper?" to say: "He is here Lord, with us in the church, in the Sabbath school, faithful and abounding in every good work, looking with hope to the day when all Thy sons and daughters shall be gathered home in glad reunion."

Increase of Light.—Old Master Brookes says, "If you only have candle light, bless God for it, and he will give you starlight; when you have got starlight, praise God for it, and he will give you moonlight; when you have got moonlight, rejoice in it, and he will give you sunlight; and when you have got sunlight, praise him still more, and he will make the light of your sun as the light of seven days, for the Lord himself shall be the light of your spirit."

INTEMPERANCE AT A PREMIUM.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The many special efforts, so perseveringly made for the last half-century, in almost all directions, for the sole purpose of crushing out the evil of Intemperance, are too well known to be enumerated in detail. "Temperance societies" have been organized in swarms, from time to time. "Sons of Temperance" and "Daughters of Temperance" were born into the great and growing Reformatory family with such fecundity, as almost to rival the progeny of boosy old Bacchus, both in number and hilarity. Who can remember a tithe of the Temperance "Songs" and "Melodies", sung along the streets on those triumphal parade days, or rehearsed by small and great with the familiarity of household odes? Temperance "Lectures" were delivered under every imaginable pomp and circumstance of regalias and flags, about once a month. Temperance "Sermons" surcharged with all the thunder, *minus* the lightning, of Sinai, were shrieked over the unhappy inebriate's head, from many a pulpit. Society and the Church having coöperated very lovingly, and finding themselves, even when united, too weak to battle with the hydra-headed dragon, they called lustily and loudly on Cæsar to come to the rescue. And Cæsar nodded his assent. The Commonwealth, like a mailed warrior, put on its armor, drew down its visor, steadied the lance, took sure aim and went horse and man against the huge antagonist. "State" Temperance orders were founded on foundations deep, broad and firm. The "Maine Liquor Law" rendered Neal Dow as famous for a spell as ever old Lorenzo had been. Father Matthew was for once acknowledged to be doing a good work, emmissary of the Pope though he was. "Prohibitory" codes were framed which were no longer to be treated with impunity, since the moral suasion of the constabulary and police stood at their back. "A *Congressional* Temperance Society" now emerged into being, after the real *Washingtonian* model, which was to baptize with pure cold water, the myriads of "Good Templar" orders squatted all over the villages, towns and cities of the Republic, as thickly as blackberries. But a truce to any further recital. Who can calculate the time, efforts and money which were spent for the last fifty years—and all to effect a great moral Reform?

It will readily be granted, we think, that from such mammoth efforts we have good right to expect grand results—results proportionate—satisfactory results. And, what is the sum of them? *That Intemperance is at a premium.* Prof. Halloway says:—

The statistics of the liquor traffic in the Internal Revenue report of Commissioner Wells, for the year 1867, are truly astounding. The *licensed* retail liquor dealers in the United States return as the aggregate amount of their sales for that year, the startling sum of $1,487,000.000—an amount equal to one-half of our whole war debt! And you will please remember, that these apparently incredible figures represent, not the amount

of *wholesale* and *retail* sales combined, but only the amount expended for liquor that is actually drank; in other words, they represent our national consumption of rum, or our annual rum bill.

These figures, incredible, startling and astounding as they may seem, are unquestionably as reliable as the multiplication table. Indeed, when we consider, that there are about as many unlicensed as *licensed* retail dealers in the traffic, it is self-evident, that they are much too low, and that the aggregate amount is probably $3,000,000,000!—a sum equal to our entire national debt.

Again; the same report shows, that the amount contributed that year by the people of all the States for building churches and for the propagating of the Gospel, both at home and abroad, was only $30,000,000, and that the amount expended and disbursed for educational purposes, was only $22,000,000; so that, as a nation, we probably expend $100 for liquor actually drank for every dollar contributed in any way towards promoting Christianity, and expend $136 to produce demoralization, pauperism, ignorance and crime, for every dollar disbursed or otherwise expended for purposes of education; and about the same ratio obtains in reference to our own city and State.

Then some mistake has evidently been made somewhere. But where and what is that mistake? Here it is—let us put our finger on it. ☞ "*The individual and public conscience has not been corrected with reference to this moral evil.*" All legislation and all well meant toil, conducted on ever so large a scale, are futile and vain, until this end be reached. And in order to convince ourselves, that this has not been done, let us look around a little. A drunkard on the street is a perfect Merry Andrew to the crowd. No mountebank, at some country fair, can attract a more interested club of attendants, than can the staggering inebriate. Not *Spartans* are they, however—lookers on to learn to hate; but veritable sporters—conniving and enjoying There is no end to the fun and frolic which he occasions to men and boys. And so long as we can only enjoy the ludicrous in such a spectacle, without lamenting over its sadness, there is good reason to fear that it is still far from a vice in the public eye.

It is in style to label all indulgence in strong drink, an evidence of manliness. To show one's self ready to swallow a potion atthe bar, is a patent passport to manhood. Not to do so, or even to hesitate in doing it, is proof positive of a youthful timidity and humiliating effeminacy. To perform this exercise with becoming grace, is to be able to walk the line which separates the innocency of boyhood from the rowdyism of young America. It is sadly interesting to notice the awkward gaukiness, with which the novice in the art makes his first attempts. The public sniggers over what it chooses to call the unsophisticated backwardness of a dutiful son, who possesses sufficient share of moral courage to resist temptation in its incipient stages, and is very quick to laud him, on the other hand as promising and smart—yea, "fast"—who shows himself, ready and eager to take a hand". Have we not a right to fear a perversion of taste, as long as sweet is called bitter, and the bitter, sweet?

The halls and aisles of our restaurants and drinking saloons, are furnished with all the ornaments which art can afford or luxury suggest. Walls, tables, chairs, floor and ceiling—all smile a welcome. The "delivery" reminds one of the Glass-Coach of England's nobility. Bottles of every imaginable shape and style, shimmering in letters of silver and

gold, meet and greet us with all the blandness of Parisian air. Cards, engraved with thirst-creating names, can be read of all. Drinking vessels and chalices, clear as crystal, sit gingerly around, eager to hold the ruddy liquid with its airy spray. They jingle for pure joy at the prospect of being quickly filled to the brim and over. Your waiters, as nimble as cats, decant the beverage and trip as lightly as sailors, with six, eight and ten in hand, without spilling a drop, whilst playing fountains laugh into your eyes and "Gold-Fishes" lazily lounge about in their artificial seas, as if to rebuke the folly of man, who forsakes the fountain of Nature which the creator designed should furnish the staple drink, and betakes himself to quaffing "liquid fire", which, when once ablaze, can hardly be quenched.

Entering into such a bachanalian emporium, you will find it a difficult matter to persuade yourself to believe, that the great public, under whose auspices this Baden-Baden flourishes, is really in earnest and sincere in fulminating its menaces against an indulgence, whilst it continues, at the same time, to strain every nerve, in order to invite and entrap the masses into its meshes, as the spider does the fly. To us, at all events, the suspicion lies near, that all the so-called "Reformatory" measures set up are only intended as a sop cast to a growling Cerberus, in order that the multitude may all the more leisurely pass in, drink and die. Doubtless, too, the Destroyer is perfectly willing to have his pretty locks dishevelled, for a season, provided he has any good guarantee, that there will be a calling-in subsequently in order to count and anoint them again. Surely a conscience that does not become a little queasy over such confrontings is not delicate or healthy.

How wonderfully soft and refined is our parlance, whenever Intemperance is the subject of remark! The plain out-spoken Bible utters the plain terms, "drunk," "drunkenness" and "drunkards," with all the firmness which integrity imparts. We, however, seldom go beyond "intemperate," "intoxicated," "inebriate," "indulging" or, "imbibing too freely," "dissipation". Such-like names are now substituted. Set phrases are in use inside of the "Whisky Ring", which are like Chinese hieroglyphics to the uninitiated. We still remember with what surprise and wonderment we heard it remarked, that a certain man "lifted his little finger too high." We thought of a certain nervous affection. Well, so it is. Another, we were told, "looked too deep into the glass." What in the world does he do that for? thought we. Did we not study long over the following catalogue:—"Take something to wet the whistle!" "Take something to steady your nerves!" "Take a smile!" "I'll treat!" Since we have found the key to these mysteries, whenever we hear any one of them repeated, we think of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" and say:—

"Take it up tenderly."

It is well worth our while to denounce, scold and storm against any moral evil, whilst we, in that same moment, turn and pat it on the head. What is it but mere cant, as long as we are willing to cover up and over the ugliness of the viper's nest, or the scorpion's brood? These phrases, now current, betray a disposition to play with vice, which, of itself, is sufficient to invite and decoy. We maintain, consequently, that the public, in whose lap a serpent, whose natural emissions are slime and poison, is permitted

to trail in and out, under such a fictitious gloss, cannot carry a conscience in its bosom, void of offence in the sight of God and good men. It sees men only "as trees walking", because its eye is not single. The community must see in a "Spree", "Beat" or a "Tare" more than a merry frolic, before we can persuade ourselves that there is really a conscientious intention to put Intemperance under *par*. But, as yet, it stands, not only on an equality with sobriety, but even at a premium. If the counterfeit be raised to a level with the genuine, how stands the finance of the country? And if the spurious be even preferred to the unalloyed, then bankruptcy is nigh. But can the sphere of morals sustain a still more serious obliquity, without having its sanitary condition mortally endangered?

Let a young or middle-aged man—professional or otherwise—become grossly intemperate, and the sympathizing public is at once eager to pin crape on its hat; looks solemn; sheds tears and whines out most, pitifully: "*O, what a pity! He is such a talented young man! What a pity that he drinks!*" Now it is surely a lamentable misfortune, that any young or old man should make shipwreck of himself on the rock of this or any other passion; but we cannot exactly see, that it should invariably be the *gifted* man that sinks into the gutter. Said a wag to his comrade: "Bob, let's get drunk, too, and take to the ditch. Then they will call us *talented*, and pity us too!" We know not when a rebuke struck us as having been more keenly administered. Its truth put the edge on. Let a man of ordinary ability become a sot and wallow in mire, and it is morally certain that the flattering *requiem* will be twanged over him: *Fallen Greatness*. We know men, who never experienced so much as a "spree," and although richly endowed too with talents of a higher order, still the world has never uttered a single encomium over them, by way of appreciation. A spell of *delirium tremens* would establish them among the "celebrities" and create a perfect howl of commiseration over the lost jewel. We can point to men, who are as good-natured as the year is long—as sweet-spirited as angels—who are nevertheless perfectly sober men, but their meekness is never lauded. Now let some miserable toper display but a moiety of such magnanimity, and the canting cry is reported "all along the line":—"*How sad that such a generous, noble-hearted fellow should be a drunkard!*" May you be ever blessed for possessing so large a measure of the good Samaritan's grace of commiseration, but let us just whisper in your ear, that the unhappy man in the gutter deserves nothing of your sympathy, on the score of gentleness, since his moral nature is blunted and dulled; his sensibilities have lost all vitality, he is past all insult and irritation—he might be swallowed, like an oyster, without experiencing any sensation of pleasure or of pain. Pity his fall, certainly, but do not conclude that he must necessarily be a meek and lowly Moses, simply because you have found him in the marsh, rubbish and mud. A moral nature, opiated and rendered torpid, is not easily provoked. But is that one and the same thing with the virtue of meekness?

There are vain and silly people, who will do many silly things. There are scores of that class, who will prove foolish enough to lie down in the street, for the sole sake of being styled fine, clever, smart fellows. They will reason in this wise:—"The shortest road to distinction now-a-days—however hard and sad it may be—is to degrade myself by means of the cup. I will draw the attention of the community upon myself by

my drunken capers. I will envelop myself in a thick black cloud of mud and moral filth, in order that the little speck of brilliancy within me may sparkle all the more, because of the Egyptian gloom around me. Then will they surely cry : "Fallen Star!"

Now, we all know, that stars will shine far more brilliantly to our eyes by night than at noon-day. So will a little smartness flicker more attractively, when all around is darkness, than it will if carried among the burning lamps. The sun may shine all day long, in a clear bright sky, illuminating the earth and the world, and yet barely one will look him in the face with a view of admiring his great and steady light. But let an ephemeral meadow light emerge from among the toads, lizards and snakes, in some dismal swamp, during a dark midnight-hour, and at once, men, as well as women, exclaim : "JACK O'LANTERN."

Why this singular infatuation now ? Around the sun all is fair and bright. He is bathed in a sea of light, without a streak of contrasting gloom in the back ground. But the foppish upstart of the hideous morass, enveloped in a thick drapery of darkness, is able to create all the remarks of a meteor, "*Jack*" though he be. But, although none, save the silly babe, would think the illusive light of the frog-pond greater than the sun, still—sad to tell—in the eye of the public, the average or even the mediocral talent of the drunkard—set much like a jewel in a toad's head—is more striking than the steady and fair glare of sobriety ? Is this depreciating Intemperance, or is it placing it at a *premium ?*

"*Reformed*" drunkards should be regarded as men risen from the grave ; still to make *idols* of them is almost like inviting men to travel the same road, for the sole purpose of being worshipped. Let us regard them as heroes, but not make demi-gods of them.

It is already half success if a candidate for any public station be a jolly drinker. Surely he must be sent to the Seat of Government to frame Temperance Laws for such as—are a law unto themselves ! It is singular, but Gospelly true, that not one single office—from Coroner to President—is barred against a candidate, on the ground *that he is intemperate!* And this, too, in a country wherein the several orders of Temperance spring up as rapidly as toad-stools.

We know of a judge, in another State, who, although fearfully intemperate, was never deposed, because he was such an "admirable jurist." An attorney is oftentimes all the more acceptable, we are told, because he practices at *two* bars. Public speakers are most fluent, it is said, when "about half drunk." To be sure, Demosthenes and Cicero were sober men, and still passably good orators, if we may believe the ancients. Edward Everett was rather eloquent too, though, so far as we know, he never visited a grog-shop, or carried a jug or a demijohn by his side.

We think we have made out our case. We have dealt out no unkind words against the unhappy drunkard. We never do. We have our own view of his fearful passion. We regard it more in the light of a physical disease, which breaks over quickly into the province of the inner-man and wrecks him, body and soul. Hence we compassionate him, rather than curse him. Had we our way, "Infirmaries for Inebriates" should be erected, as Hospitals and Asylums are founded and sustained for other unfortunates. We would have a *Regimen* devised and "Specifics" discovered for their restoration. We would likewise have their spiritual being brought under the control of moral forces and the grace of God.

We have not berated the traffickers in strong drink. We do not hold them guilty above all other men. We are persuaded too, that if another Tower of Siloam falls it will not crush the Land-lords and Liquor-lords only.

We have arraigned the great *Public.* We charge upon it the grief of fostering, from time to time, a false estimate of Intemperance, *per se*; by blowing hot and cold in the same breath; by dignifying it with a drapery not its own; by binding a gold moral about its neck, and in this way making it a sort of prize, which, to be sure, is dangerous to gain, but if gained, will remunerate sufficiently for loss of character in this world, and loss of soul in the next. We have boldly declared Intemperance to be placed at a premium in the big mart of society. And we have traced this fact to its source. We have maintained, that a false private and public conscience, with reference to this evil, is the fountain from which flow the bitter waters that deluge the tender plants which are from time to time planted in many breasts.

A *reformatory* duty lies heavily on every member of society. The river is formed from tributaries. So is the public opinion swollen together from individual ideas and conceptions. The business of every individual member of society is then, to aid in correcting the public conscience. Let the power of a correct idea have room and occasion to root itself deeply in every separate heart. Let us conceive of intemperance as an evil, not to be trifled with. Let it be known by its right name, first, last and always. Never let it be fondled under soft and gentle epithets and phrases. Do not flatter the inebriate, by praising the talents which God has endowed him with—rather show him the greater enormity of his guilt for having abused them. Let him know in plain round terms, that he is *un*manned. Let society frown upon the evil, a dark, angry-scowling frown—however tenderly we may treat the wrong-doer. Let society speak approvingly of sobriety. "Be sober-minded." Do not elevate a man, who can so little control himself, to a position in which he will be required to act the guardian over others. Show him that you do not confide in him. Put intemperance *under par,* and sobriety at a premium.

Then will be the time for Laws and Statutes to be enacted, against this, as well as against other social evils. Then can Church and State operate with effect, and the discipline of both be improved with effect, and with as much care as society now protects against manslaughter, highway robbery and arson. "*But if the foundations be removed, what can the righteous do?*"

CONTENTMENT.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
  And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
  In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
  If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
  The darkness of their night.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT ILLUSTRATED.

BY I. D.

One winter evening while Mr. North sat at the dining-room table reading, and Mrs. North sat sewing, their daughter Nettie entered, smoothing her hair with her hands, and took her place at the table.

"Now mother," said she, "my kitchen work is done, and I will finish my book. I do hope no one will call this evening; then we can have a nice, quiet time." So saying, she took up her book and began to read; but had not got beyond her first page, when some one knocked at the door.

"Go to the door, Nettie," said Mrs North. "I am afraid you will not have your wish."

"It's too bad," said Nettie, rising slowly and going to the door, where she found her friend Hettie Parker. Countenance and voice both instantly changed, as Nettie greeted her visitor.

"Why, my dear Hettie! are you alone? I'm so glad you have come. Be seated, I was just wishing to mother that some one would drop in for an evening chat. I have been busy all day, and I now want company for pleasant pastime. What have you been doing to-day?"

"In the forenoon I helped to wash; and this afternoon I wrote out all I could recollect of Mr. Chaplin's Sunday morning sermon."

"Wrote out his sermon! What for?" said Nettie in surprise.

"Well, I began the practice two years ago, at mother's request. She says it is a good plan in several ways. It makes me more attentive to his preaching, helps me to understand it better, and will every year give me an interesting and useful little book for private use. Mother says she did it when young, and was much benefited. I was at this sermon almost all afternoon. Mother thought it so good, that I spent more time on it than usual."

"Your mother thought it an extra sermon?" asked Mrs. North, searchingly looking up from her sewing into the honest eyes of Hettie Parker, one of the last class of confirmed catechumens. "An extra sermon! Dear me I was so tired of it. Mr. Chaplin says so many such plain things, and his rebukes are sometimes so pointed, that I blush for the visitors that are present. Especially last Sunday"—and Elder North's wife tried to look wise—"preaching on the Commandment 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,' he almost made one think, that there is nothing in the Church now a days except flattery and deception. But still, he said some very suitable things too. For example, he gave old Squire Davis a broad hit on backbiting and slander; and I noticed Jane Kenly turn red, when he came down so severely on young people pretending to be what they are not, paying compliments they do not mean, and in other ways bearing false witness against their neighbor. Still I was very tired of the sermon, and felt quite relieved when he said, amen, at the close."

Mrs. North had just finished her evil utterance, when a loud knock was heard at the hall door. Nettie answered it, and showed Parson Chaplin into the sitting room.

"Good evening, friends; why Hettie is this you?" said the good man of God, shaking hands all around in a very fatherly way.

"Good evening, Parson Chaplin," said Mr. North, who rose to meet his pastor. "Let me have your hat and cane. The ladies have just been talking about you."

"Nothing bad I hope?"

"Oh my, no, Mr Chaplin," quickly answered the Elder's wife. "I would think it a great shame as well as a sin to speak ill of the absent. You told us about this on Sunday in your interesting and highly edifying sermon on the ninth commandment. You shot some sharp arrows at lying, backbiting and slander: but no wonder, seeing that bearing false witness against a neighbor is an ugly sin!"—and the Elder's wife looked very solemn; perhaps she was thinking of the case of Sapphira.

"I have only a short time to stay," said the pastor. "I must, therefore, state my errand. I called to see why Nettie does not attend the Sunday-school and Wednesday evening service more regularly. We miss her very much."

"Well, really, Mr. Chaplin," answered the mother, "she should be more regular; but she is often troubled with sick-headache, and also we sometimes spend Sunday afternoon reading the Scriptures together verse about. But we will try to have her attend more regularly in the future. I feel thankful for your kind interest in her spiritual welfare, and hope she may profit by it."

"Well, Nettie, meet with us as regularly as you can. Brother North, call to see me whenever you can. Good evening, all,"—and the Pastor of Hilltown Reformed Church, in a very thoughtful mood, started out into the darkness of that winter evening. The door was scarcely closed, and the company not yet rightly seated, when Mrs. North burst out angrily —"I do think it is too bad! Mr. Chaplin is as busy as a Paul Pry! What need he know the reason of Nettie's absence?"

"And I shall not go one step either to Sunday-school or the Wednesday evening service. My teacher, Miss Budd, is so hatefully prim and sedate; and besides," added the excited girl, "I cannot bear to meet Maggie Chaplin. She is too much of a saint for me."

Hettie Parker was astonished at such expressions from Christians, to whom she had always looked for example. She felt sad, and simply answered:

"I always liked Maggie. She is quiet, but honest in her conduct. Dear me," looking as the clock struck nine, "is it so late? I must really go home;"—and like an honest girl who means what she says, Hettie rose to go.

"Oh Hettie, don't go yet," said Nettie. "I always enjoy your visits so much; and we have had but little chat this evening, I'm sure."

"But I promised to be home in good time; and nine is not very early."

"Well, I'm so glad you called this evening, that I will not insist on your staying later; but do call often and early, won't you? There are not many girls I beg so hard to visit me."

"Nettie is fond of company, and I will be glad to see you here as often

as you can well come," said Mrs. North, as Hettie, throwing a scarf over her head, bade them all good night.

Returning to the table, Mrs. North took up her sewing, and Nettie took up her book. The mother soon broke the silence.

"Dear me, but I have been annoyed this evening! After a hard day's work I was tired, and hoped to be without company; and when company did come, what worriment it brought! Mr. Chaplin is so trying, and Hettie Parker is little better. Indeed, Nettie, I do not think she is proper company for you. Better try to get rid of her," and the Elder's wife looked tenderly at her darling daughter, who answered:

"I really had hard work to keep from telling her my whole mind this evening. She does try my nerves most dreadfully. In fact I am half sorry I made so much ado over her. It will only bring her back the sooner; yet I wish she would stay away altogether. I do believe father is dozing over his newspaper; he keeps so quiet. Have you nothing to say, father?"

"Yes, my daughter," and Elder North laid aside his paper and his spectacles, "I have something to say, and perhaps very much. I am truly astonished to see and hear what I this evening have seen and heard."

"Why, dear father, what is wrong?" said Nettie, starting in honest surprise, while her mother laid aside her sewing and looked severely into her husband's face, better understanding his words than did Nettie.

"I am sorry to say, that both you and your mother need another sermon on the ninth commandment, which, as you know, forbids all slander and backbiting, all treachery and deception, all flattery and lying, all"—

"What in the world do you mean, Mr. North?" said his wife, speaking very fast, the muscles of her face twitching very nervously.

"Only keep calm, both of you. I mean what I say, and wish plainly to speak my mind. Both of you have grossly violated the ninth commandment this very evening, and not for the first time, either."

"You seem to speak very unkindly. How did we bear false witness against our neighbor?"

"I will tell you. First of all, Nettie made great ado of gladness over Hettie Parker's call, but spoke very differently after her leaving: this was lying by both word and act. Then, just before Mr. Chaplin came, you spoke very harshly about his sermon; but in his presence you praised it very highly. Was this honest and true? Next, you pretended to be very thankful for his kind interest in Nettie, but afterward called him a busybody. Was not this deception? Nettie promised to attend services regularly, but almost within his hearing after leaving, she declared she would not go. Was not this lying? Both you and Nettie made considerable ado over Hettie's visit and the pleasure of her company; but so soon as she had gone, you both railed at her very bitterly, and declared yourselves annoyed by her presence. Was not this flattery, backbiting, lying and deception all in one? Have you not both been very double-faced? Do you not see the need of another sermon on the ninth commandment? Let me tell you, that even apart from Christian consistency, there is nothing like honesty of word and act. If only people would mean what they say; if only smiles and compliments could be taken at par; if only the right hand were always given in truth; then our social life would indeed be beautiful."

Elder North had given his family a practical illustration of the ninth commandment.

Translated for the Guardian.

"ZION KLAGT MIT ANGST UND SCHMERZEN."

BY PERKIOMEN.

The Church Militant and Triumphant.

The following Christian Hymn was composed by JOHANN HEERMANN, during "*The Thirty Years War*," A. D. 1630.

Zion mourns in straits and sadness,
Zion City God doth own;
Which He cherishes with gladness,
Which He chooses as His Home.
Hear Her sigh:—"How hath my God
Left me sore beneath the rod,
And forsook me hard o'ertaken!—
Hath forever me forsaken!!"

"God, the same whose interceding
He had pledged in seasons all,
He now hears me vainly pleading,
Since great grief does me befall.
Oh! And will He e'er and e'er,
In fierce anger slight my prayer?
Shall no more with favor laden,
Be, as once, His poor Hand-Maiden.

"Zion! Thou my precious Treasure!"
Spake Jehovah as of yore—
"True thou tasteth now Grief's measure,
Heart and soul are sick and sore;
Still bid all thy murmurs stay!
Where is there a mother—say—
Who her offspring can be hating,
And whose heart all love's forsaking?

Yea, and though thou even findest
Such a monster mother-heart—
Empty of affection kindest;
Still my love can ne'er depart.
I am ever true to thee,
Zion! Precious crown for me!
Thou art my whole heart possessing,
Never am I thee forgetting.

Have then Satan's wiles thee smitten?
He may terrify—no more;
Look and learn where thy name's written—
On my palms engraven o'er!
How indeed then can it be,
But that I remember thee?!
I will build thy walls up higher,
Nor to smile upon thee, tire.

On thee rests mine eye each instant;
Thee my bosom gently folds,
Like a very tender infant—
My love without measure holds!
One through ages is our life;
Neither woe, nor danger, strife,
Not e'en Satan us can sever.
Be thou faithful then forever!

REST A LITTLE.

BY VIOLA.

My eyes grow weary looking out upon the crowds of sharpened faces, passing by, marked as they are by care's keen and knotted lash; and I wonder why it is so. Why this apparent hurrying to and fro? Can they not rest a little, and enjoy God's sunshine, so bountifully and freely given to all His creatures? I have seen faces look as if whole continents of care were mapped out upon them.

That man of thirty; how came he with furrowed lines at his age? Why this trampling at all hours, with no noon-time taken in the shade—no lingering in rustic bowers to learn of the butterfly that which he finds in every bud and flower? In vain the babbling brook talks to him of music and joy, as each tiny wavelet ripples over the shining pebbles, lying beneath its clear depths. He has no time to look or listen—no mind for such idling. On, on, carelessly the life march moveth!

Thou weary toiler in the mines of life, come, rest a little—come to the surface and sun thyself awhile. Be not like unto a bounden slave. Learn of the eagle—see, how lazily he floats upon his pinions, as if he were determined to enjoy all the good and beautiful in nature; and yet he neglects not the young eaglets' cry for food.

Sometimes clouds will lower and fogs sweep darkly down; yet there is more of sunshine than rain; more bright days than dark ones. Believe with me, there is more of good than ill—enjoy that which thou hast, trusting "Our Father" for the future.

Leave thy toil for that which perishes, and go where good can be done. Many an orphan's tears will then be wiped away; and dwarfed and starving minds, dwelling in rough and dirty prison cells, all shut out from the bright light of moral truth, may, through thy efforts, be made free, and sent rejoicing on in a new and blessed pathway, to the pure, glorious day of Gospel truth. Thus live, enjoy the life given thee, and you will not sit down a worn-out man, ere fifty years have sunned thy head.

AN EVANGELICAL DEACONESS.

FROM THE GERMAN BY J. W. E.

In the eastern portion of Berlin in the so-called Koepeniker fields, you will find, dear reader, a building of stately and imposing proportions, with towers and side-wings, and surrounded with park and garden. It is the infirmary and Deaconess' institution, Bethania, established by Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, immediately after his accession to the throne, and designed to serve as a hospital for the nursing of the sick by the hands of Deaconesses, which ancient apostolic order had been called back into life by Pastor Fliedner in Kaiserswerth on the Rhine.

It was on the third June, 1853. In the large and beautiful garden of Bethania, lilac and roses bloomed and exhaled their fragrant odor, and every bush and tree was dressed in the beauty of spring. There came rolling along a stately coach. Its door bore the coat of arms and crown of a count, a black deer below two red forels in a white field. Out of the coach window bent the beautiful head of a noble lady. Her eyes rested with a radiant smile upon the mansion and the surrounding garden. The coach stops before the door of the infirmary, and out steps a man of a noble soldier like bearing, his head crowned already with the snow of age; an elderly lady follows him; he conducts her to the door. The other lady, with those radiant eyes and the smile of youth, had hurried up before them. Sister Portress, in plain black dress and white cap, opens the door; a pleasant smile passes over her countenance on recognizing the dear visitors, and she conducts them to the office of the matron of Bethania. It is empty. The matron, Marianne de Rantzau, is already for nine long months chained to a painful sick-bed. And then all three, father, mother and daughter, proceed on, and surround the bed of the patient sufferer in a small white little room.

"Worshipful matron, we bring to you to-day our daughter Anna to become a deaconess in this house. Her heart, her God draws her to the bed of suffering humanity, to serve as an humble hand-maid of the Lord. With our whole heart, we consecrate her to this work. "Sir Count, your child shall be a beloved daughter unto me. Anna kneels before the bed; the trembling hand of the matron rests in blessing softly upon the pure head of the young lady, and the rich brown hair disappears under the white cap of the deaconess. A maternal kiss confirms the new union. Anna Countess de Stolberg Werningerode, fifth daughter of the Count Anton, Prussian Lieutenant General, Minister of the Royal House and Chief Chamberlain, appears again in plain black robe and white cap, as "Novice Sister Anna" of the Deaconess House Bethania. Other titles there are not in this house of mercy.

In the beginning of this century lived the reigning Count, Christian

Frederick de Stolberg Werningerode, in his beautiful old Castle Peterswaldan, in Silesia, a patriarchal life in the midst of his children and grandchildren. Unassuming piety, simplicity of heart, and love to their fellow men have always been distinguishing traits in the character of the ancient family of the Stolbergs. So it was then. Peterswaldan was a refuge to all the suffering and oppressed. There they always found, not only open hands, but also open hearts. In this house of peace and love Anna was born on the sixth of September, 1819, the eighth child of Count Anton and Countess Louise, daughter of Count von der Reike, Minister of Justice. Four other children were born to them after her. The education of the children could not have been plainer in the house of a common citizen. Dressed in simple garments, made by the diligent hands of a Silesian weaver, cheerful and harmless played the Count's children in the park under the grand old trees. A ride with the parents through the country, an excursion into the near Owl mountains (Eulengebirge) on birthdays, were occasions of great joy to them. Their saving-boxes were filled only to empty them into the hands of poverty and want. The most simple nourishment for body and soul was their daily food. A pious tender family life was the air in which Anna, with her sisters and brothers, grew up, healthy in body and soul. With tender care the parents selected for their children the teachers; for even the most fruitful ground produces dangerous weeds if the gardener is not faithful. Such a faithful gardener for the sprouting and blooming child-life in Peterswaldan was Kleophen Schlatter, the daughter of a pious Reformed family in St. Gallen, Switzerland. Just as faithful a teacher of the older sons labored the candidate of theology Adolph Zalm, afterwards a zealous workman in God's vineyard in Pomerin near the Ost-see, whither Kleoph Schlatter followed him as his wife and help-maid. She was succeeded in the family of Count Stolberg by another young Swiss lady of great intellectual abilities, and a heart rich in love. Her influence for seven long years was of special importance to the young Countess Anna. But the greatest blessing for the young soul was the mild and shining example of her parents. Quiet and unassuming moved the mother in her own house and in the huts of the poor. Every uncorrupted innocent child has a heart full of pity for the suffering and needy; but in the spring of life, in childhood, the heart must be planted with good seed, if it is in the future to bring forth flowers and fruit for many. This mother quietly and carefully put seed after seed of merciful love into the hearts of her children. It was always a reward for the child's good conduct, to accompany the mother to the abodes of misery, with a basket of food for the hungry and refreshments for the sick. Diligently the father assisted to water and nourish these tender plants, and words and blessing followed them everywhere in their work of ministering love.

In the spring of 1824, the grandfather, Count Christian Frederick, was called home to his fathers, full of joy and peace. His eldest son, Henrik, succeeded him in the government of his estate, the county of Werningerode. Count Anton, the fourth son, removed from Peterswaldan to his inheritance, the castle and estate of Kreppelhof at the foot of the Riesengebirge. Here he labored in great blessing as governor of a part of the province of Silesia; the Countess and her daughter, finding a large sphere of Christian labor in the five villages belonging to the Estate Kreppelhof, and among the poor weavers of the Riesengebirge. During this time the

family stood connected, by the most friendly and social relations, with other noble families of the neighborhood. The prince and princess, Wilhelm of Prussia, together with the field-marshal Gneisenau, Prince Raziwill, and others of scientific and military renown, were frequent visitors at the Castle Kreppelhof; and this social intercourse was of the greatest benefit to all the children,

In 1830 Count Anton was called to the position of General Governor of the province of the Rhine, taking his residence at Düsseldorf, near which place Pastor Fliedner had established his charitable institutions. Countess Anna frequently visited with her parents these abodes of Christian love, and listened with the greatest interest to the explanation of the inner arrangements, and the origin and progress of these institutions. Often Fliedner also came to Düsseldorf, where he preached to the prisoners in the penitentiary, and on such occasions made the hospitable home of Count Stolberg his home, and the conversation between these two disciples of Christ turned generally to the objects they loved most, the interest and progress of the kingdom of God. These were hours of pleasure also for Anna, and her eyes rested with a radiant shine upon the man of God. When he spoke of his plans to call into existence again the apostolic order of deaconesses, Fliedner, as if anticipating that this maiden before him would be in the future his most faithful and true disciple, then often laid his hands in blessing upon her head.

In the year 1835, Fliedner assisted Count de Stolberg in establishing a school for small children, whose parents were kept away from home through their work during the day. The Countess and her daughter took the greatest interest in the Christian enterprise, and for the founding of the deaconness institution all contributed most abundantly.

On the 30th of May, 1836, a society was formed and held its first session in the house of the Stolbergs, for the "education of evangelical female nurses of the sick." Count Stolberg signed the constitution as president of the society. Thus one heavenly seed after the other was sown into the young heart of Anna, and with God's gracious sunshine all germinated, broke forth and greened beautifully, until after some years the tree stood there, powerful, casting its shadow abroad, and bearing golden fruits.

In the fall of 1837, Count Anton was called to the position of Chief-Governor over the province of Saxony, and took up his home in Magdeburg. How cheerless would have been life to Anna in those dark fortress-walls after having lived near the enchanting Rhine, if there had not bloomed within her the life in God! The family now visited frequently the neighboring Harz Mountains, and the ancestral Castle of the Stolbergs Wernigerode, situated in the most romantic part of the romantic Harz. But hardly had Frederick William ascended the throne, when he called his dear Anton, as he used to name his old friend, in confidential circles, to his side, to assume the position and duties of Minister of the Royal House and Chief Chamberlain of the Court. This is the highest civil office at the Court of Berlin. A new world of splendor and festivities rose up before the eye of the young Countess Anna. But the pure eye of the maiden did not become dazzled or in the least attracted thereby. Only inasmuch as the high official position of the father absolutely required, the daughter participated in the bright and gay life of the court and residence. An evening, however, spent at the tea-table of Frederick William and his excellent

Elizabeth, the queen, on which occasions the greatest simplicity prevailed, or an hour spent in pleasant conversation with Princess Wilhelm, were a full compensation to her for all the missed festivities, the foam of the waves of the world, which began to break in upon her more and more. In these royal evening circles and at the palace of Princess Wilhelm, Anna saw and heard for the first time England's female apostle of the prisons, Elizabeth Fry! A wonderful woman; in the plain gray garments of the Quaker, over the light brown hair, the dark veil, the fine old features of her face so mild and full of peace, addressing every one high and low with the friendly "thou", and her enchanting speech, and a strange imposing and yet well known appearance drawing the heart at once to her. There she sat upon the sofa, between the queen and the princess, unembarrassed, and spoke with the eloquence of faith and love of the misery then prevailing in prisons. She related how she had found it in Newgate and other European prisons, demanding, praying for, urging the necessity of a prison reform, in which religious instruction, separation into different classes, useful employment, etc., should be the means of saving these poor creatures out of the whirlpool of vice and death. And she did not there labor in vain. How those large brown eyes of Anna again exhibited the heavenly fire, on these occasions, when Elizabeth Fry thus spoke. Quietly meditating upon that which she heard, her eyes spoke only of ideas and resolutions for the future. Every word that this noble English woman said, sank deep into her soul, and the image and example of Elizabeth Fry never afterwards vanished from her mind. This was of great blessing to the world.

And it was to become more silent yet in the heart of Anna.

In the same year, in which the King laid the foundation stone for his beloved Bethania, this act being witnessed by all the Stolbergs with the greatest gratification and interest, young Countess Marianne Stolberg died.

This sudden death made upon sister Anna the most profound and lasting impression, and, surrounded as she was by the foaming waves of the world, a deep longing for a quiet harbor, a place to abide under the palm-trees of peace, arose up within her. But as yet she had no aim, no definite object in view. The establishment of Bethania brought the Pastor Fliedner frequently to Berlin, as his counsel was invaluable and highly appreciated by the King. Princess Wilhelm, who so warmly felt for this new enterprise, did not live to see it go to completion. On Easter, 1846, she was called away from this earth, and Anna wept at the grave of her maternal friend. On the tenth of Oct., 1847, she was present at the solemn dedication and opening of Bethania. Pastor Fliedner installed the Deaconess Marianne de Rantzau to be matron and superior of Bethania. Standing in friendly relations to the family of the Stolbergs, the young countesses were often with her, and she instructed them in all the requirements of an educated nurse, without anticipating that soon they would be called upon to perform this good samaritan service, in their Silesian native home.

[*To be continued in next number.*]

BILEHILDE.

[*A French Legend—From the German by Chas. Hüllhorst.*]

Late in the night a small boat was silently gliding down the French Saale towards the Main. It had neither sail nor mast. There was no one at the helm. Only the slender pole, which from time to time kept the boat from the shore, and a feeble, dubious paddling, betrayed that some one was in the boat, who had neither sufficient strength nor skill to manage it. Is it perhaps a child, desirous of reaching home yet to-night? But why does it not linger on the safe shore, until after the midnight moon arises, or until the day dawns; why is it on this perilous journey now, when the night is darkest?

A child it is indeed, which, after long grief and sorrow in a foreign land, longs for rest and peace under the parental roof. It is the daughter of the French king, Dagobert, the sister of Siegbert the Third, the Princess Bilehilde.

She, a Christian, had been married to the pagan duke of Thuringiä, who had visited the royal court of France while yet a youth. The Christian priest, who, as chaplain and at the same time as messenger of peace to the heathen, had accompanied her into the wilderness of the Buchonian forests, had died soon after their arrival in the foreign country. The aged, faithful servant and nurse of her infancy, whom her mother had sent with her, had soon after followed him into the grave. A few years later her husband had lost his life on the battle-field. Thus she had been left all alone, childless and a stranger in a strange land. They would not permit her to return to her native home. Perhaps some relative of the deceased duke hoped to obtain the hand of the fair princess. But how can she stay? It is not the howling of the wolves, not the bellowing of the ure-ox, that renders her sojourn in the castle of the woods, intolerable to her. For here a barbarous, but faithfully devoted tribe, was endeavoring from morning till night to proffer her all that can delight and gratify her. But when in the spring, in that ancient German heathenland, the chariot, drawn by two white bulls with the veiled effigy of Hertha, beside it the heathenish priests blowing the horns, is lead out to the sea, to the bath of the goddess; when at the setting of the sun, besides the unbloody sacrifice of two children drowned in the sea, prisoners of war not unfrequently bleed under the knife of the priest, then her heart is filled with horror. How very differently, she says to herself, is now resounding in the Christian churches of my fatherland the hymn: "Christ is risen from the dead!" How differently do the powers of heaven that rest in the sacrifice of Him, who suffered death for us, operate upon the poor, depressed mind of man!

When in the winter these heathen celebrate the close of the year with the loud clamors of the drinking-bout and the clash of arms, the delicate

princess retires into her lonely chamber and her heart goes wandering. Her spirit is in the Christian temples of her native land, where now is resounding the lovely hymn of the shepherds, and the joyful song of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men!"

But have not the angels sung also above *these* rocks and fields their "Peace on earth"? Then why is there everywhere on these mountains and valleys, in the forests and on the fields nothing but strife and the cries of battle; no peace in the homes, no peace in the hearts? But how can it be otherwise with a people lying in darkness? How can there be joy and peace in the human heart without Christ?

Thus the princess pines away in sorrow and ardent longing for the happy rest her native home affords. Woe is me, she often sighed, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar! My soul hath long dwelt with those that hate peace. When I remember these things I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude. I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day. O send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me, let them bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacles!

In this way a number of years passed by since her departure from home. It had been a long time since she had received news from there. Spring had again come; the feast of Hertha was approaching and with it the holy week before Easter in the land of the christians. The lords of the castle were out on a chase for the bears of the forest, who were now breaking forth from their dens. The princess, now less closely guarded, walks down to the banks of a small river that flows near by the castle. O happy billow, she sighs, so freely running down to the south-west into the land of the christians—perhaps into my own land.

Whilst thus walking, she descries a small boat belonging to the castle. Her ardent longing for the society of christians, the sweet land of her forefathers, conquers all timidity and fear. Unnoticed she carries provisions and some garments down to the river, hiding them in the brush. At night she carries them into the boat, and rows as well as she can down the stream. During the day she conceals herself and the boat in the thickets along the banks, and continues her journey in the darkness of the night.

The small river that flowed by the castle was the French Saale. At the beginning of the third night she came to the spot where this little stream pours into a larger one, that flowed majestically along in its wide bed. It was the Main. Commending herself unto the protection of God and his holy angels, the delicate adventurer fearlessly ventures upon its surging waves. Her firmness of mind does not forsake her, when she hears the growling of bears and the howling of wolves, infesting the thick forests of fir trees along the banks. Here she felt secure at least from the surprise of those, who might pursue her on her flight and compel her to return to the castle. Here she dared to continue her journey during the day.

After many curves of the stream she comes into a region which had been cleared for the cultivation of gardens and fields. Here sweet breezes from her native land were already wafting towards her. On one of the following mornings, before the day dawned, she hears the sound of the Christian church-bell, announcing the hour for early prayer. From

the windows of the chapel is streaming the light of the eternal lamp. The chanting of the priests proclaims the praise and honor of Him, before whom all life shall bow. She had safely escaped from her barbarous oppressors, and was now forever out of their power. She was in the safe land of christians, and soon after reached home, where she ended her life in happiness and peace with God.*

There is a homesickness, a longing for home, which not only in foreign lands among strangers, but even at one's own dear hearth, seizes upon the heart with wonderful, irresistible power. And there is a living water whose stream flows through all countries. Whoever, like Bilchilde with her boat, entrusts himself to this stream of living water, equipped with faith and hope, which will never let him sink, will be carried on this river to the haven of that happy home, for whose rest and peace the heart is longing.

TWO CHARITY SERMONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The readers of the GUARDIAN are mostly young people. They are in that period of life, when the heart, if at all influenced by the Gospel, is warm, generous and tender. The great bulk of them, we trust, are industrious ; seeking and finding something to do for themselves, for others, and for God. If they work with their hands or heads, or with both, they will not need all they earn for their livelihood; they will have something to spare for the poor, for the orphans, for missions, and for the education of pious young men for the holy ministry.

We have made it a point not to preach in the GUARDIAN. From the start we guarded against, and warned our contributors, Whatever you do, don't fall to preaching. The pulpit is the place to preach, not these pages. To preach here is the veriest cant. We might as well send each of our young readers a monthly dose of opium, as a dose of preaching matter—either would put them to sleep with equal success. But every rule has its exceptions, even in the GUARDIAN. Some sermons are in place everywhere.

This much, by way of apology for the two following sermons. Dean Swift was once obliged to preach a charity sermon. His work was soon over. His text was: "Whoso giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." Sermon: "If you like the security, down with your dust." Thereupon he sat down, and the collectors passed through the congregation. And it is said the collection was one of the largest ever made in his church.

At one time the operatives of the Lower Seine, (France,) of which Rouen is the capital, were in great want and distress. The Bishop of

* Bilchilde flourished in 650; the archbishop of Mayence, Siegbert, was her near relative. After her safe return to Mayence she instituted to the memory of her husband the cloister, Altenmünster, and presented to the city a piece of land (the so-called Bruch) that extends as far as Mombach.

Orleans felt it his duty to preach a sermon, and take a collection in his cathedral. Ascending the pulpit, his Lordship preached as follows:

"'This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those, whose cause I am come here this day to plead before you. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions in arms, on whom he thought, with reason, he could rely: 'My good friends, I am your king; you are Frenchmen; yonder are the enemy. Let us march!' I will not address you in any other words this day than these: 'I am your bishop; you are Christians; yonder are not our enemies, but our brothers, who suffer: Let us fly to their succor!'"

The bishop then descended from the pulpit, and took the collection himself, which amounted to over $3,000.

Now, dear reader, do something for God. Help some one in need. Work hard, save all you can, and give all you can spare to the Lord. The orphan's cry calls for help. More than a hundred vacant congregations call for pastors. Millions of heathen are dying without hope in their death. What we give to these, we lend to the Lord. Do you believe God's holy word? "Do you like the security, then down with your dust."

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER."

The following beautiful and touching song was written by Hon. A. W. Wildes, of Showkegan, Me. In answer to an inquiry on the subject he gives the incidents connected with its origin:

"The little song, 'Come this way, my Father,' was written by me during a season of great affliction—occasioned by the loss of my darling little Frank, (the hero of the story). The narrative and song were first published in the *Waterville Mail*, in the year 1850. The scene of the occurrence was Booth Bay, a little harbor about fifteen miles east of Bath.

"During a short visit to the seashore of our State, some two years since, with a party of old friends, it was proposed one afternoon that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion.

"We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly we left them, and proceeded some six miles further. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without compass, and not knowing the right way to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment and heard through

the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy, calling—'Come this way, father!—steer straight for me! I'm here, waiting for you!' We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, 'I knew you would hear me, father!' and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval between their deaths. Now, when tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped by fog or surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice, calling from the bright shore, 'Come this way, father!—steer straight for me!' When, oppressed by sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery, and as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from hence, 'Come this way, my father!—I am waiting for thee!'

"With this I enclose a correct copy of the song.

Yours very truly,

A. W. Wildes."

I remember a voice
Which once guided my way,
When lost on the sea
Fog-enshrouded I lay;
'Twas the voice of a child,
As he stood on the shore—
It sounded out clear
O'er the dark billows' roar—
"Come this way, my father!
Steer straight for me,
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice,
As it led our lone way,
'Midst rocks and through breakers,
And high dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear,
O'er the dark billows' roar—
"Come this way, my father!
Steer straight for me,
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember my joy
When I held to my breast
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest.
For the tones of my child
Whispered soft to my ear,
"I called you, dear father,
And knew you would hear
The voice of your darling
Far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore
I was waiting for thee."

That voice is now hushed,
Which then guided my way,
The form I then pressed
Is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child
Still sound in my ear,
"I am calling you, father!
Oh, can you not hear
The voice of your darling,
As you toss on life's sea?
Far on a bright shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice,
In many a lone hour,
It speaks to my heart
With fresh beauty and power,
And still it echoes far out
Over life's troubled wave,
And sounds from the loved lips
That lie in the grave—
"Come this way, my father!
Oh, steer straight for me!
Here safely in heaven
I'm waiting for thee!"

WEALTH AND POVERTY OF OUR STATESMEN.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library, giving him five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from the door. Madison saved his money, and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid $30,000 for them. James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of his friends. They remain in a cemetery, but no monument marks the spot where they repose. John Quincy Adams left some $50,000, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of method and economy. Martin Van Buren died rich. Throughout his political life, he studiously looked out for his own interest. Henry Clay left a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded $100,000. He was a prudent manager and a scrupulously honest man. James K. Polk left about $150,000, $50,000 of which was saved from his presidency of four years. Daniel Webster squandered some millions in his lifetime, the product of his professional speculation. He died leaving his property to his children and his debts to his friends. The former sold for less than $20,000, the latter exceeding $250,000. John Tyler left $50,000. Before he was President he was bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means, and then married a rich wife. Zachary Taylor left $160,000. Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and keeps his money in a strong box. It will not be squandered in speculation and vice. Franklin Pierce saved some $50,000 from his term of service. James Buchanan, who was a bachelor, and saved all he got, was esteemed to be worth at least $200,000.

Publications of the German Reformed Church.

Reformed Church Messenger. A weekly. Large issue, $3.00 per year in advance. Small issue, $1.75 per year. No copies of the small issue are sent except they are prepaid.

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Also, Hymn Books, Catechisms, and other publications of the German Reformed Church. Address,

S. R. Fisher & Co.,
54 N. Sixth St., Philadelphia Pa.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

The Guardian is deservedly popular. Its subscription list contains a respectable number of names. There is room, however, for the addition of others, and its merits entitle it to an increased circulation. Shall additional subscribers be forthcoming? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865, '66, and '67, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the Guardian, and send us the result?

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY $1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with $9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for $15; twenty-seven for $30.

Discontinuances.—As all subscriptions are commenced with the beginning of the Volume, so discontinuances can take place only with the close. To insure a discontinuance, *written* notice must be sent direct to the publishers before the close of the year, and all arrearages paid. If the notice be received after one or more numbers of a new volume have been sent, the subscriber will be charged for the full year thus commenced. ADDRESS—

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers,
No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

April No wanted
1868

LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

DECEMBER,
1868.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS, PR.

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LETTERS RECEIVED.

Miss S. E. Dubs, (1 sub.), Rev. D. Rothrock. W. T. Weaver, M. E. Miller. Rev. J. F. Snyder, C. A. Limburg, C. A. Grisemer, W. J. Stahl, Rev. B. Bausman. I. Reed, Rev. W. K. Zieber, Miss H. Bair, J. F. Linn, F. J. Hoffman, E. Quarry, C. Cessna, Rev. B. Bausman, Miss W. E. Hammond, E. Fuss, M. Biery, (1 sub.), H. Ruppel, Rev. C. Cort, F. Greaser, A. Fouse, J. Schreiber, G. H. Leonard. G. C. White, J. N. Newkirk.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

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Mrs. M. Bossard, Chambersburg, Pa.,	1 50	19
Miss L. J. McClellan, Chambersburg, Pa.,	1 50	19
Hon. J. W. Killinger, Lebanon, Pa.,	1 50	20
Rev. Wm. Rupp, Berlin, Pa.,	3 00	19, 20
Rev. D. Gring, Shrewsbury,	1 50	18
Wm. J. Hensell, Martinsburg, W. Va.,	3 00	19, 20
Miss Sarah Welker, Sunbury,	1 50	20
Miss B. Shindle, Hagerstown, Md.,	1 00	
Rev. S. S. Miller, Jefferson, Md.,	1 50	20
Rev. Mrs. T. O. Stem, Manheim, Pa.,	1 50	19
Rev. J. F. Snyder, Salem X Roads, Pa.,	3 00	19, 20
Rev. C. A. Limburg, Butler,	1 50	20
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Rev. G. H. Johnston, Somerset, Pa.,	1 50	18
G. Besore, Waynesboro, Pa.,	3 00	19, 20
Rev. L. M. Shuford, Winchester, Va.,	6 00	in full
S. Cronmiller, Mifflinburg,	1 50	20
J. Reed, Bedford, Pa.,	4 50	17–19
Miss M. E. Fisher, Sellerville,	4 50	17–19
Miss A. Cremer, Hanover,	1 50	19
Rev. J. Reinhart, N. Lima, O.,	1 75	19
Mrs. E. A. Apple, Rimersburg,	1 50	20
Miss Kate Blair, Kelly's P'nt,	3 00	19, 20
A. C. Linn, Lewisburg, Pa.,	1 50	20
E. Quarry, Martinsburg, Pa.,	3 00	18, 19
C. Cessna, Bedford, Pa.,	3 00	18, 19
J. W. Fuss, New Castle, Pa.,	3 00	17, 18
Rev. W. F. P. Davis, N. Oxford,	4 50	17–19
M. Biery, Camden, Wis.,	1 50	20
Rev. U. H. Heilman, Lewisb'g,	1 50	20
F. Greaser, Clover Creek,	3 00	18–19
Miss S. A. Leonard, Tiffin, O.,	1 50	20

The Guardian.

VOL. XIX.—DECEMBER, 1868.—No. XII.

THE MOTHER MAKES THE MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Godly mothers are the maternal saviors of the world. No love so pure as theirs—no sacrifice so unselfish. The greatest martyrdoms, and sacrifices, are left unrecorded in the so-called histories of the world. The power behind the throne—the unseen and unnoticed sceptre that makes and unmakes men and empires, is swayed by the silent uncomplaining sovereign within the veil of domestic life. Mothers are the mightiest monarchs of the world, who lay their loving hands on hearts immortal, and form them as they list. What unknown treasures are hid in woman's unwritten history! The remote results of her sacrificing life appear in the deeds and life of her children. But who thinks of tracing the love or hate, the glory or shame of the boy or man back to his mother? We have the lives of the apostles, of the saints, of the philosophers, and of the poets—of great men of all ages. What books might be written on the lives of the mothers of these men—books over which millions would ponder or pray, sigh or resolve for ages to come? A brief chapter on mothers we wish to give our readers.

BYRON'S MOTHER.

The mother of Lord Byron was a Miss Catharine Gordon, an Aberdeenshire heiress. After his father had squandered her property, he deserted her, and fled to France to avoid his creditors, where he died. She seems to have been a woman without piety, principle or patience. She loved her child, but lacked the faith and divine life to mould him for heaven. She was irritable, passionate, and possessed little of that womanly tenderness and refinement, which are the characteristics of her sex. Byron had a deformed foot. About this deformity he was, to the end of his life, morbidly sensitive. He tried his utmost to conceal it, and avoided the remotest allusion to it; and when he did speak of it, it was with a bitter vein, complaining at this supposed cruel providence or fate, as he might call it. As he was a boy brimful of fun and vitality, his mother would often fly into a rage at his pranks; at such times she would taunt him

with his club foot. This stung him to the quick. To the end of his life, this poisonous arrow, which his mother flung into his heart, kept festering there with increasing pain.

Religious training he had none. No sweet stories of the Christ-boy at Bethlehem mingled with the lullabies around his cradle. No child prayers to the Saviour—friend of children; no folding of little hands when he was laid down to sleep. The mother stamped her earth-bound image on the boy's heart, and he never could erase it from his being. The discords of his life she helped to make.

He said in later life:

"I lost my father when I was only six years of age. My mother, when she was in a rage with me (and I gave her cause enough), used to say, 'Ah, you little dog, you are a Byron all over; you are as bad as your father.' It was very different from Mrs. Malaprop's saying, 'Ah, good dear Mr. Malaprop, I never loved him 'till he was dead.' My father ran out three fortunes, and married or ran away with three women; and once wanted a guinea that he wrote for—I have the note. He seemed born for his own ruin and that of the other sex."

His mother was a singular compound. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of fondness. At one time she stifled him with caresses, at another time she insulted him with his deformity. When the beggars on the street mimicked the deformity of his foot, his outraged boyish heart could find little sympathy with her who bore him. This unmaternal treatment unstrung the chords of his later life. The severe judgment of his countrymen completed his ruin. Socially exiled, hunted and held up as a fiend incarnate, he became soured and sore. He married and deserted, as his father had done before him. He left his country, and in voluntary exile, strolled along the Rhine, lived in sunny Italy, and died in Greece. "His heart was withered, his capacity for happiness gone." He was without faith in man or God. Man he hated; God he despairingly sought. Yet he had many generous qualities withal. In Venice, a poor shoemaker's house, with all its furniture, was destroyed. Byron re-built the house, and furnished it, to the infinite delight of the shoemaker and his large family. His only child, which his separation from his wife deprived him of seeing, he loved with a passionate fervor. Touching and tender are his allusions to her. After years of separation, he wonders how the growing girl looks.

> "Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
> Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart?
> When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
> And then we parted—not as now we part,
> But with a hope."

Poor Byron! O'er his whole life howls a shriek of despair. He can see nothing to cheer or charm.

> "We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
> Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst.
> Though to the last, in verge of our decay
> Some phantom lures, such as we thought at first—
> But all too late—so are we doubly curst."

At Missolonghi, in western Greece, his wretched earthly life ended, on the 19th of April, 1824. Thither he had gone to assist in the restoration of Greece to her ancient freedom. When his end approached, he said, "It is now nearly over. I must tell you all without losing a moment." His servant said, "Shall I go, my lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?" "Oh, my God! no," he exclaimed, "you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare; for my time is short. Now pay attention. Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! my God! could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing."

Eternity alone can reveal how much of Byron's misguided and miserable life is traceable to his mother. He felt it to the last—this want of a mother's gentle holy love, in life's morning. With sorrowing tenderness he embalms the memory of his poisoned youth with the supposed better fate of his darling child.

"My daughter, with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name this song shall end.
I see thee not—I hear thee not—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend.
* * * * * * * *
To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to set and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This it should seem was not reserved for me,
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this."

DAVID HUME.

Who has not read or heard of Hume's History of England! In many respects the opposite of Byron, Hume's religious belief, or rather unbelief, is akin to that of the unhappy poet. He was naturally gentle, amiable, and inclined to take a kindly view of human life, but a man—one who showed the utmost scorn and contempt for the Christian religion. He says of himself, "I was a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions." Different from Byron, he had a mother, who tried to train him piously. He became a skeptic in spite of her better teaching, and in return robbed her of her precious faith.

Of the details of her character and life we know but little. Hume himself says: "I was of a good family, both by father and mother. My mother was a daughter of Sir David Falconer, President of the College of Justice. My father, who passed for a man of parts, died when I was an infant, leaving me, with an elder brother and a sister, under the care of our mother, a woman of singular merit, who, though young and handsome, devoted herself entirely to the rearing and educating of her children."

To what extent Hume's mother was a pious woman we are not told. The training of her son, however, would seem to have been defective somewhere (Proverbs xxii. 6). At all events, he departed from the right

way. When a youth of sixteen he began to govern his conduct by the principles of philosophy. In other words he chose philosophy instead of Christ for his Saviour. Like many others he had received strong religious impressions in his youth. These he succeeded to get rid of by his so-called philosophy. Not content with the loss of his own Christian hopes, he set diligently to work to destroy those of his mother. By his gentle manner and plausible arguments, he sapped the foundation of his mother's faith. She loved her son, and thought he meant it all in kindness. After succeeding in this dreadful work, he went abroad to foreign countries, leaving his poor mother without God and without hope. On his return an express met him in London, with a letter from his mother, informing him that she was very feeble and could not survive long. She said she found herself without any support in her distress; that he had taken away that source of comfort upon which she could rely in all her affliction, and that now she found her mind sinking into despair. She besought him speedily to hasten home, as he could no doubt give her some substitute for her lost religion; or, if he could not reach her in time, at least to send her a letter containing such consolations as philosophy can afford a dying mortal. It is said that his mother's letter overwhelmed Hume with anguish. He hastened to Scotland, travelling day and night, yet before he reached home his mother had died the death of despair. Truly an act of unnatural cruelty to rob one's mother of her only comfort in life and death. Though for a brief season grieved by her hopeless death, he went back from her bier to his philosophy. Although a lingering disease gave him time for reflection and repentance, he continued a skeptic to the last. The day before his death he played whist with his friends, and read Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and jocularly telling what conversation he might be supposed to hold with Charon, the fabled ferryman across the river of death, in the Pagan spirit world.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

A very great pity it is that we have not a full history of this lady. Of her early life we have nothing, only that before her marriage she was "Mary, the daughter of Colonel Ball, a young and beautiful girl, said to be the belle of the Northern Neck." That she became the second wife of Augustine Washington, and the mother of six children, four sons and two daughters. She was intelligent, industrious and energetic. She ruled her household with a strong hand and a firm will. She was not ashamed to work when occasion required; she would even help the servants at their work in the fields. Yet she was an accomplished lady for all that. The Virginia farm house, in which George Washington was born, was an old one-story building, with a steep roof, which sloped unusually far down toward the ground. An immense chimney graced each end. One of these chimneys remained the solitary relic of the old building, till of late years. Four rooms were on the first floor, and others were in the attic. In this primitive dwelling on the Potomac, Mary Washington gave birth to her son, little dreaming that she was nursing the future "father of his country." Rumor says, that her eldest son George was her favorite, yet that she never gave him undue preference. He inherited from her a high temper, and a spirit of command; but she taught him to restrain and govern his temper, and to command according to the dictates of justice and right.

When George was eleven years of age, Augustine Washington died, leaving his wife the widowed mother of six children. He left her a considerable estate, and what was more, a good name. Having the sole charge of her children, she sought to instruct and train them for usefulness and piety. Every day she gathered her little flock around her, and read to them from the Scriptures, and other good books. Her favorite volume was Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations. The wholesome maxims of this excellent work made a lasting impression on the mind of her son George. Much of his clear comprehensive statesmanship, and of his high-toned manly character, are traceable to the early lessons learned from this book. This well-worn volume, with the name of Mary Washington written on a fly leaf with her own hand, was ever after sacredly preserved in his family. It can still be seen in the archives of Mount Vernon. Well may his most distinguished biographer say: "Let those who wish to know the moral foundation of his character consult its pages."

From her he inherited a strong will; a will not easy to control and train. His mother taught him timely to obey authority. She knew how to blend law and love. When but a tender youth, his step-brother Lawrence prevailed on him to enter the navy. The mother at length gave her reluctant consent. A midshipman's warrant had already been obtained. His trunk, packed with all the nameless articles which a mother's love invents and procures, was placed on board a man-of-war, anchored in the river just below Mount Vernon. When the starting time came the mother's heart faltered and failed. He was her eldest born son. She had already learned full well, that the manly youth, though but a boy, would be the pride and support of his widowed mother. Now, that he was about leaving, she only discovered to what an extent she had leaned on him. And now to be separated from him, and leave him exposed to the temptations, hardships and perils of a seaman's life, she could not endure. She bade him remain at home. Though his heart was bent on going, he obeyed. Had he gone to sea at this time, his whole after life would have been turned into a different current; how much such a change would have modified the destiny and history of the American people, it is impossible for us to conjecture or estimate. The mother saved him for the headship of this infant nation.

When the British Gen. Braddock entered upon his celebrated expedition, he started from Alexandria, Va. Here, in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, he disembarked his troops. Washington watched the stir and drill of this army from his home on the banks of the Potomac, but a few miles distant. Braddock and his forces made no mean display. The streets teemed with troops, parading to the sound of martial music. The mother of Washington was quite domestic in her tastes. She loved her peaceful home at Mount Vernon. Her highest ambition was to educate and train her children to become virtuous, useful citizens. Of George she stood specially in need. He was her eldest son, and had a special aptitude to manage the estate and assist the mother in the regulation and government of her family. But George, by this time, had already had a slight taste of war. It kindled in him a thirst for military adventure. Braddock invited him to join his staff. His mother heard of it. In great haste she hurried to his side to prevent his acceptance. She needed him, and he needed her. However flattering this proffered position was

to her son, her chief concern was to retain him at home. Not from her did he inherit his passion for arms. With the greatest deference and tenderness he argued the case with her. Once she prevented him from entering the navy; this time she yielded to his choice and judgment.

George was not always successful in his military pursuits. Some of his earlier campaigns proved disastrous failures. When the sad news reached his mother, she would shake her head and exclaim, "Ah, George had better have staid at home and cultivated his farm." In later life, when the praise of his achievements was on the lips of a grateful nation, his mother was overwhelmed with congratulations. This glory, to a great extent, seemed to radiate from the life of her, who had given him birth and training. Listening to the wild enthusiasm with which the people applauded him, she would meekly reply, "George has been a good son, and I believe he has done his duty as a man."

The truthful character of Washington reminds us of Alfred of England, who was called the "Truth teller." When a boy, he played with a hatchet one day; boy like, he tried his skill at cutting wood, but unfortunately selected a choice peach tree for his cutting material. Afterwards the father discovered, to his great regret, that his tree had been ruined. Perhaps half in anger he called George to himself and asked whether he knew who had hacked his tree to pieces. The poor boy had every reason to expect the severest punishment. Would he not tell an untruth to evade it? He said: "Father, I did it; I am very sorry for it." With moistened eyes the father took him in his arms and said: "My noble boy, your telling the truth is worth more than all my peach trees."

For many years Washington's mother lived in a quiet, simple style, in Fredericksburg, Va. She was now eighty-two years of age. For some time she had been sinking beneath the burden of increasing age. An incurable disease hastened her death. During his busiest campaigns Washington found time to write to his mother. In his greatest privations and peril her maternal prayers, and the memory of her pure devoted life, hovered around his pathway like encampments of God's ministering angels. She taught him to speak the truth. In that terrible winter which he and his army spent at Valley Forge, his cause seemed almost hopeless. He sought refuge with God in prayer, as his custom was. By stealth an old Quaker, a tory at heart, overheard him praying on his knees, amid the concealment of the forest—praying with tears. The brave man thought himself alone with his God under the trees, where he could freely pour out his heart. The Quaker went home and told his wife, "The British cause will be lost. I heard Washington pray, and he prays like a man who has God on his side."

At another time, when his army was in New Jersey, he rode out with his staff officers to reconnoiter. It was just when Arnold was laying his treasonous plans; and when Cornwallis had been victorious at the South. While at this work his officers noticed him going to a retired place, not far distant, where he reverently knelt down and engaged for some time in prayer. After rising from his knees he sat down on a rock and seemed lost in thought. It could be easily seen, that he was greatly troubled. At length he was heard to repeat the whole of the one hundred and second Psalm, second part, as found in the Reformed hymn book.

"Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?"

He knew the whole by heart; very likely his mother got him to commit it when a boy. This kind of fighting, with Psalms and prayers, Washington had learned from his earliest teacher. Shortly after his first election to the Presidency, his mother died. Before leaving home for New York, he called to see her for the last time. Her feeble health assured him that this was their last meeting on earth. The reception of Washington and his family in New York, and his inauguration, were attended with almost unbounded enthusiasm. He encountered many perplexities. Work and worry brought on a serious attack of illness. Expecting perhaps that his disease would prove fatal, he asked his physician to give him his candid opinion. "Do not flatter me with vain hopes," he said. "I am not afraid to die, and therefore can bear the worst; whether to-night, or twenty years hence, makes no difference. I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." While he gradually recovered his aged mother died. The sad news, though not unexpected, deeply affected him. He knew that to her death was a blessed relief, a going into rest; but her going deprived him of the counsel, prayer and presence of his best human friend. He said: "Heaven had spared her to an age beyond which few attain; had favored her with the full enjoyment of her mental faculties, and as much bodily health as usually falls to the lot of fourscore."

LADY WASHINGTON.

Of the wife of George Washington we have only room just now for the following anecdote. We give it for the benefit of our fastidious lady readers, who are keenly mortified when caught in the kitchen, and as for wearing "a check apron," and knitting stockings for their husbands and brothers, in the presence of company, this would set a whole town or township a cackling with gossip. Is there not a large class of ladies of the modern school, who consider it a merit, and boast of it, that they have never learned to bake, make a cup of coffee, or knit? Hear what is said of the wife of George Washington:

A certain Mrs. Troupe, the widow of a half-pay British captain, lived in Morris County, New Jersey. She was the pink of fashion; at all events tried to pass herself off as such on a visit to Lady Washington. Calling on a friend, she said: "Well, what do you think, Mrs. T.? I have been to see Lady Washington!"

"Have you, indeed," said her friend. "Then tell me all about how you found her ladyship, how she appeared, and what she said."

"Well, I will honestly tell you," replied Mrs. Troupe, "that I never was so ashamed in all the days of my life. You see, Madame ———, and Madame ———, and Madame ———, and myself, thought we would visit Lady Washington, and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and so were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her *knitting, and with a speckled (check) apron on!* She received us very graciously and easily, but after

the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her husband and herself.

"And that was not all. In the course of the afternoon she took occasion to say, in a manner that we could not be offended at, that at this time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived; we must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves; whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry." A right queenly woman was this Martha Washington, albeit, receiving company in her check apron, and not ashamed to knit stockings for her heroic husband and herself whilst she entertained it.

THE MOTHER OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams was the son of John Adams, the second President of the United States. Father and son were born in the same town—Braintree, Massachusetts. The mother of John Quincy was a godly matron. She was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Smith, pastor in the neighboring town of Weymouth. Abigail Smith is said to have been a lady of "superior abilities and good sense." She made John Adams an excellent wife. Her grandfather's name was John Quincy, after whom she called her first born. Of this circumstance John Quincy Adams relates the following:

"My great grandfather, John Quincy, was dying when I was baptized, and his daughter, my grandmother, requested I might receive his name. This fact, recorded by my father at the time, is not without a moral to my heart, and has connected with that portion of my name a charm of mingled sensibility and devotion. It was filial tenderness that gave the name—it was the name of one passing from earth to immortality. These have been, through life, perpetual admonitions to do nothing unworthy of it."

Thus Abigail Adams began the training of her infant boy by laying him into the gracious arms of our Saviour, in the sacrament of Baptism. She watched over his childhood with sleepless care. She taught him the value of principle and truth. The foundation of his heroic character, and of his pure, unblemished life, was laid by her maternal hand. She taught him habits of piety and prayer. Every day of his busy life he read five chapters in the Bible. In his later life a number of young men requested him to recommend to them such authors and books as he deemed most suitable for them to read. Whilst naming other books, he recommended to them the Bible, as the book of all others to be used in all ages of human life—in which one or two chapters ought to be read every day.

In childhood his mother taught him to pray, "Now I lay me down to sleep." When almost eighty years of age he said that every night, as he laid him down to rest, he still prayed the little prayer his mother had taught him, and that he had since then prayed it every night of his life. One secret of this great man's strength was, that he made a fixed habit of

every virtue. Prayer, reading of the Scriptures, temperance, chaste and pure language, all were parts of his daily habits. These habits once formed and fixed, became a sort of second nature to him. To omit or break in upon them would have made him unhappy.

During his father's Presidency he was a young man of much promise. Urged by Washington, the father at length consented to appoint his son as Minister to Berlin. John Quincy did not like the appointment, although highly flattering. He begs his mother that no nomination of him to any other public office whatever may ever again proceed from the *present chief magistrate.* Washington wrote to his father, that John Quincy would soon be found at the head of the diplomatic corps, no matter who would administer the government. The mother sent Washington's opinion to her son. In reply he writes:

"I know with what delight your truly maternal heart has received every testimonial of Washington's favorable voice. How much, my dear mother, is required of me, to support and justify such a judgment as that which you have copied in your letter?"

"Twelve or fifteen years ago," says Ex-Governor Briggs, "I left Washington three or four weeks in the spring. While at home, I possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams' mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy twelve years of age, in Europe. Said she: 'I would rather see you laid in your grave, than you should grow up a profane and graceless boy.'

"After returning to Washington, I went over and said to Mr. Adams, 'I have found out who made you!'

"'What do you mean?' said he.

"I replied, 'I have been reading the letters of your mother.'

"Had I have spoken of that dear name to some little boy, who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, or his face glowed more quickly than did the eye and face of that old man, when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and emphatically said: 'Yes, Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother.'"

Mothers think of this when your bright-eyed little boys and girls are about. My young friends, do nothing unworthy of your pious parents, whether they be on earth or in heaven.

BE USEFUL.

Oh yes, I may, if I've a mind,
  Do good in many ways;
Plenty to do the young may find
  In these our busy days:
Sad would it be, though young and small,
  If I were of no use at all.

DO THY LITTLE—DO IT WELL!

Do thy little,—do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin, and conquer shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made,
"Gathered fragments," when He bade.

Do thy little: never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little; never fear
While thy Saviour standeth near;
Let the world its javelins throw;
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little. God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring:
God employeth every thing.

Do thy little; and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death.

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,—

These shall crown the pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

OUR YOUNG BARONESS.*

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

Twenty-five years ago, we had a German schoolmaster at Ferndale, whom you shall know by the name of Adolph Ronden. I was but a little shaver then, but I remember, as distinctly as though it were but yesterday, when he first taught me to scrawl lines and pot-hooks.

A large head and fiery beard gave him, at first sight, an almost savage appearance; but when you looked again, his mild blue eye removed the first impression, and told a tale of tenderness and sadness.

The old school-house where he taught, is indelibly pictured on my memory. It stood in a queer, winding, little valley, where three hills met. Near by, a flashing streamlet ran hither and thither through a narrow bit of meadow, until it was lost among the hazel bushes.

The house itself seemed ready to topple down with the weight of its own beams and rafters. It was built of logs, and had little windows with tiny panes of glass. Long desks and high benches were ranged along the walls; and opposite the door stood the master's desk, with a clumsy stool behind it.

In this desk, were stowed away the instruments of punishment which, in our days, had become obsolete. There were the wooden *ass-head*, and a pair of hideous leathern spectacles, which former masters had compelled disobedient boys to wear. In the absence of the master, we would often steal up, on tip-toe, and peer into the recesses of the desk,—with feelings of horror, akin to those of the traveller in foreign lands, who beholds for the first time the fearful relics of mediæval torture.

In the centre of the school-room, there was, moreover, a long, rectangular wood-stove, with many floral ornaments, and an inscription informing the beholder, that it was cast at the MARY ANN FURNACE—a piece of information for which he was no doubt profoundly grateful.

In this dreary den, Adolph Ronden toiled day by day, during a long and fierce winter, utterly unappreciated by his uncouth horde of rustic scholars.

Not far distant, by the hill-side, was the humble cottage which he called his home. There—it was understood—dwelt Mrs. Ronden, who was, however, but rarely seen by her husband's pupils. Those who had met her, described her as being tall and dark, with long ringlets on each side of a thin stern face.

She had, withal, an indescribable air of majesty, which left an undefined

* The following sketch is founded on facts, with all the details of which the writer is personally familiar.

impression, that she was a distinguished lady, who had greatly condescended in marrying so plain an individual as Mr. Ronden. It was, indeed, with infinite condescension, that she occasionally took from its cradle her puny infant, whose monotonous wail might be heard from morning till night, and for all I know—from night till morning.

Had it not been for little Agnes, the house would have been as gloomy as a prison, but she was—a ray of sunlight. A lovely fairy of five summers—flaxen-haired and azure-eyed—she was the perfect *ideal* of a little German beauty. When it pleased her to come to school—which was not very often—she generally sat by her father's side, and it required no prophet's wisdom to discover, that all his hopes were centered in his beautiful child.

There was a little boy among the scholars, to whom Mr. Ronden had become especially attached. He was very young—hardly as old as Agnes—and his teacher seems to have feared, that he might be injured in the rude sports of the older boys. At all events, he often took the little fellow home with him at noon-time, and then the two children enjoyed a glorious romp. Mr. Ronden's face would light up, as it never did on other occasions, when he saw the little ones rolling on the floor in the *abandon* of their childish glee, but his wife's brow grew darker still, and she often brought the fun to an untimely end, by her indignant *veto*.

It could not be denied, that our German teacher endeavored to do his duty, and the people were measurably well pleased with him. He taught the children to sing and pray, and this went a great way towards securing the good opinion of the old folks. But he had, nevertheless, a hard road to travel. Though his family spoke English only, he had never been able to acquire the language, and could not remain ignorant of the fact, that the boys mimicked his pronunciation as soon as his back was turned. Moreover, it has always been a hard task for a country school-master, with a family, to keep the wolf from the door.

Ronden battled with fortune manfully for a while, but at last his courage failed. He became listless and absent-minded—attending to his duties mechanically—and wandering about, between school-hours, without an apparent purpose. Then came undeniable symptoms of aberration of mind; and he was compelled to resign his school, to the great satisfaction of some unfeeling pupils, but to the untold sorrow of those who had learned to love him.

About this time, it began to be whispered about—by what means I know not—that we had been entirely deceived by appearances: that the unpretending Mr. Ronden was a scion of a noble German house; while his wife, notwithstanding all her dignity, was a poor girl whom he had married in the city where they last resided. The self-constituted detectives of the neighborhood soon made themselves familiar with the main facts in his history. "He was the younger son of a nobleman"—they said, "and, at his urgent request, his father had permitted him to seek his fortune in America. Twice he had received from home the means to establish himself in business, but as often his enterprise had failed, and he had become bankrupt. Then—half in love and half in spite—he had married the daughter of the lady with whom he boarded" it was hinted—"as the easiest way of paying a bill that had assumed fearful proportions. Knowing the pride of his family, he had refused to inform them of the

measlliance which he had contracted, and preferred that they should remain ignorant of his existence."

After a long struggle with poverty, he had been forced to succumb at last, and now all his friends advised him to inform his parents of his unfortunate condition. He had, however, nursed his morbid pride until it had become his ruling passion, and no importunities could induce him to accede, in this respect, to the wishes of those who loved him best. With the characteristic caution of incipient insanity, he refused to reveal his birth-place even to his wife.

Under these circumstances, it was manifestly impossible to afford the Ronden family any permanent relief. Their wants soon compelled them to sell their household goods at public auction. There were sold, together with some inferior furniture, many relics of better days—bits of faded finery and costly articles of quaint and curious workmanship, which Mr. Ronden had brought with him from the fatherland. The good country-people bought these things, out of sympathy for the family, though in many cases, they hardly knew what to do with them.

While all this was going on, Mr. Ronden seemed to be in a dream,—fumbling with his hands, and answering only in monosyllables; while little Agnes followed him everywhere, weeping bitterly. His wife looked sad, but was calm and dignified as usual; while the baby, who was much fondled by the neighbor-women, for once ceased its wailing, and crowed as though the present were the happiest moment of its brief existence. Early next morning, the lumbering, old stage-coach bore the Rondens away to the city, and for a month or two we heard no more about them. Then, the pastor of the church they had formerly attended received a letter that was sealed with black.

It told a sad story. On their arrival in the city, they had taken lodgings with Mrs. Ronden's mother, who was, however, herself almost in destitute circumstances. In a few days, it became evident, that Mr. Ronden was hopelessly insane, and it was found necessary to remove him to an asylum. In his paroxysms he spoke German only, addressing himself, in courtly phrases to imaginary lords and ladies; but in lucid intervals, he often recognized his wife and children, and calmly referred to his approaching end. Once he said to his favorite child: "Agnes! you will be a great lady some day—do not then forget your poor crazy father!"

His strength was now rapidly declining, and in about a week his spirit quietly passed away. When his remains had been respectably interred, the widow poured out her heart to her former pastor. It was evident from her letter, that she had loved her husband more intensely than we had ever imagined. "You cannot know," she said, "how much I loved my Adolph! I thought I had steeled my heart to meet all the troubles of life, but for this great affliction I was utterly unprepared. You used to say, 'The dead have but gone on a journey.'—I wish I could realize the thought!—I wish my faith were stronger!—Do you think that his spirit is around me? That he, in Heaven, knows how much I mourn for him? May God comfort me, and prepare me for the blessed hour when I shall once more meet my beloved Adolph!"

Several months had passed before the minister again received a letter with reference to the affairs of the Ronden family. This one was written in a cramped, legal hand, and enclosed in an envelop of gigantic propor-

tions. Though brief and formal, it contained remarkable revelations. After Mr. Ronden's death, a card had been found among his papers, containing the address of his father, the Baron von Ronden. A communication forwarded to this address, had elicited the information, that the Baron and Baroness von Ronden were both dead; and that their eldest son, the heir to their estates and title, had also lately died, without issue. The children of their second son, Adolph, were therefore the legal heirs of an immense fortune; and Mr. Sharp, as Mrs. Ronden's solicitor, now took the liberty of enclosing certain papers, which must be properly signed, in order to enable these children to obtain their rightful inheritance.

Whew! What a pile of documents he had sent! Documents in German, that had borne the smell of tobacco across the ocean. Documents in English, that seemed, to our unsophisticated minds, to treat of everything under the sun but the matter at issue. Certificates of baptism, to be signed by the clergyman and sponsors, and attested by innumerable officials, from the neighboring Justice of the Peace to the Secretary of State at Washington. It seemed, moreover, as though everybody in the neighborhood were expected to sign something, for the purpose of proving, however remotely, the legitimacy of the children of Adolph Ronden.

It was long before the matter was fully settled; but at last a righteous decision could be no longer withheld. Then, one fine Spring morning, Mrs. Ronden and her little ones set sail for Bremen. It was, however, a sad voyage. Her youngest child had never been healthy, and, before they reached the other side, she breathed her last, and her body found a resting place beneath the waves. Then her mother was indeed home-sick. How gladly would she have again accepted poverty, with all its attendant misery, if she could but have been in America again, with her infant, living, in her arms.

But the proud ship sailed on, and bore her and little Agnes—who was now, indeed, the Baroness von Ronden—to their destined port. There, their steward was awaiting them, and in his company they visited the immense estates, which were now the undivided property of Our Young Baroness.

I cannot describe the castle which was, henceforth, the home of Agnes; for I have never seen it, and I do not like to take descriptions at second-hand. But Mrs. Ronden remarked shortly afterwards, in a letter to America: "We are now living in my daughter's *Lustschloss* of Rondenshöhe. It is a fine, old mansion, containing *sixty* rooms, of which nearly one half are bed-chambers."

How Mrs. Ronden's acquaintances opened their eyes wide with astonishment, when this letter was read in their hearing!

When Agnes Ronden again crossed the ocean, in company with her mother, and visited the home of her childhood, she had grown to be a magnificent woman. I do not think she liked the place as well as she had anticipated, and I am sure she did not make a very favorable impression on the people. They said, she had grown more haughty than her mother; that she had even seemed displeased when her god-mother kissed her, and called her, her little Agnes.

It was to this old lady, that Mrs. Ronden one day remarked, that her daughter was soon to be betrothed to Baron Carl von Rosen, Lord of

Dornstein, Knight of the Red Eagle and of the Swedish order of the Northern Star. "Well! Well!" responded the old lady, dubiously, "It isn't surprising that Agnes should have many *beaux;* but I did not know, that girls in Germany were betrothed to more than one man at a time."

The young Baroness found it difficult to communicate with her old school-mates. "I do not like your Pennsylvanian German," she said to a young physician. "Do you speak French?" "Very little!" was his reply. "Ah! In that case, it is better not to attempt it at all.—Let us speak English." "I beg pardon, madame," he answered quickly, "your English is so imperfect, that it would be better to dispense with conversation altogether."

In a few days, Mrs. Ronden returned, with her daughter, to the city of her nativity, where they remained a short time before they returned to Europe. Her title made the Baroness a welcome guest in many stately mansions. In company with a number of her gay young friends, she one day visited a beautiful cemetery near the city—Myrtle Mount, I think they call it. She soon stole away from her companions, who sought her for a long time, and at last found her, kneeling and in tears, beside a humble tomb-stone. They silently withdrew, feeling that the proud Baroness had still a loving, human heart.

She had not forgotten her poor father; for, on the tomb-stone, her friends saw a single word, and that word was—RONDEN.

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

Two little pairs of boots to-night
  Before the fire are drying;
Two little pairs of tired feet
  In trundle-bed are lying;
The track they leave upon the floor
  Makes me feel much like sighing.

These little boots with copper toes,
  They run the livelong day,
And oftentimes I almost wish
  That they were miles away;
So tired I am to hear so oft
  Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new-ploughed ground
  Where mud in plenty lies;
They roll it up in marbles round,
  And bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor
  In every shape it dries.

To-day I was disposed to scold;
  But when I look to-night
At those small boots before the fire,

With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk up-stairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O God! What should I do?
I mourn that they are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn, because I thought how nice
My neighbor "cross the way"
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boys to-day!

We mothers weary get and worn
Over our load of care:
But how we speak of those dear ones
Let each of us beware;
What would our fireside be to-night
If no small boots were there?

AN ASYLUM FOR USELESS YOUNG MEN.

BY H.

There is in every community a certain per centage of useless young men, whose ultimate condition cannot fail to arouse the sympathy and consideration of every generous philanthropist. We have often wondered how they will end their mortal existence. They have no visible means of support, and still they seem to flourish and keep above the ground. In a certain literal sense they live, and move and have their being. They will be found lounging in offices, promenading the streets, playing the gallant to good-natured ladies, and attending to the necessities of lap dogs. Their more quiet and undemonstrative life may be described as an intermittent torpor, in which meals, drinks, and sleep make the changes. Their mode of existence would be mysterious in the highest degree, were it not for their bearing certain relations to some other real and substantial persons known as "pa," or "ma," who are able to make provision for the waste and protection of their precious bodies in the way of food and clothes.

These delicate and tender young men should in some manner be raised above the chances of parental or domestic affection. In the event of misfortune their condition would be of the most unfortunate character. The problem, how the welfare of those whose dependencies are so precarious can be secured, is difficult in its solution. They are of no value in a utilitarian sense. In cannibal countries they could be eaten as a substitute for veal. Their bodies would furnish excellent material to

fertilize sterile lands. The misfortune, however, is that the prejudices of our civilization are adverse to such practical utilitarianism. A certain number could be indentured as figures in shop windows in order to exhibit clothes, but their tailors might not have confidence in them. Most of them could color meerschaums, but this business would produce little or no revenue. What shall, and what can be done? The community must begin to do something in order to its protection. The burdens and taxes should be distributed so as to rest alike upon all.

We must build and endow asylums for useless young men. An institution of this kind could be filled with those between sixteen and thirty. Their condition demands that they should be so associated and treated as to escape the unpleasant sights and rude friction of the working world. We must save their delicate nerves. In such asylums they could cultivate mustaches, part the hair behind, and practice attitudes. There is no doubt but that Christian people would be willing to bear their proportion of the expenses of such an institution, rather than bear the anxious solicitude in reference to the welfare of these ornamental members of society. The Church and State have made provision for idiots, for the insane, the poor, aged, cripples and orphans. The time has come when this subject should be agitated on the pulpit and in the press. The Church and State are bound to make provision for all classes and conditions of misfortune. We commend this cause to the earnest attention of our State legislatures and the reverned Synods of the various Christian Churches.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

BY PERKIOMEN.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Is it so? "Self-preservation is the *first* law of nature!" *Is* it so?

The world has sung that tune so long; your daily and weekly sheets have published it broadcast throughout the land; your monthly and quarterly journals have invested it with a kind of intellectual dignity; your magazines and romances have polished it into the similitude of truth; your rostrum speakers have harangued it into the ear of the multitude; yea, your pulpit orators have piously consecrated it, and the result is that popular sentiment has subscribed to it, so that the proverb has come to be regarded as a truism, a self-evident truth, or, a Bible phrase.

Men quote it as a part of the Divine Record, and many a selfish, mean and criminal act is perpetrated under its authority.

"*Self preservation is the first law of nature!*" So we had been taught, and silly enough were we to believe it. But we think we know better now, and without boasting of any superior amount of sagacity, we venture to pronounce it false and untrue, in philosophy, in history, and common life.

Dr. Franklin, it is said, once asked a company of wiseacres, "Why a fish weighed so much heavier in the water than out of it?" They surmised and philosophised; they thought and conjured, in order to solve

the problem; but finally they confessed their inability to account for the strange fact.

Then the shrewd Pennsylvania philosopher *naively* suggested: "*Gentlemen, first discover whether such is the fact!*"

Accordingly, let us first inquire whether self-preservation *is* the first law of nature.

If it means but to teach, that there is a natural instinct in every living creature, from the worm to the elephant, prompting it to preserve life, to shrink from suffering pain or death, then we accept of it. But is it worth while to coin a proverb for the sole sake of teaching men that? As well demand of a weather-prophet, on some clear May-morning, to write a volume, in order to prove that the sun shines.

But if it designs to teach, which is its very gist, that this natural instinct is to be respected as a governing law, taking the precedence over all other laws and principles, as well as over every other duty, which man owes to man and his Maker, then is it at once a despicable falsehood.

Self-preservation is not the first law in *brute* nature. We know a faithful dog, which will at any moment hazard and lose its life, to save its master's. We have read of one, that would lie upon the tomb of its owner, and die there. Neither hunger, nor cold; neither a burning sun, nor a gnawing thirst; neither persuasion, nor threatening, would induce the faithful creature to forsake it. Another plunged into the wild waves and rescued a drowning girl of seventeen summers.

The self denying nature of the canine race has long ago become proverbial, and proven, that, with them, at least, "self-preservation is not the *first* law, indeed no law at all. Who has not admiringly read of the heroic animals of St. Bernard? Why, the hospitality of the goodly monks of that Swiss monastery is well nigh equalled by their four-footed menials.

That much abused, but equally generous horse-kind, disproves, likewise, the reputed truth of our current phrase. He will bear his rider from the scene of danger, with the swiftness of an antelope, periling his own limbs and life, to save nobler limbs and noble life. General Putnam's steed was fully sensible, both of the danger of his master from behind, and of his own before him; yet he preferred to leap the precipice and dash to pieces, rather than suffer the General to fall into the hands of his enemies. We have great respect for that animal, ever since our urchin eyes glanced at its picture, making the perilous leap.

Others will drag, plunge and tear themselves to death, before they will falter under the word of command. It is a libel on horse-flesh, to say, that with that race, self-preservation is anything like a law.

And were we as familiar with the histories and habits of other creature races, we might bring forward illustrations, from almost every sphere of lower life, to prove, that there has never been any room left in their constitution for such a principle. The organization of those humane "Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," speaks much for what we are just now endeavoring to establish.

With those numberless facts before our eyes, may not all who see be convinced, that 'self-preservation is certainly not the first law with the *brute* nature.'

But is "self-preservation" the first law in *Human* Nature? Need we

go on a pilgrimage to discover a father, and surely not, a mother! who would gladly suffer in place of the child? Is the ancient Israelitish king the only parent, who can exclaim: "Absalom! O Absalom!! Would that I had died for thee!!!" Nay, verily. We are prone to believe such to be the language of every natural parent's heart.

Without in the least degree to re-echo the hum-drum phrases of the demagogue, allow us but to point to a brave army, marching to a field of carnage, standing before mouths of canon, vomiting smoke and fire and death. They carry ensigns, banners and flags. Mottoes, devices or sentiments are inscribed on one and all. But through the whole chapter, do you find this miserable lie: "Self-preservation is the first law of nature?"

The soldier, who in the midst of imminent death, should turn and run, may be shot down by his commanding officer; and should he plead, in excuse, the poltroon's word: "Self-preservation is the first law," a court martial would inform him, and all his fellows, too, that a being in whose bosom "self-preservation" reigns supreme, is too mean to live, and ought to be *shot*.

But if one-half of the lying proverb be correct, all soldiery is high-handed disobedience to a reputed "higher law," and those who fight our battles, bleed and die for freedom and progress in civilization, are criminals before the tribunal of public opinion and the court of Heaven. All such are no longer heroes, as we are apt to think, but suicides. But savage and civilized nations account patriotism as one of the greatest and noblest of natural virtues. All ages honor it. The tombs of those, who fall victims to such a praiseworthy passion, are marked with monuments of brass and marble. Their names, too, are embalmed in the memories and histories of present and coming generations. Why all this laudation, however? If self-preservation be indeed the first law, such characters are but law-breakers, as much so as your prize-fighters and bruisers. Hence their bodies should be buried in a Potter's field and their names forgotten. In a word, if what we so often quote and so generally believe, be true, patriotism, hitherto held as a virtue, at once becomes a vice.

And may it not be, why there are even more demagogues than true lovers of their country and people, because we teach, preach and believe, that self-preservation is the *first* law of nature? True, we still speak of doing the greatest good to the greatest number; but the greatest number, in perfect accord with the spirit of the motto, is always made to mean No. 1.

Furthermore, see your philanthropist, benefactors, and reformers, who wear out their lives for the good and welfare of the masses; who encounter hatred and persecution for principle and conscience sake; who face and oppose error and wrong, no matter how deeply enshrined in the affections of the multitude, and who finally fall as martyrs under the curses of the rabble; all these are at last bad spirits, because they do not slink back into safety and shield themselves, by rendering homage and obedience to that popular notion: "Self-preservation is the first law."

Clearly enough, the current proposition is false, so far as either brute or human nature extends. It is simply a popular superstition; one of those petrified errors, which can hardly be pulverized and removed.

Whoever would become still more firmly convinced of its falsity, need but consider the *positive* side of the subject and learn, that *sacrifice* lies

at the bottom of all good ever accomplished. Selfishness is productive of no real benefit to man or the race; has never been; never can be. Labor, toil, pain, suffering, sacrifice of all kinds and of every degree; these are the necessary conditions to greatness and to goodness. Parents offer sacrifice for their offspring: birds, animals and man. A true friend undergoes a self-denial for another. A Damon dies for a Pythias. So also would David for Jonathan. A titled nobleman and his servant, travelling in the dense Forest of Poland, were set upon by a pack of famishing wolves. Death seemed imminent to both. The servant said within himself: "By offering myself, my master may escape!" Turning to his lord, he cried: "Take care of my wife and children," and plunged into their open jaws. The *titled* nobleman escaped, whilst the natural nobleman was devoured by the savage monsters. But who will forget the name of that glorious servant *Fineski*, whilst nobody knows, nor does any one care what his master's name be? Surely, in this case as well, did the road through immortality lie through sacrifice and death.

Who does not admire the conduct of Captain Martin, of the ill-fated steamer, Eccleston? Urged to save himself, he stamped his foot in chagrin; scowled his brow and exclaimed: "No! I will go down with the passengers!" The very waves of the ocean seem to hymn those heroic words as a funeral dirge over his watery grave. When soldiers count their lives cheap; when freedom and honor; when altar and fireside and Fatherland are menaced; then it is that a nation glories in her chivalric sons. The American Revolution was bought at a great price. The Mexican war demanded a fearful sacrifice of blood and life. The Rebellion outstripped both the former. Great ideas are always watered by blood, Science has cost many treasures. Precious lives were challenged by her and thousands have been offered at her shrine. Sir John Franklin is immortal, though dead and seen no more. Dr. Kane immolated himself on a true altar. The indomitable Dr. Livingstone still lives though repeatedly dead. And were the savages to sabre him to-day, science will in all ages point her proud finger on him as an ever-*Livingstone* indeed. Why the world is full of holocausts. Labor and life are bound up with every work of permanent good. A grain of wheat abideth alone, save as it falls into the earth and dies. A flower is fruitless, unless it withers and decays.

The same law of self-denial and sacrifice becomes still more apparent in *sanctified nature.* Not the least room is there within the kingdom of God for the flippant Proverb: "Self-preservation is the first law of Nature." Within those portals we read of losing life in order to find it; as laying it down, in order to take it up; of sacrifice as a duty and privilege. Its Head and Founder taught and exemplified the principle of sacrifice in a manner unmistakeable to all. "The goodly Fellowship of the Prophets;" "the glorious company of the Apostles;" the noble army of martyrs and all their several successors present the same image of self-denial to the world. Thousands of Bishops, Pastors and faithful ones in the early and later ages bear the same marks. Nobles; the common people; soldiers and tradesmen; women, widows and virgins; yea little children even caught the spirit of sacrifice, and fell victims thereto as under an epidemic, as one tells us, in all the provinces of the Roman

empire, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa; in the cities of Lyons, Vienna, Antioch, Alexandria; in Milan, Syracuse, and many other quarters.

How far down this heroic spirit extends, we need not now proclaim. Suffice it to say, that it is no longer cherished to any marked degree in our times. A different system of education has obtained, which leads men and women to believe, that even John Bunyan's picture of the Christian Life was but the drawing of a mad dreamer. Man would gaze upon a real living martyr, or, a dead one as well, as they would scrutinize the last "nine days' wonder." No wonder that a Knud Iverson, a lad of eleven years, who would rather be drowned at the hands of wicked playmates, than tell a lie, must have a monument erected over his remains, as an exceptiont to the mass, acting on the motto, "Self-preservation is the first law."

John the Baptist lost his head and life, because he told the truth; so did Knud Iverson. Had they but been conservatives, and acted up to the idea of "self-preservation," they might indeed have saved themselves. But who has not far more respect after all, for a man who retains his principles, even at the price of his head, than he can possibly entertain for a whole regiment of mortals, who preserve their worthless heads by sacrificing principle?

> "Then all the blandishments of life are gone,
> The coward slinks to death—the brave live on."

Selfishness brings no good, and the good alone is immortal. It is pleasant to believe, that modern society no longer stands in need of such spiritual heroism, But is it a correct sentiment? Is not error, the world and the spirit of evil ever yet the same in kind and degree? They are all as ever averse to the sovereignty of truth. The moral conflict rages now as in bygone ages. In this warfare all souls are involved, arrayed on the one side or the other. To enlist in favor of the Truth, is to be tried, persecuted and, perhaps, slain. But whosoever loseth his life for the Truth's sake, the same shall find it. Such is ever yet the law, as proclaimed by the Gospel of Jesus, in opposition to the teaching of the world, which gathers itself up in the motto: "*Self-preservation is the first law of nature.*"

Let us see, finally, how the following "Pictnres of Christian Heroism" look, if fitted on the face of our current Christianity:

It was on the 3rd day of July, A D. 1853, on a Monday. We were on that day—well, we know not where. We were doing—well, we know not what. It was—well, we know not whether the weather was fair or foul. No matter, we were full of our every day thoughts, immured in this lower world, in which the martyrdoms read as the "Tales of Araby," thinking of getting to heaven without losing a tooth, or a hair on our heads; on that day a native missionary in Cochin China was kneeling before the executioner. The heathen Proconsul stood by and made this final query: "Wilt thou recant and live?" A fearful awe came over all standing near, and a dead silence reigned, which was only broken by the word, "Never," as it fell from the hero's lips. Then descended the axe and the severed head and body fell to the earth, whilst the spirit of the martyr, baptized both in water and blood, ascended to God. Ah! one such

scene in our own land, might help us to understand that self-preservation, is not the first law of *grace*, at all events.

The following lines were written by *Gerald Griffin*, with reference to Miss Elvia A. Bayley, afterwards Mrs. Seton, and finally a sister of charity. We give them as illustrative of the spirit of self-denial and sacrifice, as contrasted with that of selfishness:

She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold;
Joy revelled around her; love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent of Paul.

Her down-bed a pallet; her trinkets a bead;
Her lustre, one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture, the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings, one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion, the pavement, that wearies the knees;
Her music, the Psalm, or, the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Behold her, ye worldly! Behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men,
Ye fire-side philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed,
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

We know of one, who sold himself into bondage, for the sole purpose of being enabled to evangelize a tribe of heathen slaves, working in mines and underground caverns. Our modern so-called Christian philosophy, as daily taught and acted, would not hesitate to at once pronounce him a mad enthusiast—a fool. But rather than utter a verdict so rash, and severe, let us wait until after – – – – the judgment day.

The messengers of charity, ministering to the cholera-stricken and victims of yellow-fever in our large cities, endeavoring to lift the sick and miserable into the pool of Bethesda, regardless of the contagion; yea with a certainty of falling sacrifices to their own zeal even; these may after all be nearer the kingdom of God, than such as fled when "pestilence walketh at noon-day," to Saratoga or the Bedford Springs. We judge no man; but Jesus does in those strange words: "*For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it.*"

FALSE repentance has grief of mind and humiliation only for great and glaring offences, until it supposes pardon for these obtained. True repentance is a continued war against sin, a permanent inward shame for its defilements, till death sounds a retreat.

AN EVANGELICAL DEACONESS.

(*Conclusion.*)

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. W. E.

THE political storms of the year 1848 separated the minister, Count Anton Stolberg, from the side of his royal friend. They broke, at the same time, one of the beautiful blossoms of his own family circle, and carried it to the land from whence there is no return. The terror of those days, the deep grief of the father for his royal friend, overwhelmed the whole family, and threw the young Countess, Frederike Stolberg, into a violent fever. After six days, she departed unto her heavenly home. Count Anton buried his daughter with her fathers, in the little graveyard of St. Theobaldus' church, in the shadow of the lofty castle of Werningerode. This is an old custom of the Stolbergs; and then he returned with his beloved ones into the peaceful, quiet Silesian mountains.

In the solitude of the beautiful Kreppelhoff, engaged in the labors of charity, the wounds healed; and much of such work of love, the Lord had reserved for them. In Upper Silesia raged the terrible pestilence, the hungertyphus. To alleviate as much as possible the horrible effects of this contagious disease, Count Anton established, with his own means, a little Bethania, and called it, in memory of his early departed daughter, "Marianenstift." The Countess and her daughters busily employed themselves in sewing and preparing the necessary bed-clothes and mattresses for the hospital, and, when it was opened to sick women and children, the young countesses served like sisters of charity at the beds of the sick.

But already after a few years, this peaceful happiness in their Silesian home came to an end. In 1851 the King called his friend back to the court, into his old position. The family followed him to Berlin. Whenever the noise of the world-life became too loud for them, the young countesses fled into the peaceful walls of Bethania, within which it was quiet like the solemn stillness of a Sabbath day. Anna herself afterward declared that she felt truly well and happy only in Bethania, and very soon arose in her the desire there to serve the Lord amidst the suffering, in the company of the sisters. Sooner than Anna herself dared to hope, her parents gave their permission to this call from the Lord, and Anna entered this house of self denial, and became Sister Anna.

On this occasion, Count Anton presented to his daughter a watch, the first one she ever possessed. Very few daughters of a rich burgher family received a plainer education, and here it was not allowed to adorn her person, but she was required to serve, improving every moment of fleeting time, since all in this house of charity are required to be punctual to the minute in the performance of their manifold duties. Countess Anna had not chosen for herself an easy calling. Work, often the low-

est work of a servant at the beds and in the rooms of the sick, from the early morning hour till late at night, was her task; but "Charity overcometh all things."

Again death knocked at the heart of the young novice. On the 11th of February, 1854, she knelt before the bed of her dying father, and received once more his blessing for her chosen calling. In peace with God and men, Count Anton left this poor earth for the eternal home. A few weeks afterward, the novitiate of Anna was over, and she was ordained a deaconess at the altar of the beautiful chapel of the hospital. The Mother Superior, Marianne de Ranzan, was still confined to her bed of suffering. Years ago she had noticed the peculiar adaptation of Anna for the office of Deaconess. She appointed her to the position of assistant superioress, and when, on the 5th of January, 1855, that noble suffering woman died, the Board of Managers elected Sister Anna to be her successor. Humbly, almost trembling, she accepted the call, and was solemnly installed in her office, as matron, on the 2nd of February, by the Court-preacher Snethlage, in the presence of the King and Queen. And she has fulfilled what she promised there at the steps of the altar.

On the occasion of her burial, the words of the Chaplain of Bethania bore testimony to that effect. For thirteen long years she has performed her duties with all her strength, and under the manifest blessing of the Almighty. Whatever her calling required of her she has done. Hers was not an easy task. The principal feature of her character was humble serving. In this she was strong and mighty. All ruling and managing was to her a difficult task, for which she always first asked for help from above. And her duties increased upon her from year to year.

At the time she entered upon the duties of Mother Superior, there were only two other hospitals, with four sisters, as branches of Bethania, established outside of Berlin, and when she died, there were twenty-four daughter institutions, with seventy-four Deaconesses, connected with the mother institution in Berlin. Thus the work had grown under her hands. The old saying was fully verified in her case: "He who is able to serve, is able to govern" Her influence was great. This became apparent when she had left the earth; every one felt the vacancy created. But this was so because she served, above all, the Lord. His word was her daily food, and the doing of His will her greatest pleasure. Bethania became her home, her all on earth, which she would not have given up for any other. But, at the same time, she entertained a deep longing for that which is above; to pass from work to rest, from conflict to peace, from weakness to glory. She did not speak much about this; but all who met her felt it.

Two important, world stirring events interrupted the quiet, active life of the Mother Superior, and for a short time separated her from her home. First, the Danish war and its terrible consequences called her away. The noble Henry Dunan, in Geneva, sent out his invitation to all Christian hearts, to unite and form sanitary associations for the relief of wounded and sick soldiers, no matter whether friend or foe. Several such associations were formed at Berlin, and the ancient order of the knights of St. John made the most energetic efforts in establishing hospitals in the vicinity of the seat of war. The whole management of this was entrusted by the Chapter to the Chancellor of the order, and Com-

mander Count Eberhard Stolberg, and he knocked at the door of Bethania: "Anna, you must help us. Our hands are too rough and impatient for the nursing of the wounded."

On the 31st of January, 1864, he left Berlin for the seat of war, decorated with the cross of the Knights of St. John, bearing the motto, "pro fide." He was accompanied by another Knight, his wife, his sister Anna, matron of Bethania, and two deaconesses. Many other knights, and seven deaconesses followed. He engaged the best physicians, and, in a very short time, opened the first war hospital of the Knights of St. John, on the Pall-mall of Altona Holstein. Already the cannons of Missunde began to thunder. In the midst of the victims of war, we see Mother Anna and her deaconesses, as messengers of peace and salvation. With heroic love they do their work. Day and night they take no rest, but receive every new transport of wounded, caring and disposing of them as their condition required.

"But, Mother Anna, you do not speak the Danish language. How will you get along with the many wounded enemies?" Enemies? Love speaks and understands all the languages of the earth. Since the 15th of February, Mother Anna and the nine deaconesses are engaged in the hospitals of Flendsburg. Those who required her nursing first, were two Danish officers. Gladly would the heroic daughter of the Stolbergs have remained in the field during the whole campaign, and seen the victorious eagle of Prussia building her nest within the hostile fortifications of Düppel. But her duties as matron called her home again, after an absence of many weeks. And there was much work to be attended to also at home. Bethania had been transformed into a military hospital, and was full of wounded soldiers. The noblest daughters of Berlin were trying to supply the place of the absent deaconesses in attending to the sick.

We are hungry! We are cold! We are dying! Thus came a wailing voice from Eastern Prussia. A famine and its terrible follower, the hungertyphus, had there broken out. And again the Knights of St. John are the first on the field of suffering. Like as it was in ancient time, so the order delights to be called Hospitalites. They deem it their most honorable title. And again there is a knock at Bethania's portal: "Help us and our poor, famishing, freezing, dying brethren." Such a call for help never reached the ears of Mother Anna in vain. Immediately she followed the desire of her brother. On the 17th of January, 1868, the matron, accompanied by two deaconesses, left Bethania for Eastern Prussia. Two other sisters followed soon after, to serve in the hospitals of Gerdanen and Bartenstein. Late at night, on the 20th of January, the matron arrived at the place of her destiny, the small town of Rhine, in East Prussia. They found here a suffering, a misery, which no pen is able to describe. Forty persons, in the delirium of the hungertyphus, were lying together in two narrow rooms, upon straw, covered with disgusting rags, dirt, and vermin.

But their present condition was a great improvement upon that in which they were before. The Knight of St. John de Tyszka had found these unfortunate persons, workmen on the near railroad, in the filthiest condition, in cavities which they had dug in the ground, wet, cold, without stoves or fresh air, healthy and sick, dying and dead, all mixed up

together, and no one to look after them, no one to care for them in their horrible abodes. The two physicians who resided there were likewise attacked by the disease. And into these abodes of death, Mr. de Tyszka, accompanied by another citizen of Rhine, went down, and these two men carried the poorest of the poor, the sickest of the sick, in their arms, into those two warm and dry rooms, gave them food and medicine, and then their strength gave way.

Still more uncomfortable the matron found the habitations of the poor working class in the city. In one narrow room, with no flooring on it, surrounded by the odor of death, were found five or six families, lying upon rotting straw, and trying to warm themselves by lying close together. There were there from twenty to thirty men, women, and children, starving, naked, shaking in the wild delirium of the hungertyphus, or writhing under the pains of their decaying frozen limbs. "My heart ceased to beat when I first saw this nameless misery. Suffering like that I have never seen before," said the matron afterwards, with trembling lips and a bleeding heart. But there was no time for the heart to stand still. Mere wailing and complaining would not do. Here it was necessary to act quick and promptly, to work day and night with the utmost exertion of their strength. And this Mother Anna and her deaconesses have done, with a denial and sacrifice of self that is unequalled, almost beyond human endurance. There was a want of almost everything. To supply this, and have everything needful, such as beds, bathing-tubs, bed-clothes and woollen blankets on hand, was their first work. Night after night, Mother Anna and the sisters were busy in sewing mattresses and clothes for the sick. Whenever a new bed was ready, they brought a new sick person, who had been washed, cleansed from dirt and the disgusting vermin, and clothed, to occupy the same. Thus the matron provided, in the short space of four days, for forty of the most dangerously sick. This was a hard, a very hard work.

On the 28th of January she arrived, unexpected and somewhat unwell, in Bethania. She had expressed a desire to visit the St. John's Hospital, in Pr. Holland. What was it that compelled her, almost irresistibly, to return home? It was, that she should breathe her last breath, not among strangers, but at home. On the 2nd of February, the same day on which the matron, thirteen years ago, was installed in her office, she went with her aged mother, who was then eighty-one years old, in the chapel of Bethania, to communion. The sermon, the last she heard on earth, was based upon the words: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." A truly prophetic word, at the close of such a work of love. Only with the greatest exertion, she remained up on the following day, and attended to the pressing duties of her office, and then the sick body, which had survived the contagious effects of the hungertyphus in East Prussia, sank down upon its dying bed. No one in Bethania anticipated this result. She herself had the joyful conviction that her hour to go home had arrived. With great serenity and peace of mind, she made her last requests known, and then prepared for heaven, thanking all her sisters for their love and kindness toward her, and asking their forgiveness for any offence she had given.

On the 8th of February appeared the first spots of the hungertyphus. "Do not petition the Lord for me to remain here," she often remarked

to the sisters, and faster and faster ebbed her life away. The fever consumed her last strength. On the night of the 16th of February, all the sisters stood weeping around the dying bed of the matron. Full of re-rejoicing—like a child—she went home.

Plain, like that of any other sister, was the funeral prepared. This was one of her last desires. But love and gratefulness, which bound alike the highest and the lowest to her, could not be repressed. King William adorned the bier of the departed with a laurel wreath. Two Queens added to the laurel of heroism white roses of love; and after all the hundreds of high-born mourners had left the quiet grave, upon the graveyard of the deaconesses, where the daughter of the Stolbergs had long before selected a spot, amid the fourteen graves of sisters who had gone before her, there came up many many poor. Quickly they drew from under their shawls an humble wreath of box and snowbells, a bouquet of rosemary, and the only rose which they had kept all winter in their humble dwelling, and added these offerings of a grateful memory to the royal laurel and the many other flowers. The flowers are withered. The wind has carried away the dry wreaths; but love and gratefulness will never cease to blossom upon the place, where her earthly remains are waiting for the resurrection day. A small plain stone of white marble covers every grave. The inscription upon the last one is:

ANNA, COUNTESS DE STOLBERG WERINGERODE,

17th of February, 1868.

1 John, 1: 7, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin."

A LETTER FROM DANIEL WEBSTER TO HIS SON.

The private correspondence of great men, containing the unelaborated, simple outgushing of their hearts, is often more instructive than their most finished productions. We give the following as an illustration, written by Daniel Webster when he was in the zenith of his glory. It is a letter written to his son Edward, about the time the latter commenced his studies at Phillips' Exeter Academy, which school he himself at one time attended:

WASHINGTON, June 23, 1834.

My Dear Son:—Fletcher wrote me from Exeter the next day after your arrival, and informed me that you had been so fortunate as to be received at Col. Chadwick's, and was commencing your studies. I am glad you are so well situated, and I trust you will make progress in your

studies. You are at a most important period of life, my dear son, soon growing up to be a young man, and a boy no longer, and I feel great anxiety for your success. I beseech you to be attentive to all your duties, and to fulfil every obligation with cheerfulness and punctuality. Above all, remember your moral and religious concerns. Be constant at church and prayer and every appointment for worship. There can be no solid character and no happiness which are not founded on a sense of religious duty. Avoid all evil company, and every temptation, and consider that you have now left your father's house and gone forth to improve your own character, and prepare your mind for the part you are to act in life. All that can be done for you by others will amount to nothing, unless you do much for yourself. Cherish all the good counsel which your dear mother used to give you, and let those of us who are yet alive have the pleasure of seeing you come forward as one who gives promise of virtue, usefulness and distinction. I fervently commend you to the blessings of our Heavenly Father. Your affectionate father,

EDWARD WEBSTER. DANIEL WEBSTER.

P. S.—Since writing this I have received your letter. I remember the great tree, and know exactly where your room is.

BOOK NOTICES.

A CATECHISM OF SACRED GEOGRAPHY, FOR THE USE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES, By Rev. A. C. Whitmer. Philadelphia; S. R. Fisher & Co., 54 North Sixth street. 1868.

We like this little volume of 82 pages, its author is (I. D.) an able and acceptable contributor to the GUARDIAN. It is just what a child's Catechism ought to be. The questions and answers are short and clear, and always to the point. If we err not this is the first Catechism that treats exclusively of this subject. A careful study of this volume will greatly aid children to understand the Holy Scriptures. The nature of the subject has enabled the author to divest it of denominational peculiarities. It will serve any branch of the Church, no less than our Reformed Zion. We commend it to all our Sunday Schools, and hope they will soon avail themselves of this excellent help in imparting instruction.

THE TEACHERS' GUIDE TO PALESTINE, containing a complete list of the names of all the cities, etc., of Palestine mentioned in the Scriptures, whose sites are actually known, with their most approved pronunciations and significations, etc. Prepared from the best and ablest authors, and from personal travels and examinations. By Henry S. Osborne, Philadelphia; J. C. Garrigues & Co., No. 608 Arch street. 1868.

This is a truly little work of 136 pages, with a map of Palestine. Sunday School Teachers will find it a valuable help in their important work. The author's extensive travels through Palestine, and his ripe scholarship, have enabled him to prepare a volume that of its kind has few equals,

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Mystical Presence. By Rev. J. W. Nevin, D.D. $1 per copy.

Mercersburg and Modern Theology. By Rev. S. Miller. 60 cents per copy, and $5.40 per dozen.

Youth in Earnest. By Rev. H. Harbaugh, D.D. 90 cents per copy, and $7.10 per dozen.

Sabbath School Publications. Good Friday, 25 cents per copy, and $2.25 per dozen. An Easter Walk, 20 cents per copy, and $1.80 per dozen. Christ and the Lawyer, 20 cents per copy, and $1.80 per dozen.

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